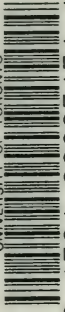


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THE

CLARENDON EDITION

SHAKESPEARE  
VOL. VIII

SINGER





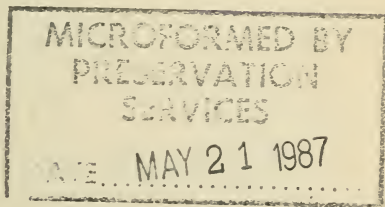




THE DRAMATIC WORKS OF  
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

IN TEN VOLUMES

VOL. VIII





THE  
DRAMATIC WORKS OF  
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

THE TEXT CAREFULLY REVISED

WITH NOTES

BY S. W. SINGER, F. S. A.

VOLUME VIII



LONDON  
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TITUS ANDRONICUS.







## TITUS ANDRONICUS.

### PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

**W**HAT principle the editors of the first complete edition of Shakespeare's works admitted this play into their volume cannot now be ascertained. The most probable reason that can be assigned is, that he was instrumental in revising it, or in some way or other aided in bringing it forward on the stage. The tradition mentioned by Ravenscroft, in the time of King James II., warrants us in making some such supposition. "I have been told (says he, in his preface to an alteration of this play, published in 1687), by some anciently conversant with the stage, that it was not originally his, but brought by a private author to be acted, and he only gave some master touches to one or two of the principal parts." Ravenscroft seems to have derived this information some time after the first appearance of his alteration in 1678, for Langbaine tells us that in the prologue he had said:—

"To-day the poet does not fear your rage,  
*Shakespeare*, by him revis'd, now treads the stage," &c.

and that he had "only winnow'd Shakespeare's corn." This prologue was omitted when he printed the play in 1687.

A booke, entitled *A Noble Roman Historie of Titus Andronicus*, was entered at Stationers' Hall, by John Danter, Feb. 6, 1593-4. This was undoubtedly the play, as it was printed in that year (according to Langbaine, who alone appears to have seen the first edition), and acted by the servants of the Earls of Pembroke, Derby, and Sussex. It is observable that in the entry no author's name is mentioned, and that the play was originally performed by the same company of comedians who exhibited the old drama, entitled *The Contention of the Houses of Yorke and Lancaster*, *The old Taming of a Shrew*, and Marlowe's *King Edward II.*; by whom not one of Shakespeare's plays is said to have been performed.

From Ben Jonson's *Induction to Bartholomew Fair*, 1614, we learn that *Andronicus* had been exhibited twenty-five or thirty years before; that is, according to the lowest computation, in

1589; or, taking a middle period, which is perhaps more just, in 1587.

Malone has entered into a long argument to prove that it was not written by Shakespeare, although he says it would be an idle waste of time; and that to those who are well acquainted with the works of the poet it would be superfluous. His argument is as follows:—"Let the reader only peruse a few lines of Appius and Virginia, Tancred and Gismund, the Battle of Alcazar, Jeronimo, Selimus Emperor of the Turks, the Wounds of Civil War, The Wars of Cyrus, Lochrine, Arden of Feversham, King Edward I., The Spanish Tragedy, Solyman and Perseda, King Leir, The old King John, or any other of the pieces that were exhibited before the time of Shakespeare, and he will at once perceive that Titus Andronicus was coined in the same mint.

"The testimony of Meres [who attributes it to Shakespeare in his *Palladis Tamia*, or the Second Part of Wits Common Wealth, 1598], remains to be considered. His *enumerating* this among Shakespeare's plays may be accounted for in the same way in which we may account for its being *printed* by his fellow comedians in the first folio edition of his works. Meres was, in 1598, when his book first appeared, intimately connected with Drayton, and *probably* acquainted with some of the dramatic poets of the time, from some or other of whom he might have heard that Shakespeare interested himself about this tragedy, or had written a few lines for the author. The internal evidence furnished by the piece itself, and proving it not to have been the production of Shakespeare, greatly outweighs any single testimony on the other side. Meres might have been misinformed, or inconsiderately have given credit to the rumour of the day. In short, the high antiquity of the piece, its entry on the Stationers' books, and being afterwards printed without the name of Shakespeare, its being performed by the servants of Lord Pembroke, &c.; the stately march of the versification, the whole colour of the composition, its resemblance to several of our most ancient dramas, the dissimilitude of the style from our author's undoubted plays, and the tradition mentioned by Ravenscroft when some of his contemporaries had not long been dead (for Lewin and Taylor, two of his fellow comedians, were alive a few years before the Restoration, and Sir Wm. Davenant did not die till April, 1668); all these circumstances combined, prove with irresistible force that the play of Titus Andronicus has been erroneously ascribed to Shakespeare."

Boswell says, "Dr. Farmer has ascribed Titus Andronicus to Kyd, and placed it on a level with Lochrine; but it appears to be much more in the style of Marlowe. His fondness for accumulating horrors upon other occasions will account for the sanguinary character of this play; and it would not, I think, be difficult to

show by extracts from his other performances, that there is not a line in it which he was not fully capable of writing."

Steevens has said, The author, whoever he was, might have borrowed the story, &c. from an old ballad which is entered in the books of the Stationers' Company immediately after the play to John Danter, Feb. 6, 1593: and again entered to Thos. Pavyer, April 19, 1602. The reader will find it in Dr. Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, vol. i.; but it is quite as probable that the ballad was posterior to the play and founded on it. Painter, in his *Palace of Pleasure*, tom. ii. speaks of the story of Titus as well known, and particularly mentions the cruelty of Tamora. And there is an allusion to it in *A Knack to Know a Knav*, 1594.

"It rarely happens," says Steevens, "that a dramatic piece is altered with the same spirit that it was written; but Titus Andronicus has undoubtedly fallen into the hands of one whose feelings and imagination were congenial with those of the author.

"One of the changes made in this play by Ravenscroft is, when the Empress stabs her child, he has supplied the Moor with the following lines:—

'She has outdone me, ev'n in mine own art,  
Outdone me in murder, kill'd her own child  
Give it me, I'll eat it.'

Steevens further remarks "that it was evidently the work of one who was acquainted with Greek and Roman literature, and must have originated from the mind of a scholar, for it contains a greater number of classical allusions than are scattered over all the rest of the undoubted plays of Shakespeare. It is likewise deficient in such internal marks as distinguish his tragedies from those of other writers; for it offers not a single interesting situation, or natural character. That he should have written without commanding our attention, moving our passions, or sporting with words, appears to me as improbable as that he should have studiously avoided dissyllable and trisyllable terminations in this play and in no other.

"It was not published with the name of Shakespeare till after his death. The quartos [of 1600] and 1611 are anonymous."

Mr. Knight has entered very largely into the question, and as in the case of King Henry VI. thinks he sees in *Titus Andronicus* an early production of Shakespeare; and he adduces the opinion of Franz Horn and other German critics in support of his views. I must content myself with referring to his pages, confessing at the same time that his ingenious argument has failed to convince me, and that my impression is that the majority of English critics, from Theobald to Hallam, are right, and that the play was admitted into the collection of Shakespeare's works by Heminge and Condell, only because he had revised it. It appears to me that Shakespeare could not at any age have written the greater part

of it, which bears the indubitable marks of a scholar fresh from his academical studies, and misplaced pedantic allusions from which the acknowledged early productions of Shakespeare are entirely free, but which strongly characterize Marlowe's plays, as well as those of some of his cotemporaries. In coming to this conclusion I am free to acknowledge that the wish may have been father to the thought, for I certainly do most earnestly wish to believe that with the construction and plot of this horrid play he had nothing to do.

### PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SATURNINUS, *Son to the late Emperour of Rome, and afterwards declared Emperour himself.*

BASSIANUS, *Brother to Saturninus; in love with Lavinia.*

TITUS ANDRONICUS, *a noble Roman, General against the Goths.*

MARCUS ANDRONICUS, *Tribune of the People; and Brother to Titus.*

LUCIUS,	}	<i>Sons to Titus Andronicus.</i>
QUINTUS,		
MARTIUS,		
MUTIUS,		

*Young LUCIUS, a Boy, Son to Lucius.*

PUBLIUS, *Son to Marcus the Tribune.*

ÆMILIUS, *a noble Roman.*

ALARBUS,	}	<i>Sons to Tamora.</i>
CHIRON,		
DEMETRIUS,		

AARON, *a Moor, beloved by Tamora.*

A Captain, Tribune, Messenger, and Clown; Romans, Goths, and Romans.

TAMORA, *Queen of the Goths.*

LAVINIA, *Daughter to Titus Andronicus.*

A Nurse, and a Black Child.

Kinsmen of Titus, Senators, Tribunes, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE—Rome; and the Country near it.





# TITUS ANDRONICUS.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I. Rome. Before the Capitol.

*The Tomb of the Andronici appearing ; the Tribunes and Senators aloft, as in the Senate. Enter, below, SATURNINUS and his Followers, on one side ; and BASSIANUS and his Followers, on the other ; with Drum and Colours.*

*Saturninus.*

**N**OBLE patricians, patrons of my right,  
Defend the justice of my cause with arms ;  
And, countrymen, my loving followers,  
Plead my successive title<sup>1</sup> with your  
swords :

I am his first-born son, that was the last  
That wore the imperial diadem of Rome ;  
Then let my father's honours live in me,  
Nor wrong mine age<sup>2</sup> with this indignity.

*Bas.* Romans, friends, followers, favourers of my  
right,

<sup>1</sup> i. e. *my title to the succession*. "The empire being elective and not *successive*, the emperors in being made profit of their own times."—*Raleigh*.

<sup>2</sup> Saturninus means his *seniority* in point of age. In a subsequent passage Tamora speaks of him as a very young man.

If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son,  
 Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,  
 Keep then this passage to the Capitol ;  
 And suffer not dishonour to approach  
 The imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,  
 To justice, continence, and nobility :  
 But let desert in pure election shine ;  
 And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

*Enter* MARCUS ANDRONICUS aloft, with the Crown.

*Mar.* Princes that strive by factions, and by friends,  
 Ambitiously for rule and empery,  
 Know, that the people of Rome, for whom we stand  
 A special party, have, by common voice,  
 In election for the Roman empery,  
 Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius,  
 For many good and great deserts to Rome ;  
 A nobler man, a braver warrior,  
 Lives not this day within the city walls :  
 He by the senate is accited<sup>3</sup> home,  
 From weary wars against the barbarous Goths ;  
 That, with his sons, a terror to our foes,  
 Hath yok'd a nation strong, train'd up in arms.  
 Ten years are spent, since first he undertook  
 This cause of Rome, and chastised with arms  
 Our enemies' pride : Five times he hath return'd  
 Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons  
 In coffins from the field ;  
 And now at last, laden with honour's spoils,  
 Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,  
 Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.  
 Let us entreat,—by honour of his name,  
 Whom, worthily, you would have now succeed,  
 And in the Capitol and senate's right,  
 Whom you pretend to honour and adore,—

<sup>3</sup> *Accited*, i. e. *summoned*.

That you withdraw you, and abate your strength ;  
Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should,  
Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

*Sat.* How fair the tribune speaks to calm my  
thoughts !

*Bas.* Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy<sup>4</sup>  
In thy uprightness and integrity,  
And so I love and honour thee and thine,  
Thy nobler brother Titus, and his sons,  
And her to whom my thoughts are humbled all,  
Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,  
That I will here dismiss my loving friends ;  
And to my fortunes, and the people's favour,  
Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd.

[*Exeunt the Followers of BASSIANUS*

*Sat.* Friends, that have been thus forward in my  
right,

I thank you all, and here dismiss you all ;  
And to the love and favour of my country  
Commit myself, my person, and the cause.

[*Exeunt the Followers of SATURNINUS.*

Rome, be as just and gracious unto me,  
As I am confident and kind to thee. —  
Open the gates, and let me in.

*Bas.* Tribunes ! and me, a poor competitor.

[*SAT. and BAS. go into the Capitol, and exeunt  
with Senators, MARCUS, &c.*

## SCENE II. *The same.*

*Enter a Captain, and Others.*

*Cap.* Romans, make way ; The good Andronicus,  
Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,

<sup>4</sup> To *affy* here signifies to *trust*, to have *confidence in*. "So great *affiance* they had in the vertue of Theodorus."—*Baret*. In the Second Part of King Henry VI. it is used for to *betroth*.

Successful in the battles that he fights,  
 With honour and with fortune is return'd,  
 From where<sup>1</sup> he circumscribed with his sword,  
 And brought to yoke the enemies of Rome.

*Flourish of Trumpets, &c. Enter MUTIUS and MARTIUS; after them Two Men bearing a Coffin covered with black; then QUINTUS and LUCIUS. After them, TITUS ANDRONICUS; and then TAMORA, with ALARBUS, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, AARON, and other Goths, prisoners; Soldiers and People following. The Bearers set down the Coffin, and TITUS speaks.*

*Tit.* Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds!  
 Lo, as the bark that hath discharg'd her<sup>2</sup> freight,  
 Returns with precious lading to the bay,  
 From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,  
 Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,  
 To re-salute his country with his tears;  
 Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.—  
 Thou great defender of this Capitol<sup>3</sup>,  
 Stand gracious to the rights that we intend!—  
 Romans, of five and twenty valiant sons,  
 Half of the number that king Priam had,  
 Behold the poor remains alive, and dead!  
 These, that survive, let Rome reward with love;  
 These, that I bring unto their latest home,  
 With burial amongst their ancestors:  
 Here Goths have given me leave to sheath my sword.  
 Titus, unkind, and careless of thine own,  
 Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,

<sup>1</sup> The folio misprints "From whence."

<sup>2</sup> All the old copies have "his freight," the personal being commonly used for the impersonal possessive pronoun *its*. But as *she* and *her* apply to the bark in the succeeding line, it has been expedient to read *her* here.

<sup>3</sup> Jupiter, to whom the Capitol was sacred.

To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx?  
 Make way to lay them by their brethren.

[*The Tomb is opened.*]

There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,  
 And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars!  
 O sacred receptacle of my joys,  
 Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,  
 How many sons of mine hast thou in store,  
 That thou wilt never render to me more!

*Luc.* Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,  
 That we may hew his limbs, and, on a pile,  
*Ad manes fratrum* sacrifice his flesh,  
 Before this earthy<sup>4</sup> prison of their bones;  
 That so the shadows be not unappeas'd,  
 Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth<sup>5</sup>.

*Tit.* I give him you; the noblest that survives,  
 The eldest son of this distressed queen.

*Tam.* Stay, Roman brethren! Gracious conquerour,  
 Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,  
 A mother's tears in passion<sup>6</sup> for her son:  
 And, if thy sons were ever dear to thee,  
 O, think my son to be as dear to me.  
 Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome,  
 To beautify thy triumphs, and return,  
 Captive to thee, and to thy Roman yoke;  
 But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,  
 For valiant doings in their country's cause?  
 O! if to fight for king and commonweal  
 Were piety in thine, it is in these.  
 Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood:  
 Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?  
 Draw near them then in being merciful:

<sup>4</sup> *Earthy.* Thus Ed. 1600 and 1611. The folio has *earthly*.

<sup>5</sup> It was supposed that the ghosts of unburied people appeared to solicit the rites of funeral.

<sup>6</sup> *In passion*, i. e. *in grief*.

Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge ;  
Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son.

*Tit.* Patient<sup>7</sup> yourself, madam, and pardon me.  
These are their brethren, whom you Goths beheld  
Alive, and dead ; and for their brethren slain,  
Religiously they ask a sacrifice :

To this your son is mark'd ; and die he must,  
T'appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

*Luc.* Away with him ! and make a fire straight ;  
And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,  
Let's hew his limbs, till they be clean consum'd.

[*Exeunt LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, and  
MUTIUS, with ALARBUS.*

*Tam.* O cruel, irreligious piety !

*Chi.* Was ever Scythia half so barbarous ?

*Dem.* Oppose not<sup>a</sup> Scythia to ambitious Rome.  
Alarbus goes to rest ; and we survive  
To tremble under Titus' threatening look.  
Then, madam, stand resolv'd ; but hope withal,  
The self-same gods, that arm'd the queen of Troy  
With opportunity of sharp revenge  
Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent<sup>b</sup>,  
May favour Tamora, the queen of Goths,  
(When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was queen)  
To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

<sup>7</sup> This verb is used by other old dramatic writers. Thus in Arden of Feversham, 1592 :—

“*Patient* yourself, we cannot help it now.”

<sup>a</sup> Thus the quarto. The folio has “Oppose *me*.”

<sup>b</sup> Theobald says that we should read, “in *her* tent ;” i. e. in the tent where she and the other Trojan women were kept ; for thither Hecuba by a wile had decoyed Polymnestor, in order to perpetrate her revenge. Steevens objects to Theobald's conclusion, that the writer gleaned this circumstance from the Hecuba of Euripides, and says, “he may have been misled by the passage in Ovid—‘*vadit ad artificem* ;’ and therefore took it for granted she found him ‘in *his* tent.’” Yet on another occasion he observes, that the writer has a plain allusion to the Ajax of Sophocles, of which no translation was extant in the time of Shakespeare.

*Re-enter* LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, and  
MUTIUS, *with their swords bloody.*

*Luc.* See, lord and father, how we have perform'd  
Our Roman rites : Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd,  
And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,  
Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.  
Remaineth nought, but to inter our brethren,  
And with loud 'larums welcome them to Rome.

*Tit.* Let it be so, and let Andronicus  
Make this his latest farewell to their souls.

[*Trumpets sounded, and the Coffins laid  
in the Tomb.*

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons ;  
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here in rest,  
Secure from worldly chances and mishaps !  
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,  
Here grow no damned grudges<sup>a</sup> ; here are no storms,  
No noise, but silence and eternal sleep :  
In peace and honour rest you here, my sons !

*Enter* LAVINIA.

*Lav.* In peace and honour live Lord Titus long ;  
My noble lord and father, live in fame !  
Lo ! at this tomb my tributary tears  
I render, for my brethren's obsequies ;  
And at thy feet I kneel with tears of joy  
Shed on the earth, for thy return to Rome :  
O ! bless me here with thy victorious hand,  
Whose fortunes Rome's best citizens applaud.

*Tit.* Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly reserv'd  
The cordial of mine age to glad my heart !  
Lavinia, live ; outlive thy father's days,  
And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise<sup>9</sup> !

<sup>a</sup> The quarto, 1611, has *drugges* instead of *grudges*.

<sup>9</sup> To "outlive an eternal date" is, though not philosophical,

*Enter* MARCUS ANDRONICUS, SATURNINUS,  
BASSIANUS, and *Others*.

*Mar.* Long live Lord Titus, my beloved brother,  
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome!

*Tit.* Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother Marcus.

*Mar.* And welcome, nephews, from successful wars,  
You that survive, and you that sleep in fame.  
Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,  
That in your country's service drew your swords:  
But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,  
That hath aspir'd to Solon's happiness<sup>10</sup>,  
And triumphs over chance, in honour's bed.—  
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,  
Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,  
Send thee by me, their tribune, and their trust,  
This palliament<sup>11</sup> of white and spotless hue;  
And name thee in election for the empire,  
With these our late deceased emperor's sons:  
Be *candidatus* then, and put it on,  
And help to set a head on headless Rome.

*Tit.* A better head her glorious body fits,  
Than his, that shakes for age and feebleness:  
What! should I don<sup>12</sup> this robe, and trouble you?  
Be chosen with proclamations to-day;  
To-morrow, yield up rule, resign my life,  
And set abroad new business for you all?  
Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,  
And led my country's strength successfully,

yet poetical sense. He wishes that her life may be longer than his, and her praise longer than fame.

<sup>10</sup> The maxim alluded to is, that no man can be pronounced happy before his death.

<sup>11</sup> *Palliament*, i. e. a robe. The writer was evidently thinking of the *paludamentum*, which Valerius Maximus says was *white or purple*, but has confounded it with the white costume from which *candidate* is derived.

<sup>12</sup> i. e. *do on, put it on*.



And buried one and twenty valiant sons,  
 Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,  
 In right and service of their noble country.  
 Give me a staff of honour for mine age,  
 But not a sceptre to control the world :  
 Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

*Mar.* Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the empery.

*Sat.* Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou tell?—

*Tit.* Patience, Prince Saturninus.

*Sat.* Romans, do me right :—

Patricians, draw your swords, and sheathe them not  
 Till Saturninus be Rome's emperour :  
 Andronicus, 'would thou wert shipp'd to hell,  
 Rather than rob me of the people's hearts.

*Luc.* Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the good  
 That noble-minded Titus means to thee !

*Tit.* Content thee, prince ; I will restore to thee  
 The people's hearts, and wean them from themselves.

*Bas.* Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,  
 But honour thee, and will do till I die ;  
 My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,  
 I will most thankful be : and thanks, to men  
 Of noble minds, is honourable meed.

*Tit.* People of Rome, and people's tribunes here,  
 I ask your voices, and your suffrages ;  
 Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus ?

*Trib.* To gratify the good Andronicus,  
 And gratulate his safe return to Rome,  
 The people will accept whom he admits.

*Tit.* Tribunes, I thank you : and this suit I make,  
 That you create your emperour's eldest son,  
 Lord Saturnine ; whose virtues will, I hope,  
 Reflect on Rome, as Titan's rays on earth,  
 And ripen justice in this commonweal :  
 Then if you will elect by my advice,  
 Crown him, and say,—*Long live our emperour !*

*Mar.* With voices and applause of every sort,  
 Patricians, and plebeians, we create  
 Lord Saturninus, Rome's great emperor,  
 And say,—*Long live our emperor Saturnine!*

[*A long Flourish.*]

*Sat.* Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done  
 To us in our election this day,  
 I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,  
 And will with deeds requite thy gentleness:  
 And, for an onset, Titus, to advance  
 Thy name, and honourable family,  
 Lavinia will I make my empress,  
 Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,  
 And in the sacred Pantheon<sup>a</sup> her spouse:  
 Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee?

*Tit.* It doth, my worthy lord; and, in this match,  
 I hold me highly honour'd of your grace:  
 And here, in sight of Rome, to Saturnine,—  
 King and commander of our commonweal,  
 The wide world's emperor,—do I consecrate  
 My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners;  
 Presents well worthy Rome's imperial lord:  
 Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,  
 Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

*Sat.* Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life!  
 How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts,  
 Rome shall record; and, when I do forget  
 The least of these unspeakable deserts,  
 Romans, forget your fealty to me.

*Tit.* Now, madam, are you prisoner to an emperor;  
 [To TAMORA.]

To him, that for your honour and your state,  
 Will use you nobly, and your followers.

*Sat.* A goodly lady, trust me; of the hue  
 That I would choose, were I to choose anew.  
 Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance;

<sup>a</sup> Thus the second folio. The earlier copies have *Pathan*.

Though chance of war hath wrought this change of  
cheer,

Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome :

Princely shall be thy usage every way.

Rest on my word, and let not discontent

Daunt all your hopes : Madam, he comforts you,

Can make you greater than the queen of Goths.

Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this ?

*Lav.* Not I, my lord ; sith true nobility

Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

*Sat.* Thanks, sweet Lavinia.—Romans, let us go :

Ransomeless here we set our prisoners free :

Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum.

*Bas.* Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine.

[*Seizing LAVINIA.*]

*Tit.* How, sir ? Are you in earnest then, my lord ?

*Bas.* Ay, noble Titus ; and resolv'd withal,

To do myself this reason and this right.

[*The Emperour courts TAMORA in dumb show.*]

*Mar.* *Suum cuique* is our Roman justice :

This prince in justice seizeth but his own.

*Luc.* And that he will, and shall, if Lucius live.

*Tit.* Traitors, avaunt ! Where is the emperour's  
guard ?

Treason, my lord ; Lavinia is surpris'd.

*Sat.* Surpris'd ! By whom ?

*Bas.* By him that justly may

Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.

[*Exeunt MARCUS and BASSIANUS, with LAVINIA.*]

*Mut.* Brothers, help to convey her hence away,

And with my sword I'll keep this door safe.

[*Exeunt LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.*]

*Tit.* Follow, my lord, and I'll soon bring her back.

*Mut.* My lord, you pass not here.

*Tit.*

What, villain boy !

Barr'st me my way in Rome ? [Tit. kills MUT.]

*Mut.*

Help ! Lucius, help !

*Re-enter* LUCIUS.

*Luc.* My lord, you are unjust : and, more than so,  
In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.

*Tit.* Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine :  
My sons would never so dishonour me :  
Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperour.

*Luc.* Dead, if you will : but not to be his wife,  
That is another's lawful promis'd love. [*Exit.*]

*Sat.* No, Titus, no ; the emperour needs her not,  
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock :  
I'll trust, by leisure, him that mocks me once ;  
Thee never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons,  
Confederates all thus to dishonour me.  
Was there none else in Rome to make a stale<sup>13</sup>,  
But Saturnine ? Full well, Andronicus,  
Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,  
That said'st, I begg'd the empire at thy hands.

*Tit.* O monstrous ! what reproachful words are these ?

*Sat.* But go thy ways ; go, give that changing piece  
To him that flourish'd for her with his sword :  
A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy ;  
One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,  
To ruffle<sup>14</sup> in the commonwealth of Rome.

*Tit.* These words are razors to my wounded heart.

*Sat.* And therefore, lovely Tamora, queen of Goths,  
That, like the stately Phœbe 'mongst her nymphs,  
Dost overshadow the gallant'st dames of Rome,  
If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice,

<sup>13</sup> A *stale* here signifies a *stalking-horse*. To make a *stale* of any one seems to have meant "to make them an object of mockery." This is the meaning of Katharine in the *Taming of the Shrew*, when she says to her father, "Is it your will to *make a stale of me* amongst these mates?" See also the Third Part of King Henry VI. Act iii. Sc. 3, ad finem. The words *there* and *else* were added in the folio 1632.

<sup>14</sup> To *ruffle* was to be *tumultuous and turbulent*. Thus Baret :—  
"A trouble or *ruffling* in the common-weale : *procella*."

Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,  
 And will create thee empress<sup>a</sup> of Rome.  
 Speak, queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my choice?  
 And here I swear by all the Roman gods,—  
 Sith priest and holy water are so near,  
 And tapers burn so bright, and every thing  
 In readiness for Hymeneus stand,—  
 I will not resalute the streets of Rome,  
 Or climb my palace, till from forth this place  
 I lead espous'd my bride along with me.

*Tam.* And here, in sight of heaven, to Rome I  
 swear,

If Saturnine advance the queen of Goths,  
 She will a handmaid be to his desires,  
 A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

*Sat.* Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon.—Lords, ac-  
 company

Your noble emperour, and his lovely bride,  
 Sent by the heavens for Prince Saturnine,  
 Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered :  
 There shall we consummate our spousal rites.

[*Exeunt SATURNINUS, and his Followers ; TA-  
 MORA, and her Sons ; AARON and Goths.*

*Tit.* I am not bid to wait upon this bride ;  
 Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,  
 Dishonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs ?

*Re-enter MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and  
 MARTIUS.*

*Mar.* O, Titus, see, O see, what thou hast done !  
 In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

*Tit.* No, foolish tribune, no ; no son of mine,  
 Nor thou, nor these confederates in the deed  
 That hath dishonour'd all our family ;

<sup>a</sup> *Empress*, here and elsewhere in this play, is to be considered a trisyllable. It is so printed *emperesse* in the quarto 1611.

Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons!

*Luc.* But let us give him burial, as becomes;  
Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

*Tit.* Traitors, away! he rests not in this tomb.  
This monument five hundred years hath stood,  
Which I have sumptuously re-edified:  
Here none but soldiers, and Rome's servitors,  
Repose in fame; none basely slain in brawls:  
Bury him where you can, he comes not here.

*Mar.* My lord, this is impiety in you:  
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him;  
He must be buried with his brethren.

*Quin. Mart.* And shall, or him we will accompany.

*Tit.* And shall! What villain was it spake that  
word?

*Quin.* He that would vouch it in any place but here.

*Tit.* What! would you bury him in my despite?

*Mar.* No, noble Titus; but entreat of thee  
To pardon Mutius, and to bury him.

*Tit.* Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,  
And, with these boys, mine honour thou hast wounded:  
My foes I do repute you every one;  
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

*Mart.* He is not with himself<sup>15</sup>: let us withdraw.

*Quin.* Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.

[MARCUS and the Sons of TITUS kneel.

*Mar.* Brother, for in that name doth nature plead.

*Quin.* Father, and in that name doth nature speak.

*Tit.* Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.

*Mar.* Renowned Titus, more than half my soul,—

*Luc.* Dear father, soul and substance of us all,—

*Mar.* Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter  
His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,  
That died in honour and Lavinia's cause.

<sup>15</sup> *He is not with himself.* This is much the same sort of phrase as *he is beside himself*, a genuine English idiom. The folic omits *with* and lower down *wise* before Laertes' son.

Thou art a Roman, be not barbarous.  
 The Greeks, upon advice, did bury Ajax  
 That slew himself; and wise Laertes' son  
 Did graciously plead for his funerals<sup>16</sup>.  
 Let not young Mutius then, that was thy joy,  
 Be barr'd his entrance here.

*Tit.* Rise, Marcus, rise!  
 The dismal'st day is this, that e'er I saw,  
 To be dishonour'd by my sons in Rome!  
 Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

[MUTIUS is put into the Tomb.]

*Luc.* There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with thy  
 friends,  
 Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb!

*All.* No man shed tears for noble Mutius;  
 He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause<sup>17</sup>.

*Mar.* My lord,—to step out of these dreary<sup>18</sup>  
 dumps,—  
 How comes it, that the subtle queen of Goths  
 Is of a sudden thus advanc'd in Rome?

*Tit.* I know not, Marcus; but, I know, it is;  
 Whether by device, or no, the heavens can tell:  
 Is she not then beholding to the man  
 That brought her for this high good turn so far?  
 Yes, and will nobly him remunerate<sup>19</sup>.

<sup>16</sup> "This passage alone," says Steevens, "would sufficiently convince me that the play before us was the work of one who was conversant with the Greek tragedies in their original language. We have here a plain allusion to the Ajax of Sophocles, of which no translation was extant in the time of Shakespeare. In that piece Agamemnon consents at last to allow Ajax the rites of sepulture, and Ulysses is the pleader whose arguments prevail in favour of his remains."

<sup>17</sup> This is evidently a translation of the distich of Ennius:—

"Nemo me lacrumis decoret: nec funera fletu  
 Fascit quer? volito vivu' per ora virum."

<sup>18</sup> Thus the quartos. The folio has "sudden dumps," an evident misprint for *sullen*.

<sup>19</sup> Malone thought this line, which is only in the folio, was the

*Flourish.* *Re-enter, at one side, SATURNINUS, attended ; TAMORA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, and AARON : at the other, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, and Others.*

*Sat.* So, Bassianus, you have play'd your prize<sup>20</sup> ;  
God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride.

*Bas.* And you of yours, my lord : I say no more,  
Nor wish no less ; and so I take my leave.

*Sat.* Traitor, if Rome have law, or we have power,  
Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.

*Bas.* Rape, call you it, my lord, to seize my own,  
My true betrothed love, and now my wife ?  
But let the laws of Rome determine all ;  
Mean while I am possess'd of that is mine.

*Sat.* 'Tis good, sir ; You are very short with us ;  
But, if we live, we'll be as sharp with you.

*Bas.* My lord, what I have done, as best I may,  
Answer I must, and shall do with my life :  
Only thus much I give your grace to know,  
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,  
This noble gentleman, Lord Titus here,  
Is in opinion, and in honour, wrong'd ;  
That, in the rescue of Lavinia,  
With his own hand did slay his youngest son,  
In zeal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath  
To be control'd in that he frankly gave :  
Receive him then to favour, Saturnine ;  
That hath express'd himself, in all his deeds,  
A father, and a friend, to thee, and Rome.

*Tit.* Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds ;  
'Tis thou, and those, that have dishonour'd me :

answer of *Marcus* (to whom it should be given) to the question of Titus.

<sup>20</sup> To *play a prize* was a technical term in the ancient fencing schools. See *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act i Sc. 1, note 25.



Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,  
How I have lov'd and honour'd Saturnine!

*Tam.* My worthy lord, if ever Tamora  
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,  
Then hear me speak indifferently for all;  
And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.

*Sat.* What! madam! be dishonour'd openly,  
And basely put it up without revenge?

*Tam.* Not so, my lord; the gods of Rome forefend,  
I should be author to dishonour you!

But, on mine honour, dare I undertake  
For good Lord Titus' innocence in all,  
Whose fury, not dissembled, speaks his griefs:  
Then, at my suit, look graciously on him;  
Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,  
Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.—

My lord, be rul'd by me, be won at last,  
Dissemble all your griefs and discontents:  
You are but newly planted in your throne;  
Lest then the people, and patricians too,  
Upon a just survey, take Titus' part,  
And so supplant us for ingratitude  
(Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin),  
Yield at entreats, and then let me alone:  
I'll find a day to massacre them all,  
And raze their faction, and their family,  
The cruel father, and his traitorous sons,  
To whom I sued for my dear son's life;  
And make them know, what 'tis to let a  
queen  
Kneel in the streets, and beg for grace in  
vain.—

*Aside to  
SAT.*

[*Aloud.*] Come, come, sweet emperour, come, Andro-  
nicus,

Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart  
That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

*Sat.* Rise, Titus, rise ; my empress hath prevail'd.

*Tit.* I thank your majesty, and her, my lord :  
These words, these looks, infuse new life in me

*Tam.* Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,  
A Roman now adopted happily,  
And must advise the emperour for his good.  
This day all quarrels die, Andronicus ;—  
And let it be mine honour, good my lord,  
That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.—  
For you, Prince Bassianus, I have pass'd  
My word and promise to the emperour,  
That you will be more mild and tractable.—  
And fear not, lords, and you, Lavinia ;  
By my advice, all humbled on your knees,  
You shall ask pardon of his majesty.

*Luc.*<sup>21</sup> We do ; and vow to heaven, and to his high-  
ness,  
That, what we did, was mildly, as we might,  
Tend'ring our sister's honour, and our own.

*Mar.* That on mine honour here I do protest.

*Sat.* Away, and talk not ; trouble us no more.

*Tam.* Nay, nay, sweet emperour, we must all be  
friends :

The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace ;  
I will not be denied. Sweet heart, look back.

*Sat.* Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brother's here,  
And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,  
I do remit these young men's heinous faults.  
Stand up.

Lavinia, though you left me like a churl ;  
I found a friend ; and sure as death I swore,  
I would not part a bachelor from the priest.  
Come, if the emperour's court can feast two brides,

<sup>21</sup> This speech has no prefix before it in the first quarto. In that of 1611 it has *All* ; and in the folio *Son*. Lucius may be supposed to speak for the rest.

You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends :—  
This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.

*Tit.* To-morrow, an it please your majesty,  
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,  
With horn and hound, we'll give your grace *bon jour*.

*Sat.* Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II<sup>1</sup>.

SCENE I. Rome. *Before the Palace.*

*Enter AARON.*

*Aaron.*

**N**OW climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,  
Safe out of fortune's shot : and sits aloft,  
Secure of thunder's crack, or lightning flash ;  
Advanc'd above<sup>2</sup> pale envy's threat'ning reach.

As when the golden sun salutes the morn,  
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,  
Gallops the zodiack in his glistening coach,  
And overlooks the highest-peering hills ;  
So Tamora!—

Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait,  
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.  
Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts  
To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,  
And mount her pitch ; whom thou in triumph long  
Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains ;  
And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes,

<sup>1</sup> In the quarto of 1600 the stage direction is *Sound trumpets, manet Moore*. In the quarto of 1611 the direction is *Manet Aaron*, and he is before made to enter with Tamora, though he says nothing. This scene ought to continue the first act.—*Johnson.*

<sup>2</sup> The first folio misprints *about* for *above*. The quartos and the second folio have *above*

Than is Prometheus tied to Caucasus.  
 Away with slavish weeds, and servile<sup>a</sup> thoughts!  
 I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,  
 To wait upon this new-made empress.  
 To wait, said I? to wanton with this queen,  
 This goddess, this Semiramis; this nymph<sup>b</sup>,  
 This siren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,  
 And see his shipwreck, and his commonweal's.  
 Holla! what storm is this?

*Enter CHIRON and DEMETRIUS, braving.*

*Dem.* Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge,  
 And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd:  
 And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.

*Chi.* Demetrius, thou dost overween in all;  
 And so in this to bear me down with braves.  
 'Tis not the difference of a year, or two,  
 Makes me less gracious, or thee more fortunate:  
 I am as able, and as fit, as thou,  
 To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace;  
 And that my sword upon thee shall approve,  
 And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.

*Aar.* Clubs, clubs<sup>3</sup>! these lovers will not keep the  
 peace.

*Dem.* Why, boy, although our mother, unadvis'd,  
 Gave you a dancing-rapier<sup>4</sup> by your side,  
 Are you so desperate grown, to threat your friends?

<sup>a</sup> So the quarto 1600. The quarto 1611 and the folio have *idle*.

<sup>b</sup> The folio, and quarto 1611, *queen*.

<sup>3</sup> *Clubs*. This was the usual outcry for assistance, when any riot in the street happened. See vol. iii. p. 98, note 4.

<sup>4</sup> It appears that a light kind of sword, more for show than use, was worn by gentlemen, even when dancing, in the reign of Elizabeth. So in *All's Well that Ends Well*:—

“No sword worn

But one to dance with.”

And Greene in his *Quip for an Upstart Courtier*:—“One of them carrying his cutting sword of choller, the other his *dancing-rapier* of delight.”

Go to ; have your lath glued within your sheath,  
Till you know better how to handle it.

*Chi.* Meanwhile, sir, with the little skill I have,  
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

*Dem.* Ay, boy, grow ye so brave? [*They draw.*

*Aar.* Why, how now, lords ?

So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,

And maintain such a quarrel openly ?

Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge ;

I would not for a million of gold,

The cause were known to them it most concerns :

Nor would your noble mother, for much more,

Be so dishonour'd in the court of Rome.

For shame ! put up.

*Dem.* Not I ; till I have sheath'd

My rapier in his bosom, and, withall,

Thrust these reproachful speeches down his throat,

That he hath breath'd in my dishonour here.

*Chi.* For that I am prepar'd and full resolv'd,

Foul spoken coward ! that thunder'st with thy tongue<sup>5</sup>,

And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.

*Aar.* Away ! I say.

Now by the gods, that warlike Goths adore,

This petty brabble will undo us all.—

Why, lords, and think you not how dangerous

It is to jut<sup>a</sup> upon a prince's right ?

What, is Lavinia then become so loose,

Or Bassianus so degenerate,

That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd,

Without controlment, justice, or revenge ?

Young lords, beware ! an should the empress know

<sup>5</sup> This phrase appears to have been adopted from Virgil, *Æneid* xi. 383 :—

“ Proinde *tona eloquio*, solitum tibi . . . ”

<sup>a</sup> The folio misprints “ to set.” The quartos have “ to jet ;” but see vol. vi. p. 446, note 4.

This discord's ground, the musick would not please.

*Chi.* I care not, I, knew she and all the world ;  
I love Lavinia more than all the world.

*Dem.* Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner  
choice :

Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

*Aar.* Why, are ye mad? or know ye not, in Rome  
How furious and impatient they be,  
And cannot brook competitors in love?  
I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths  
By this device.

*Chi.* Aaron, a thousand deaths  
Would I propose, to achieve her whom I do love<sup>6</sup>.

*Aar.* To achieve her! How?

*Dem.* Why mak'st thou it so strange?  
She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd ;  
She is a woman, therefore may be won<sup>7</sup> ;  
She is Lavinia, therefore must be lov'd.  
What, man! more water glideth by the mill<sup>8</sup>  
Than wots the miller of ; and easy it is

<sup>6</sup> Chiron appears to mean, "that, had he a thousand lives, such was his love for Lavinia, he would propose to venture them all to achieve her." Thus in the *Taming of the Shrew* :—

"Tranio, I burn, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,  
If I *achieve* not this young modest girl."

<sup>7</sup> These two lines occur, with very little variation, in the First Part of *King Henry VI.*—

"She's *beautiful*, and therefore *to be woo'd* ;  
She is a woman, therefore *to be won.*"

This circumstance has given rise to a conjecture that the author of the present play was also the writer of the original *King Henry VI.* Ritson says that he "should take Kyd to have been the author of *Titus Andronicus*, because he seems to delight in murders and scraps of Latin, though it must be confessed that in the first of those good qualities Marlowe's *Jew of Malta* may fairly dispute precedence with the Spanish Tragedy."

<sup>8</sup> There is a Scottish proverb, "Mickle water goes by the miller when he sleeps." *Non omnem molitor quæ fluit unda videt.* The subsequent line is also a northern proverb, "It is safe taking a *shive* of a cut loaf."

Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know :  
 Though Bassianus be the emperour's brother,  
 Better than he have yet worn Vulcan's badge.

*Aar.* Ay, and as good as Saturninus may. [*Aside.*]

*Dem.* Then why should he despair, that knows to  
 court it

With words, fair looks, and liberality ?  
 What, hast thou not full often struck a doe,  
 And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose<sup>9</sup> ?

*Aar.* Why then, it seems, some certain snatch, or so,  
 Would serve your turns.

*Chi.* Ay, so the turn were serv'd.

*Dem.* Aaron, thou hast hit it.

*Aar.* 'Would you had hit it too ;  
 Then should not we be tir'd with this ado.  
 Why, hark ye, hark ye,—and are you such fools,  
 To square<sup>10</sup> for this ? Would it offend you then  
 That both should speed<sup>11</sup> ?

*Chi.* I' faith, not me.

*Dem.* Nor me,  
 So I were one.

*Aar.* For shame ! be friends ; and join for that you  
 jar.

'Tis policy and stratagem must do  
 That you affect ; and so must you resolve ;  
 That what you cannot, as you would, achieve,  
 You must perforce accomplish as you may.  
 Take this of me : Lucrece was not more chaste  
 Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.

<sup>9</sup> Mr. Holt is willing to infer that Titus Andronicus was one of Shakespeare's early performances, because the stratagems of the profession traditionally given to his youth seem here to have been fresh in the writer's mind. But when we consider how common allusions to sports of the field are in all the writers of that age, there seems to be no real ground for the conclusion.

<sup>10</sup> *Square*, i. e. *quarrel*.

<sup>11</sup> *That both should speed*. Thus the quartos ; but omitted in the folio evidently by error.

A speedier course than<sup>12</sup> lingering languishment  
 Must we pursue, and I have found the path.  
 My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand ;  
 There will the lovely Roman ladies troop :  
 The forest walks are wide and spacious ;  
 And many unfrequented plots there are,  
 Fitted by kind<sup>13</sup> for rape and villainy :  
 Single you thither then this dainty doe,  
 And strike her home by force, if not by words :  
 This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.  
 Come, come, our empress, with her sacred<sup>14</sup> wit,  
 To villainy and vengeance consecrate,  
 Will we acquaint with all that we intend ;  
 And she shall file our engines with advice<sup>15</sup>,  
 That will not suffer you to square yourselves,  
 But to your wishes' height advance you both.  
 The emperour's court is like the house of fame<sup>16</sup>,  
 The palace full of tongues, of eyes and ears :  
 The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull ;  
 There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your  
 turns :  
 There serve your lusts, shadow'd from heaven's eye,  
 And revel in Lavinia's treasury.

*Chi.* Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.

*Dem.* *Sit fas aut nefas*, till I find the stream  
 To cool this heat, a charm to calm these<sup>17</sup> fits,  
*Per Styga, per manes vehor*<sup>18</sup>. [Exeunt.

<sup>12</sup> The old copies all misprint *this* for *than*.

<sup>13</sup> *By kind*, i. e. *by nature*.

<sup>14</sup> *Sacred* here signifies *accursed*; a Latinism.

<sup>15</sup> The allusion is to the operation of the file, which, by giving smoothness, facilitates the motion of the parts of an engine or piece of machinery.

<sup>16</sup> See Chaucer's description.

<sup>17</sup> The folio has *their*, and *streams* in the preceding line.

<sup>18</sup> These scraps of Latin are taken, though not exactly, from some of Seneca's tragedies.



SCENE II<sup>1</sup>. *A Forest near Rome. A Lodge seen at a distance. Horns, and cry of Hounds heard.*

*Enter* TITUS ANDRONICUS, *with Hunters, &c.* MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, *and* MARTIUS.

*Tit.* The hunt is up, the morn is bright and gray,  
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green :  
Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,  
And wake the emperour and his lovely bride,  
And rouse the prince ; and ring a hunter's peal,  
That all the court may echo with the noise.  
Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,  
To tend the emperour's person carefully :  
I have been troubled in my sleep this night,  
But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

*Horns wind a Peal. Enter* SATURNINUS, TAMORA, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, *and* Attendants.

*Tit.* Many good morrows to your majesty ;—  
Madam, to you as many and as good !  
I promised your grace a hunter's peal.

*Sat.* And you have rung it lustily, my lords,  
Somewhat too early for new married ladies.

*Bas.* Lavinia, how say you ?

*Lav.*

I say, no ;

I have been broad<sup>2</sup> awake two hours and more.

*Sat.* Come on then, horse and chariots let us have,  
And to our sport.—Madam, now shall ye see  
Our Roman hunting. [To TAMORA.

<sup>1</sup> Johnson says, " The division of this play into acts, which was first made in the folio of 1623, is improper. There is here an interval of action, and here the second act ought to have begun." But this and similar notes are founded on a misconception. Shakespeare divides into Acts in most cases without any reference to lapse of time.

<sup>2</sup> The folio omits *broad*.

*Mar.* I have dogs, my lord,  
Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,  
And climb the highest promontory top.

*Tit.* And I have horse will follow where the game  
Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.

*Dem.* Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor hound,  
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A desert Part of the Forest.*

*Enter AARON, with a Bag of Gold.*

*Aar.* He, that had wit, would think that I had none,  
To bury so much gold under a tree,  
And never after to inherit<sup>1</sup> it.

Let him, that thinks of me so abjectly,  
Know, that this gold must coin a stratagem ;  
Which, cunningly effected, will beget  
A very excellent piece of villainy ;  
And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest,

[*Hides the Gold.*]

That have their alms out of the empress' chest<sup>2</sup>.

*Enter TAMORA.*

*Tam.* My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad<sup>3</sup>,  
When every thing doth make a gleeful boast ?  
The birds chant melody on every bush ;  
The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun ;  
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,  
And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground :  
Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,  
And, whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,

<sup>1</sup> i. e. *possess.* See Two Gent. of Verona, Act iii. Sc. 2, note 10

<sup>2</sup> This is obscure. It seems to mean only, that they who are to come at this gold of the empress are to suffer by it.—*Johnson.*

<sup>3</sup> Malone remarks that there is much poetical beauty in this speech of Tamora ; he thinks it the only part of the play which resembles the style of Shakespeare.

Replying shrilly to the well tun'd horns,  
 As if a double hunt were heard at once,  
 Let us sit down, and mark their yelping noise<sup>a</sup> :  
 And,—after conflict, such as was suppos'd  
 The wandering prince and Dido once enjoy'd,  
 When with a happy storm they were surpris'd,  
 And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave,—  
 We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,  
 Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber ;  
 Whiles hounds, and horns, and sweet melodious birds,  
 Be unto us, as is a nurse's song  
 Of lullaby, to bring her babe asleep.

*Aar.* Madam, though Venus govern your desires,  
 Saturn is dominator over mine :

What signifies my deadly-standing eye,  
 My silence, and my cloudy melancholy ?  
 My fleece of woolly hair that now uncurls,  
 Even as an adder, when she doth unroll  
 To do some fatal execution ?

No, madam, these are no venereal signs ;  
 Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,  
 Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.  
 Hark, Tamora, the empress of my soul,  
 Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee,  
 This is the day of doom for Bassianus ;  
 His Philomel<sup>4</sup> must lose her tongue to-day :  
 Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,  
 And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.  
 Seest thou this letter ? take it up, I pray thee,  
 And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll :  
 Now question me no more, we are espied ;  
 Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,  
 Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.

*Tam.* Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than life !

<sup>a</sup> The folio has *yelping* ; the quarto, 1611, *yellowing*.

<sup>4</sup> See Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, book vi.

*Aar.* No more, great empress, Bassianus comes :  
Be cross with him ; and I'll go fetch thy sons  
To back thy quarrels, whatsoe'er they be. [*Exit.*]

*Enter BASSIANUS and LAVINIA.*

*Bas.* Whom have we here ? Rome's royal empress,  
Unfurnish'd of her<sup>5</sup> well beseeming troop ?  
Or is it Dian, habited like her ;  
Who hath abandoned her holy groves,  
To see the general hunting in this forest ?

*Tam.* Saucy controller of my private steps !  
Had I the power, that, some say, Dian had,  
Thy temples should be planted presently  
With horns, as was Actæon's ; and the hounds  
Should thrive<sup>6</sup> upon thy new transformed limbs,  
Unmannerly intruder as thou art !

*Lav.* Under your patience, gentle empress,  
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning ;  
And to be doubted, that your Moor and you  
Are singled forth to try experiments :  
Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day !  
'Tis pity, they should take him for a stag.

*Bas.* Believe me, queen, your swarth Cimmerian<sup>7</sup>  
Doth make your honour of his body's hue,  
Spotted, detested, and abominable.  
Why are you sequester'd from all your train ?  
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,  
And wander'd hither to an obscure plot,  
Accompanied but<sup>8</sup> with a barbarous Moor,  
If foul desire had not conducted you ?

<sup>5</sup> So the quarto, 1600. The other copies, erroneously, *our* for *her* ; and in the next speech, *our* instead of *my*, and *his* for " *thy* new transformed limbs.

<sup>6</sup> The old copies have *drive*. The correction was proposed by Heath. All of them but the first quarto misprint *his* for *thy*.

<sup>7</sup> *Swarth* is *dusky*. The Moor is called *Cimmerian*, from the affinity of blackness to darkness.

<sup>8</sup> The word *but* is omitted in all the old copies except the first 4to.

*Lav.* And, being intercepted in your sport,  
Great reason that my noble lord be rated  
For sauciness.—I pray you, let us hence,  
And let her 'joy her raven-colour'd love ;  
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

*Bas.* The king, my brother, shall have notice of this.

*Lav.* Ay, for these slips have made him noted long :  
Good king ! to be so mightily abus'd !

*Tam.* Why, have I patience to endure all this<sup>a</sup> ?

*Enter CHIRON and DEMETRIUS.*

*Dem.* How now, dear sovereign, and our gracious  
mother,  
Why doth your highness look so pale and wan ?

*Tam.* Have I not reason, think you, to look pale ?  
These two have 'tic'd me hither to this place,  
A barren detested vale, you see, it is :  
The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,  
O'ercome with moss, and baleful mistletoe.  
Here never shines the sun<sup>9</sup>, here nothing breeds,  
Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven.  
And, when they show'd me this abhorred pit,  
They told me, here, at dead time of the night,  
A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,  
Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins<sup>10</sup>,  
Would make such fearful and confused cries,  
As any mortal body, hearing it,  
Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly<sup>11</sup>.

<sup>a</sup> Thus the third folio. The earlier copies have, "Why, I have patience," &c.

<sup>9</sup> Rowe seems to have thought on this passage in his *Jane Shore* :—

"This is the house where the sun never dawns,  
The bird of night sits screaming o'er its roof,  
Grim spectres sweep along the horrid gloom,  
And nought is heard but wailings and lamentings."

<sup>10</sup> *Urchins*, i. e. *hedgehogs*.

<sup>11</sup> This is said in fabulous physiology of those that hear the

No sooner had they told this hellish tale,  
 But straight they told me, they would bind me here  
 Unto the body of a dismal yew ;  
 And leave me to this miserable death.  
 And then they call'd me, foul adulteress,  
 Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms  
 That ever ear did hear to such effect.  
 And, had you not by wondrous fortune come,  
 This vengeance on me had they executed.  
 Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,  
 Or be ye not henceforth call'd my children.

*Dem.* This is a witness that I am thy son.

[*Stabs* BASSIANUS.]

*Chi.* And this for me, struck home to show my  
 strength. [Stabbing him likewise.]

*Lav.* Ay, come, Semiramis<sup>12</sup> !—nay, barbarous  
 Tamora !

For no name fits thy nature but thy own !

*Tam.* Give me thy poniard ; you shall know, my  
 boys,

Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.

*Dem.* Stay, madam, here is more belongs to her ;  
 First, thrash the corn, then after burn the straw :  
 This minion stood upon her chastity,  
 Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,  
 And with that painted hope<sup>13</sup> braves your mightiness :  
 And shall she carry this unto her grave ?

*Chi.* An if she do, I would I were an eunuch.  
 Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,  
 And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

groan of the mandrake when torn up. The same thought, and almost the same expression, occur in *Romeo and Juliet*.

<sup>12</sup> The propriety of this address will be best understood by consulting *Pliny's Nat. Hist.* ch. 42. The incontinence of Semiramis is alluded to in the *Induction to the Taming of the Shrew*, Sc. ii.

<sup>13</sup> *Painted hope* is only *specious hope*, or *ground of confidence more plausible than solid*.

*Tam.* But when ye have the honey ye<sup>14</sup> desire,  
Let not this wasp outlive us both to sting.

*Chi.* I warrant you, madam; we will make that sure.  
Come, mistress, now perforce, we will enjoy  
That nice-preserved honesty of yours.

*Lav.* O Tamora! thou bear'st a woman's face,—

*Tam.* I will not hear her speak; away with her!

*Lav.* Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a word.

*Dem.* Listen, fair madam: Let it be your glory  
To see her tears: but be your heart to them,  
As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.

*Lav.* When did the tiger's young onesteach the dam?  
O, do not learn her wrath; she taught it thee:  
The milk, thou suck'dst from her, did turn to marble;  
Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.  
Yet every mother breeds not sons alike;  
Do thou entreat her shew a woman pity.

[To CHIRON.

*Chi.* What! would'st thou have me prove myself a  
bastard?

*Lav.* 'Tis true; the raven doth not hatch a lark:  
Yet have I heard (O could I find it now!)  
The lion mov'd with pity, did endure  
To have his princely claws<sup>15</sup> par'd all away.  
Some say that ravens foster forlorn children,  
The whilst their own birds famish in their nests:  
O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,  
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful!

*Tam.* I know not what it means: away with her!

*Lav.* O! let me teach thee: for my father's sake,  
That gave thee life, when well he might have slain thee,  
Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.

*Tam.* Had'st thou in person ne'er offended me,

<sup>14</sup> *We* is misprinted for *ye* in all copies previous to the folio 1632.

<sup>15</sup> The old copy has *paws*. The correction is made in Mr. Collier's second folio.

Even for his sake am I pitiless.—  
 Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,  
 To save your brother from the sacrifice ;  
 But fierce Andronicus would not relent.  
 Therefore away with her, and use her as you will ;  
 The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.

*Lav.* O Tamora ! be call'd a gentle queen,  
 And with thine own hands kill me in this place :  
 For 'tis not life, that I have begg'd so long ;  
 Poor I was slain, when Bassianus died.

*Tam.* What begg'st thou then ? fond<sup>16</sup> woman, let  
 me go.

*Lav.* 'Tis present death I beg ; and one thing more,  
 That womanhood denies my tongue to tell :  
 O, keep me from their worse than killing lust,  
 And tumble me into some loathsome pit ;  
 Where never man's eye may behold my body :  
 Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

*Tam.* So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee :  
 No, let them satisfy their lust on thee.

*Dem.* Away, for thou hast staid us here too long.

*Lav.* No grace ? no womanhood ? Ah, beastly crea-  
 ture !

The blot and enemy to our general name !  
 Confusion fall——

*Chi.* Nay, then I'll stop your mouth.—Bring thou  
 her husband :                    [*Dragging off* LAVINIA.  
 This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.

[*Exeunt.*

*Tam.* Farewell, my sons ; see that you make her  
 sure.

Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,  
 Till all the Andronici be made away.  
 Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor  
 And let my spleenful sons this trull deflower. [*Exit.*

<sup>16</sup> *Fond*, i. e. *foolish*.



SCENE IV. *The same.*

*Enter AARON, with QUINTUS and MARTIUS.*

*Aar.* Come on, my lords; the better foot before :  
Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit,  
Where I espied the panther fast asleep.

*Quin.* My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

*Mart.* And mine, I promise you; were't not for  
shame,  
Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.

[*MARTIUS falls into the Pit.*]

*Quin.* What! art thou fallen? What subtle hole is  
this,

Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briars;  
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood,  
As fresh as morning's dew distill'd on flowers?  
A very fatal place it seems to me:—  
Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

*Mart.* O, brother, with the dismal'st object hurt<sup>1</sup>  
That ever eye, with sight, made heart lament.

*Aar.* [*Aside.*] Now will I fetch the king to find  
them here:

That he thereby may have<sup>a</sup> a likely guess,  
How these were they that made away his brother.

[*Exit AARON.*]

*Mart.* Why dost not comfort me, and help me out  
From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole?

*Quin.* I am surprised with an uncouth fear:  
A chilling sweat o'erruns my trembling joints;  
My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.

*Mart.* To prove thou hast a true divining heart,  
Aaron and thou look down into this den,

<sup>1</sup> Thus the quarto, 1600; the other copies omit *hurt*. Three lines lower they read *have* instead of *give*.

<sup>a</sup> The quarto, 1600, has *give* instead of *have*.

And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

*Quin.* Aaron is gone ; and my compassionate heart  
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold  
The thing, whereat it trembles by surmise :  
O ! tell me how it is ; for ne'er till now  
Was I a child, to fear I know not what.

*Mart.* Lord Bassianus lies embrewed here,  
All on a heap like to a slaughter'd lamb,  
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.

*Quin.* If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he ?

*Mart.* Upon his bloody finger he doth wear  
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole<sup>c</sup>,  
Which, like a taper in some monument,  
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,  
And shows the ragged entrails of this pit :  
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus,  
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.  
O brother, help me with thy fainting hand,—  
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath,—  
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,  
As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth.

*Quin.* Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out ;  
Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,  
I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb  
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.  
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

*Mar.* Nor I no strength to climb without thy help.

<sup>2</sup> Old naturalists assert that there is a gem called a carbuncle, which emits not reflected but native light. Boyle believed in the reality of its existence. It is often alluded to in ancient fable. Thus in *The Gesta Romanorum*:—"He farther beheld and saw a *carbuncle that lighted all the house.*" And Drayton in *The Muse's Elysium* :—

"Is that admired mighty stone,  
The *carbuncle* that's named ;  
Which from it such a flaming light  
And radiancy ejecteth,  
That in the very darkest night  
The eye to it directeth."

*Quin.* Thy hand once more ; I will not loose again,  
Till thou art here aloft, or I below.  
Thou canst not come to me, I come to thee.

[*Falls in.*

*Enter SATURNINUS and AARON.*

*Sat.* Along with me : I'll see what hole is here.  
And what he is, that now is leap'd into it.  
Say, who art thou, that lately didst descend  
Into this gaping hollow of the earth ?

*Mart.* The unhappy son of old Andronicus ;  
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,  
To find thy brother Bassianus dead.

*Sat.* My brother dead ? I know, thou dost but jest :  
He and his lady both are at the lodge,  
Upon the north side of this pleasant chase ;  
'Tis not an hour since I left them<sup>a</sup> there.

*Mart.* We know not where you left them all alive,  
But, out alas ! here have we found him dead.

*Enter TAMORA, with Attendants ; TITUS ANDRONICUS, and LUCIUS.*

*Tam.* Where is my lord, the king ?

*Sat.* Here, Tamora ; though griev'd with killing  
grief.

*Tam.* Where is thy brother Bassianus ?

*Sat.* Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound ;  
Poor Bassianus here lies murdered.

*Tam.* Then all too late I bring this fatal writ.

[*Giving a Letter.*

The complot of this timeless<sup>3</sup> tragedy ;  
And wonder greatly, that man's face can fold  
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

<sup>a</sup> So the quarto 1600. The other copies have *him*, as well as in the next line, instead of *them*.

<sup>3</sup> *Timeless*, i. e. *untimely*. So in King Richard II.—  
“The bloody office of his *timeless* end.”

*Sat.* [Reads.] *An if we miss to meet him handsomely,—*

*Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 'tis we mean,—  
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him ;  
Thou know'st our meaning : Look for thy reward  
Among the nettles at the elder tree,  
Which overshades the mouth of that same pit,  
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.  
Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends.*

O, Tamora ! was ever heard the like ?

This is the pit, and this the elder tree :

Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out,  
That should have murder'd Bassianus here.

*Aar.* My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.

[Showing it.

*Sat.* Two of thy whelps, [To TIT.] fell curs of  
bloody kind,

Have here bereft my brother of his life.—

Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison ;

There let them bide, until we have devis'd

Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

*Tam.* What ! are they in this pit ? O wondrous  
thing !

How easily murder is discovered !

*Tit.* High emperour, upon my feeble knee  
I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,  
That this fell fault of my accursed sons,  
Accursed, if the fault be prov'd in them,—

*Sat.* If it be prov'd ! you see, it is apparent.—  
Who found this letter ? Tamora, was it you ?

*Tam.* Andronicus himself did take it up

*Tit.* I did, my lord : yet let me be their bail :  
For by my father's reverend tomb, I vow,  
They shall be ready at your highness' will,  
To answer their suspicion with their lives.

*Sat.* Thou shalt not bail them : see, thou follow me.

Some bring the murder'd body, some the murderers :  
 Let them not speak a word, the guilt is plain ;  
 For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,  
 That end upon them should be executed.

*Tam.* Andronicus, I will entreat the king ;  
 Fear not thy sons, they shall do well enough.

*Tit.* Come, Lucius, come : stay not to talk with  
 them. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE V. *The same.*

*Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, with LAVINIA, ravished ; her Hands cut off, and her Tongue cut out.*

*Dem.* So now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,  
 Who 'twas that cut thy tongue, and ravish'd thee.

*Chi.* Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so ;  
 And, if thy stumps will let thee, play the scribe.

*Dem.* See, how with signs and tokens she can scowl.

*Chi.* Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.

*Dem.* She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash :  
 And so let's leave her to her silent walks.

*Chi.* An 'twere my case, I should go hang myself.

*Dem.* If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord.

[*Exeunt DEMETRIUS and CHIRON.*

*Wind Horns. Enter MARCUS, from hunting.*

*Mar.* Who's this,—my niece, that flies away so fast ?  
 Cousin, a word ; where is your husband ?

If I do dream, would all my wealth would wake me !

If I do wake, some planet strike me down,

That I may slumber in eternal sleep !

Speak, gentle niece, what stern ungentle hands

Have lopp'd, and hew'd, and made thy body bare

Of her two branches ? those sweet ornaments,

Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in ;

And might not gain so great a happiness,  
 As half thy love? Why dost not speak to me?  
 Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,  
 Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,  
 Doth rise and fall between thy rosed lips,  
 Coming and going with thy honey breath.  
 But, sure, some Tereus hath deflower'd thee;  
 And, lest thou should'st detect him<sup>1</sup>, cut thy tongue.  
 Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame!  
 And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,  
 As from a conduit with three issuing spouts,  
 Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face,  
 Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud.  
 Shall I speak for thee? shall I say, 'tis so?  
 O, that I knew thy heart; and knew the beast,  
 That I might rail at him to ease my mind!  
 Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd,  
 Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.  
 Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,  
 And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind;  
 But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;  
 A craftier Tereus, cousin, hast thou met<sup>2</sup>,  
 And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,  
 That could have better sew'd than Philomel.  
 O, had the monster seen those lily hands  
 Tremble, like aspen leaves, upon a lute,  
 And make the silken strings delight to kiss them;  
 He would not then have touch'd them for his life:  
 Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony,  
 Which that sweet tongue hath made,  
 He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell asleep,  
 As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.  
 Come, let us go, and make thy father blind:

<sup>1</sup> The old copies have *them*, and a few lines lower, "*their issuing spouts*." Rowe corrected the first and Hanmer the latter.

<sup>2</sup> Thus the first quarto. The other copies:—  
 "A craftier Tereus hast thou met *withal*."

For such a sight will blind a father's eye :  
 One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads ;  
 What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes ?  
 Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee ;  
 O, could our mourning ease thy misery ! [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT III.

SCENE I. Rome. *A Street.*

*Enter Senators, Tribunes, and Officers of Justice, with  
 MARTIUS and QUINTUS, bound, passing on to the  
 Place of Execution : TITUS going before, pleading.*

*Titus.*

**H**EAR me, grave fathers ! noble tribunes, stay !  
 For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent  
 In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept ;  
 For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed ;  
 For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd ;  
 And for these bitter tears, which now you see  
 Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks ;  
 Be pitiful to my condemned sons,  
 Whose souls are not corrupted as 'tis thought !  
 For two and twenty sons I never wept,  
 Because they died in honour's lofty bed.  
 For these, these<sup>1</sup>, tribunes, in the dust I write

[*Throwing himself on the ground.*]

My heart's deep languor, and my soul's sad tears.  
 Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite ;  
 My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush.

[*Exeunt Senators, Tribunes, &c. with the Prisoners.*]

O earth, I will befriend thee more with rain,  
 That shall distil from these two ancient urns<sup>2</sup>,

<sup>1</sup> The second *these* was added in the second folio.

<sup>2</sup> The old copies read, "two ancient *ruines*." The emendation is by Sir T. Hanmer.

Than youthful April shall with all his showers :  
 In summer's drought, I'll drop upon thee still ;  
 In winter, with warm tears I'll melt the snow,  
 And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,  
 So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

*Enter LUCIUS, with his Sword drawn.*

O, reverend tribunes ! O, gentle aged men !  
 Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death ;  
 And let me say, that never wept before,  
 My tears are now prevailing orators.

*Luc.* O, noble father ! you lament in vain ;  
 The tribunes hear you not, no man is by,  
 And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

*Tit.* Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead.—  
 Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you.

*Luc.* My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak.

*Tit.* Why, 'tis no matter, man : if they did hear,  
 They would not mark me ; or if they did mark,  
 They would not pity me ; yet plead I must,  
 And bootless unto them<sup>3</sup>.

Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones ;  
 Who, though they cannot answer my distress,  
 Yet in some sort they're better than the tribunes,  
 For that they will not intercept my tale :  
 When I do weep, they humbly at my feet  
 Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me ;  
 And, were they but attired in grave weeds,  
 Rome could afford no tribune like to these.  
 A stone is soft as wax, tribunes more hard than stones :  
 A stone is silent, and offendeth not ;  
 And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.

<sup>3</sup> Thus the quarto, 1600. The quarto, 1611, omits " Yet plead I must," but prints, " *All* bootless unto them." The folios have:—

Why, 'tis no matter, man : if they did hear,  
 They would not mark me : oh if they did hear,  
 They would not pity me.



But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn ?

*Luc.* To rescue my two brothers from their death :  
For which attempt, the judges have pronounc'd  
My everlasting doom of banishment.

*Tit.* O happy man ! they have befriended thee.  
Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive,  
That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers ?  
Tigers must prey ; and Rome affords no prey,  
But me and mine : How happy art thou then,  
From these devourers to be banished !  
But who comes with our brother Marcus here ?

*Enter* MARCUS *and* LAVINIA.

*Mar.* Titus, prepare thy aged<sup>4</sup> eyes to weep ;  
Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break ;  
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

*Tit.* Will it consume me ? let me see it then.

*Mar.* This was thy daughter.

*Tit.* Why, Marcus, so she is.

*Luc.* Ah me ! this object kills me !

*Tit.* Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look upon her :  
Speak, my<sup>5</sup> Lavinia, what accursed hand  
Hath made thee handless in thy father's sight ?  
What fool hath added water to the sea ?  
Or brought a faggot to bright burning Troy ?  
My grief was at the height before thou cam'st,  
And now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds.  
Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too ;  
For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain ;  
And they have nurs'd this woe, in feeding life ;  
In bootless prayer have they been held up,  
And they have serv'd me to effectless use ;  
Now, all the service I require of them  
Is, that the one will help to cut the other.

<sup>4</sup> So the first quarto. The other copies have "noble eyes."

<sup>5</sup> *My* is not in the earlier copies, it was added in the second folio.

'Tis well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands ;  
For hands, to do Rome service, are but vain.

*Luc.* Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee ?

*Mar.* O ! that delightful engine of her thoughts<sup>6</sup>,  
That blabb'd them with such pleasing eloquence,  
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage :  
Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung  
Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear !

*Luc.* O ! say thou for her, who hath done this deed ?

*Mar.* O ! thus I found her, straying in the park,  
Seeking to hide herself, as doth the deer,  
That hath received some unrecuring wound.

*Tit.* It was my deer ; and he, that wounded her,  
Hath hurt me more, than had he kill'd me dead :  
For now I stand as one upon a rock,  
Environ'd with a wilderness of sea ;

Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,  
Expecting ever when some envious surge  
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.

This way to death my wretched sons are gone ;

Here stands my other son, a banish'd man ;

And here, my brother, weeping at my woes ;

But that, which gives my soul the greatest spurn,  
Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.—

Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,

It would have maddened me ; what shall I do

Now I behold thy lively body so ?

Thou hast no hands, to wipe away thy tears ;

Nor tongue, to tell me who hath martyr'd thee :

Thy husband he is dead : and, for his death,

Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this :

Look, Marcus ! ah, son Lucius, look on her :

When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears

Stood on her cheeks ; as doth the honey dew

<sup>6</sup> This expression is found in Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis* :—  
“ Once more the engine of her thoughts began.”

Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

*Mar.* Perchance, she weeps because they kill'd her husband :

Perchance, because she knows them innocent.

*Tit.* If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,  
Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.

No, no, they would not do so foul a deed ;

Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.

Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips ;

Or make some sign how I may do thee ease :

Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,

And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain ;

Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks

How they are stain'd, like<sup>7</sup> meadows, yet not dry

With miry slime left on them by a flood ?

And in the fountain shall we gaze so long,

Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,

And made a brine pit with our bitter tears ?

Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine ?

Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows

Pass the remainder of our hateful days ?

What shall we do ? let us, that have our tongues,

Plot some device of further misery,

To make us wonder'd at in time to come.

*Luc.* Sweet father, cease your tears ; for, at your  
grief,

See, how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

*Mar.* Patience, dear niece : good Titus, dry thine  
eyes.

*Tit.* Ah, Marcus, Marcus ! brother well I wot,  
Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,

For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine own.

*Luc.* Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.

*Tit.* Mark, Marcus, mark ! I understand her signs :

<sup>7</sup> The old copies misprint *in* for *like*, which was substituted by Rowe.

Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say  
 That to her brother which I said to thee;  
 His napkin with his<sup>8</sup> true tears all bewet,  
 Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.  
 O, what a sympathy of woe is this!  
 As far from help as limbo<sup>9</sup> is from bliss!

*Enter AARON.*

*Aar.* Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperour  
 Sends thee this word:—That, if thou love thy sons,  
 Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,  
 Or any one of you, chop off your hand,  
 And send it to the king: he, for the same,  
 Will send thee hither both thy sons alive;  
 And that shall be the ransome for their fault.

*Tit.* O, gracious emperour! O, gentle Aaron!  
 Did ever raven sing so like a lark,  
 That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise?  
 With all my heart, I'll send the emperour  
 My hand:  
 Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off?

*Luc.* Stay, father! for that noble hand of thine,  
 That hath thrown down so many enemies,  
 Shall not be sent: my hand will serve the turn:  
 My youth can better spare my blood than you:  
 And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

*Mar.* Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,  
 And rear'd aloft the bloody battleaxe,  
 Writing destruction on the enemy's castle<sup>10</sup>?

<sup>8</sup> The old copies all have "*her* true tears;" an evident error, which was corrected in my former edition in 1826.

<sup>9</sup> The *Limbus Patrum*, as it was called, is a place that the schoolmen supposed to be in the neighbourhood of hell, where the souls of the patriarchs were detained, and those good men who died before our Saviour's resurrection. Milton gives the name of *Limbo* to his Paradise of Fools.

<sup>10</sup> It appears from Grose on Antient Armour, that a *castle* was a kind of *close helmet*, probably so named from *casquetel*, old French. See vol. vii. p. 27 note 20.

O, none of both but are of high desert :  
 My hand hath been but idle ; let it serve  
 To ransom my two nephews from their death ;  
 Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

*Aar.* Nay, come agree, whose hand shall go along,  
 For fear they die before their pardon come.

*Mar.* My hand shall go.

*Luc.* By heaven, it shall not go.

*Tit.* Sirs, strive no more ; such wither'd herbs as these  
 Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

*Luc.* Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,  
 Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

*Mar.* And, for our father's sake, and mother's care,  
 Now let me show a brother's love to thee.

*Tit.* Agree between you ; I will spare my hand.

*Luc.* Then I'll go fetch an axe.

*Mar.* But I will use the axe.

[*Exeunt* LUCIUS and MARCUS.

*Tit.* Come hither, Aaron ; I'll deceive them both ;  
 Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

*Aar.* If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest,  
 And never, whilst I live, deceive men so :  
 But I'll deceive you in another sort,  
 And that you'll say, ere half an hour pass. [*Aside.*

[*He cuts off* TITUS'S *Hand.*

*Enter* LUCIUS and MARCUS.

*Tit.* Now, stay your strife : what shall be, is des-  
 patch'd.

Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand :  
 Tell him it was a hand that warded him  
 From thousand dangers ; bid him bury it ;  
 More hath it merited, that let it have.  
 As for my sons, say, I account of them  
 As jewels purchas'd at an easy price ;  
 And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

*Aar.* I go, Andronicus: and for thy hand,  
 Look by and by to have thy sons with thee:—  
 Their heads, I mean. O, how this villainy [*Aside.*  
 Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it!  
 Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,  
 Aaron will have his soul black like his face. [*Exit.*

*Tit.* O, here I lift this one hand up to heaven,  
 And bow this feeble ruin to the earth:  
 If any power pities wretched tears,  
 To that I call.—What! wilt thou kneel with me?

[*To LAVINIA.*

Do then, dear heart; for heaven shall hear our prayers;  
 Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,  
 And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds,  
 When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

*Mar.* O! brother, speak with possibilities,  
 And do not break into these deep extremes.

*Tit.* Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom?  
 Then be my passions bottomless with them.

*Mar.* But yet let reason govern thy lament.

*Tit.* If there were reason for these miseries,  
 Then into limits could I bind my woes.  
 When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow?  
 If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,  
 Threat'ning the welkin with his big-swoln face?  
 And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?  
 I am the sea; hark, how her sighs do blow<sup>11</sup>!  
 She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:  
 Then must my sea be moved with her sighs;  
 Then must my earth with her continual tears  
 Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd:  
 For why? my bowels cannot hide her woes,  
 But like a drunkard must I vomit them.  
 Then give me leave; for losers will have leave  
 To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

<sup>11</sup> So the folio, 1632. The previous copies have "do flow."

*Enter a Messenger, with Two Heads and a Hand.*

*Mess.* Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid  
For that good hand thou sent'st the emperour.  
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons ;  
And here's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back ;  
Thy griefs their sports, thy resolution mock'd :  
That woe is me to think upon thy woes,  
More than remembrance of my father's death. [*Exit.*

*Mar.* Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily,  
And be my heart an ever burning hell !  
These miseries are more than may be borne !  
To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal,  
But sorrow flouted at is double death.

*Luc.* Ah, that this sight should make so deep a  
wound,  
And yet detested life not shrink thereat !  
That ever death should let life bear his name,  
Where life hath no more interest but to breathe !

[*LAVINIA kisses him.*

*Mar.* Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfortless,  
As frozen water to a starved snake.

*Tit.* When will this fearful slumber have an end ?

*Mar.* Now, farewell, flattery : Die, Andronicus ;  
Thou dost not slumber : see, thy two sons' heads ;  
Thy warlike hand : thy mangled daughter here ;  
Thy other banish'd son, with this dear sight  
Struck pale and bloodless ; and thy brother, I,  
Even like a stony image, cold and numb.  
Ah ! now no more will I control thy<sup>12</sup> griefs :  
Rent off thy silver hair, thy other hand  
Gnawing with thy teeth ; and be this dismal sight  
The closing up of our most wretched eyes !  
Now is a time to storm ; why art thou still ?

<sup>12</sup> The old copies read "my griefs," which was judiciously corrected by Theobald.

*Tit.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Mar.* Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this hour.

*Tit.* Why, I have not another tear to shed :  
 Besides this sorrow is an enemy,  
 And would usurp upon my watery eyes,  
 And make them blind with tributary tears ;  
 Then which way shall I find revenge's cave ?  
 For these two heads do seem to speak to me ;  
 And threat me, I shall never come to bliss,  
 Till all these mischiefs be return'd again,  
 Even in their throats that have committed them  
 Come, let me see what task I have to do.—  
 You heavy people, circle me about ;  
 That I may turn me to each one of you,  
 And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.—  
 The vow is made.—Come, brother, take a head ;  
 And in this hand the other will I bear :  
 Lavinia, thou shalt be employed in these things<sup>13</sup> ;  
 Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth.  
 As for thee, boy, go, get thee from my sight ;  
 Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay :  
 Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there :  
 And, if you love me, as I think you do,  
 Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.

[*Exeunt* TITUS, MARCUS, and LAVINIA.]

*Luc.* Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father ;  
 The woeful'st man that ever liv'd in Rome !  
 Farewell, proud Rome ! till Lucius come again,  
 He leaves<sup>14</sup> his pledges dearer than his life.  
 Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister ;  
 O, 'would, thou wert as thou 'tofore hast been !  
 But now nor Lucius, nor Lavinia lives,

<sup>13</sup> For *things* the quartos have *arms*, probably a misprint for *aims*. The folio has *And* at the commencement of the line.

<sup>14</sup> The old copies have *loves*. Rowe corrected it.



But in oblivion, and hateful griefs :  
 If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs ;  
 And make proud Saturnine and his empress  
 Beg at the gates, like Tarquin and his queen.  
 Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power,  
 To be reveng'd on Rome and Saturnine. [Exit.

SCENE II<sup>1</sup>. *A Room in Titus's House. A Banquet set out.*

*Enter* TITUS, MARCUS, LAVINIA, and Young LUCIUS, a Boy.

*Tit.* So, so ; now sit : and look, you eat no more  
 Than will preserve just so much strength in us  
 As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.  
 Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot<sup>2</sup> ;  
 Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,  
 And cannot passionate<sup>3</sup> our tenfold grief  
 With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine  
 Is left to tyrannize upon my breast ;  
 And when my heart, all mad with misery,  
 Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,  
 Then thus I thump it down.—  
 Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in signs !

[To LAVINIA.

When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,  
 Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.  
 Wound it with sighing, girl ; kill it with groans ;

<sup>1</sup> This scene, which does not contribute anything to the action, yet seems to be by the same author, as the rest is wanting in the quarto copies of 1600 and 1611, but found in the folio of 1623.

<sup>2</sup> So in *The Tempest* :—

“ Sitting,

His arms in this *sad knot*.”

<sup>3</sup> This obsolete verb is likewise found in *Spenser* :—

“ Great pleasure mix'd with pitiful regard,  
 That godly king and queen did *passionate*.”

Or get some little knife between thy teeth,  
 And just against thy heart make thou a hole ;  
 That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall,  
 May run into that sink, and, soaking in,  
 Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

*Mar.* Fye, brother, fye ! teach her not thus to lay  
 Such violent hands upon her tender life.

*Tit.* How now ! has sorrow made thee dote already ?  
 Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.  
 What violent hands can she lay on her life ?  
 Ah ! wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands<sup>4</sup> ;  
 To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er,  
 How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable ?  
 O ! handle not the theme, to talk of hands ;  
 Lest we remember still, that we have none.  
 Fye, fye, how frantickly I square my talk !  
 As if we should forget we had no hands,  
 If Marcus did not name the word of hands !—  
 Come, let's fall to : and, gentle girl, eat this.—  
 Here is no drink ! Hark, Marcus, what she says ;  
 I can interpret all her martyr'd signs,  
 She says, she drinks no other drink but tears,  
 Brew'd with her sorrows, mesh'd upon her cheeks :—  
 Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought ;  
 In thy dumb action will I be as perfect  
 As begging hermits in their holy prayers :  
 Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heaven,  
 Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,  
 But I, of these, will wrest an alphabet,  
 And, by still practice, learn to know thy meaning.

*Boy.* Good grandsire, leave these bitter deep la-  
 ments :

Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

<sup>4</sup> So in *Troilus and Cressida* :—

“ Thou

*Handlest* in thy discourse, O that her *hand*.”

*Mar.* Alas! the tender boy, in passion mov'd,  
Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness.

*Tit.* Peace, tender sapling: thou art made of tears,  
And tears will quickly melt thy life away.

[*MARCUS strikes the Dish with a Knife.*  
What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife?

*Mar.* At that that I have kill'd, my lord; a fly.

*Tit.* Out on thee, murderer! thou kill'st my heart;  
Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny:  
A deed of death, done on the innocent,  
Becomes not Titus' brother: Get thee gone;  
I see, thou art not for my company.

*Mar.* Alas! my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

*Tit.* But how, if that fly had a father and mother<sup>5</sup>?  
How would he hang his slender gilded wings,  
And buzz lamenting doings in the air!  
Poor harmless fly!

That, with his pretty buzzing melody,  
Came here to make us merry; and thou hast kill'd him.

*Mar.* Pardon me, sir; 'twas a black ill favour'd fly,  
Like to the empress' Moor; therefore I kill'd him.

*Tit.* O, O, O!

Then pardon me for reprehending thee,  
For thou hast done a charitable deed.  
Give me thy knife, I will insult on him;  
Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor,  
Come hither purposely to poison me.  
There's for thyself, and that's for Tamora. Ah,  
sirrah<sup>6</sup>!

Yet I do think we are not brought so low,  
But that, between us, we can kill a fly,

<sup>5</sup> Steevens conjectures that the words "*and mother*" should be omitted. Ritson proposes to read the line thus:—

"But! How if that fly had a father, *brother*?"

<sup>6</sup> *Sirrah* was formerly not a disrespectful expression. Poins uses it to the Prince of Wales in King Henry IV. Part 1. Act 1. Sc. 2.

That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.

*Mar.* Alas, poor man ! grief has so wrought on him,  
He takes false shadows for true substances.

*Tit.* Come, take away.—Lavinia, go with me :  
I'll to thy closet ; and go read with thee  
Sad stories, chanced in the times of old.—  
Come, boy, and go with me ; thy sight is young,  
And thou shalt read, when mine begins to dazzle.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The same. Before Titus's House.*

*Enter TITUS and MARCUS. Then enter Young  
LUCIUS, LAVINIA running after him.*

*Boy.*

**H**ELP, grandsire, help ! my aunt Lavinia  
Follows me every where, I know not why :—  
Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes !  
Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

*Mar.* Stand by me, Lucius ; do not fear thine aunt.

*Tit.* She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.

*Boy.* Ay, when my father was in Rome, she did.

*Mar.* What means my niece Lavinia by these signs ?

*Tit.* Fear her not, Lucius ; Somewhat doth she  
mean :

See, Lucius, see, how much she makes of thee :  
Somewhither would she have thee go with her.

Ah, boy ! Cornelia never with more care  
Read to her sons, than she hath read to thee,  
Sweet poetry, and Tully's Orator.

Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus ?

*Boy.* My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,  
Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her :

For I have heard my grandsire say full oft,  
 Extremity of griefs would make men mad ;  
 And I have read that Hecuba of Troy  
 Ran mad through sorrow : that made me to fear ;  
 Although, my lord, I know, my noble aunt  
 Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,  
 And would not, but in fury, fright my youth :  
 Which made me down to throw my books, and fly ;  
 Causeless, perhaps. But pardon me, sweet aunt :  
 And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,  
 I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

*Mar.* Lucius, I will.

[*LAVINIA turns over the Books which LUCIUS  
 has let fall.*

*Tit.* How now, Lavinia ! Marcus, what means this ?  
 Some book there is that she desires to see.—  
 Which is it, girl, of these ?—Open them, boy.  
 But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd ;  
 Come, and take choice of all my library,  
 And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens  
 Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed.—  
 What book<sup>1</sup> ?

Why lifts she up her arms in sequence<sup>2</sup> thus ?

*Mar.* I think, she means, that there was more than  
 one

Confederate in the fact. Ay, more there was :  
 Or else to heaven she heaves them for revenge.

*Tit.* Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so ?

*Boy.* Grandsire, 'tis Ovid's *Metamorphosis* ;  
 My mother gave't me.

*Mar.* For love of her that's gone,  
 Perhaps she cull'd it from among the rest.

*Tit.* Soft ! how<sup>3</sup> busily she turns the leaves !

<sup>1</sup> This question is only found in the folio.

<sup>2</sup> *Sequence*, i. e. *succession*.

<sup>3</sup> The old copies read *so*.

Help her :

What would she find ?—Lavinia, shall I read ?

This is the tragick tale of Philomel,  
And treats of Tereus' treason, and his rape ;  
And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

*Mar.* See, brother, see ! note how she quotes<sup>4</sup> the leaves.—

*Tit.* Lavinia, wert thou thus surpris'd, sweet girl,  
Ravish'd and wrong'd, as Philomela was,  
Forc'd in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods ?  
See, see !——

Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt,  
(O, had we never, never, hunted there !)  
Pattern'd by that the poet here describes,  
By nature made for murders, and for rapes.

*Mar.* O ! why should nature build so foul a den,  
Unless the gods delight in tragedies !

*Tit.* Give signs, sweet girl, for here are none but friends,

What Roman lord it was durst do the deed :  
Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,  
That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed ?

*Mar.* Sit down, sweet niece ;—brother, sit down  
by me.—

Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,  
Inspire me, that I may this treason find !  
My lord, look here ;—Look here, Lavinia :

*[He writes his Name with his Staff, and guides  
it with his Feet and Mouth.]*

This sandy plot is plain ; guide, if thou canst,  
This after me : I have writ my name  
Without the help of any hand at all.  
Curs'd be that heart, that forc'd us to this shift !—  
Write thou, good niece : and here display, at last,  
What God will have discover'd for revenge.

<sup>4</sup> To quote is to observe, to note.

Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,  
That we may know the traitors and the truth !

[*She takes the Staff in her Mouth, and guides it  
with her Stumps, and writes.*

*Tit.* O, do you read, my lord, what she hath writ ?  
*Stuprum—Chiron—Demetrius.*

*Mar.* What, what ! the lustful sons of Tamora  
Performers of this heinous, bloody deed ?

*Tit.* *Magne Dominator poli*<sup>5</sup>,  
*Tam lentus audis scelera ? tam lentus vides ?*

*Mar.* O, calm thee, gentle lord ! although, I know,  
There is enough written upon this earth,  
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,  
And arm the minds of infants to exclaims.  
My lord, kneel down with me :—Lavinia, kneel ;  
And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope ;  
And swear with me,—as with the woful feere<sup>6</sup>,  
And father of that chaste dishonour'd dame,  
Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape,—  
That we will prosecute, by good advice,  
Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,  
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

*Tit.* 'Tis sure enough, an you knew how,  
But if you hunt these bear-whelps, then beware :  
The dam will wake ; and, if she wind you once,  
She's with the lion deeply still in league,  
And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back,  
And, when he sleeps, will she do what she list.  
You're a young huntsman, Marcus ; let it alone ;  
And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,

<sup>5</sup> *Magne Regnator Deum*, &c. is the exclamation of Hippolytus when Phædra discovers the secret of her incestuous passion in Seneca's Tragedy.

<sup>6</sup> *Feere* or *fere* signifies a *companion*, and here metaphorically a *husband*, as in the old romance of Sir Eglamour of Artoys, sig. A 4 :— “ Christabele, your daughter free,  
When shall she have a *fere* ? ”

And with a gad<sup>7</sup> of steel will write these words,  
 And lay it by: the angry northern wind  
 Will blow these sands, like Sibyl's leaves, abroad<sup>8</sup>,  
 And where's your lesson then?—Boy, what say you?

*Boy.* I say, my lord, that if I were a man,  
 Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe  
 For these bad bondmen to the yoke of Rome.

*Mar.* Ay, that's my boy! thy father hath full oft  
 For his ungrateful country done the like.

*Boy.* And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.

*Tit.* Come, go with me into mine armoury;  
 Lucius, I'll fit thee; and withal, my boy  
 Shall carry from me to the empress' sons  
 Presents, that I intend to send them both:  
 Come, come; thou'lt do thy message, wilt thou not?

*Boy.* Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms, grandsire.

*Tit.* No, boy, not so; I'll teach thee another course.  
 Lavinia, come:—Marcus, look to my house;  
 Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court;  
 Ay, marry, will we, sir: and we'll be waited on.

[*Exeunt* TITUS, LAVINIA, and Boy.]

*Mar.* O heavens! can you hear a good man groan,  
 And not relent, or not compassion him?—  
 Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy;  
 That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,  
 Than foemen's marks upon his batter'd shield:  
 But yet so just, that he will not revenge:—  
 Revenge the heavens for old Andronicus! [*Exit.*]

<sup>7</sup> A gad in A. S. signified a pointed instrument; hence a goad, and the gad-fly from its supposed pointed sting. Baret has it:—  
 “A gadde of steele,” and “a gadde or goade, stimulus.”

<sup>8</sup> “Foliis tantum ne carmina manda,  
 Ne turbata volent rapidis ludibria ventis.”—*Æn.* vi. 75.



SCENE II. *The same. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter AARON, CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS, at one Door; at another Door, Young LUCIUS, and an Attendant, with a Bundle of Weapons, and Verses writ upon them.*

*Chi.* Demetrius, here's the son of Lucius;  
He hath some message to deliver us.

*Aar.* Ay, some mad message from his mad grandfather.

*Boy.* My lords, with all the humbleness I may,  
I greet your honours from Andronicus;—  
And pray the Roman gods confound you both.

[*Aside.*

*Dem.* Gramercy<sup>1</sup>, lovely Lucius; What's the news?

*Boy.* That you are both decipher'd, that's the news<sup>2</sup>,  
For villains mark'd with rape. [*Aside.*] May it please  
you,

My grandsire, well advis'd, hath sent by me  
The goodliest weapons of his armoury,  
To gratify your honourable youth,  
The hope of Rome; for so he bade me say;  
And so I do, and with his gifts present  
Your lordships, that whenever you have need,  
You may be armed and appointed well:  
And so I leave you both, [*aside*] like bloody villains.  
[*Exeunt Boy and Attendant.*

*Dem.* What's here? A scroll; and written round  
about?

Let's see;

*Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus,  
Non eget Mauri jaculis, nec arcu.*

*Chi.* O, 'tis a verse in Horace; I know it well:

<sup>1</sup> i. e. *grand mercie*; great thanks.

<sup>2</sup> This line is in both quartos, but is left out in the folio.

I read it in the grammar long ago.

*Aar.* Ay, just!—a verse in Horace :—right, you have it.

Now, what a thing it is to be an ass!

Here's no sound jest<sup>3</sup>! the old man hath found their guilt;

And sends them<sup>4</sup> weapons wrapp'd about with lines,

That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick.

But were our witty empress well a-foot,  
She would applaud Andronicus' conceit.

But let her rest in her unrest awhile.

And now, young lords, was't not a happy star  
Led us to Rome, strangers, and more than so,  
Captives, to be advanced to this height?

It did me good, before the palace gate

To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

*Dem.* But me more good, to see so great a lord  
Basely insinuate, and send us gifts.

*Aar.* Had he not reason, Lord Demetrius?  
Did you not use his daughter very friendly?

*Dem.* I would we had a thousand Roman dames  
At such a bay<sup>5</sup>, by turn to serve our lust.

*Chi.* A charitable wish, and full of love.

*Aar.* Here lacks but your mother for to say amen.

*Chi.* And that would she for twenty thousand more.

*Dem.* Come, let us go: and pray to all the gods  
For our beloved mother in her pains.

*Aar.* Pray to the devils; the gods have given us  
over.

[*Aside.* *Flourish.*]

<sup>3</sup> This mode of expression was common formerly. So in King Henry IV. Part I.—“Here's no fine villainy!”

<sup>4</sup> Thus the first quarto. The other copies have “the weapons.”

<sup>5</sup> So in the *Passionate Pilgrim* :—

“Ah! that I had my lady at this bay.”

*Dem.* Why do the emperour's trumpets flourish thus?

*Chi.* Belike, for joy the emperour hath a son.

*Dem.* Soft! who comes here?

*Enter a Nurse, with a Black-a-moor Child in her Arms.*

*Nur.* Good morrow, lords :

O! tell me, did you see Aaron the Moor?

*Aar.* Well, more or less, or ne'er a whit at all,  
Here Aaron is: and what with Aaron now?

*Nur.* O gentle Aaron! we are all undone!  
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!

*Aar.* Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep?  
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?

*Nur.* O, that which I would hide from heaven's eye,  
Our empress' shame, and stately Rome's disgrace;—  
She is deliver'd, lords, she is deliver'd.

*Aar.* To whom?

*Nur.* I mean, she's brought to bed.

*Aar.* Well, God  
Give her good rest! What hath he sent her?

*Nur.* A devil.

*Aar.* Why, then she's the devil's dam; a joyful issue.

*Nur.* A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue:  
Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad  
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime.  
The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,  
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.

*Aar.* Out<sup>6</sup>, you whore! is black so base a hue?—  
Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.

*Dem.* Villain, what hast thou done?

*Aar.* That which thou  
Canst not undo.

*Chi.* Thou hast undone our mother.

*Aar.* Villain, I have done thy mother.

<sup>6</sup> The quartos have "Zounds!" instead of *out*, &c.

*Dem.* And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone.  
Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice!  
Accurs'd the offspring of so foul a fiend!

*Chi.* It shall not live.

*Aar.* It shall not die.

*Nur.* Aaron, it must: the mother wills it so.

*Aar.* What! must it, nurse? then let no man but I,  
Do execution on my flesh and blood.

*Dem.* I'll broach<sup>7</sup> the tadpole on my rapier's point;  
Nurse, give it me; my sword shall soon despatch it.

*Aar.* Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up.

[*Takes the Child from the Nurse, and draws.*  
Stay, murderous villains! will you kill your brother?  
Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,  
That shone so brightly when this boy was got,  
He dies upon my scimitar's sharp point,  
That touches this my first-born son and heir!  
I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,  
With all his threat'ning band of Typhon's brood,  
Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,  
Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.  
What, what; ye sanguine, shallow-hearted boys!  
Ye white-lim'd<sup>8</sup> walls! ye alehouse painted signs!  
Coal black is better than another hue,  
In that it scorns to bear another hue:  
For all the water in the ocean  
Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,  
Although she lave them hourly in the flood.

<sup>7</sup> In *Lust's Dominion*, by Marlowe, a play in its style bearing a near resemblance to *Titus Andronicus*, Eleazar, the Moor, a character of unmingled ferocity, like Aaron, and, like him, the paramour of a royal mistress, exclaims:—

“Run, and with a voice

Erected high as mine, say thus, thus threaten

To Roderigo and the Cardinal,

Seek no queens here; I'll broach them, if they do,

Upon my falchion's point.”

<sup>8</sup> All the old copies misprint “white-limb'd.”

Tell the empress from me, I am of age  
To keep mine own ; excuse it how she can.

*Dem.* Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus ?

*Aar.* My mistress is my mistress ; this, myself ;  
The vigour, and the picture of my youth :  
This, before all the world, do I prefer ;  
This, maugre all the world, will I keep safe,  
Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

*Dem.* By this our mother is for ever sham'd.

*Chi.* Rome will despise her for this foul escape<sup>9</sup>.

*Nur.* The emperour, in his rage, will doom her death.

*Chi.* I blush to think upon this ignominy<sup>10</sup>.

*Aar.* Why, there's the privilege your beauty bears :  
Fye, treacherous hue ! that will betray with blushing  
The close enacts and counsels of the heart<sup>11</sup> !  
Here's a young lad fram'd of another leer<sup>12</sup> :  
Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father ;  
As who should say, *Old lad, I am thine own.*  
He is your brother, lords ; sensibly fed  
Of that self-blood that first gave life to you ;  
And, from that womb, where you imprison'd were,  
He is enfranchised and come to light :  
Nay, he's your brother by the surer side,  
Although my seal be stamped in his face.

*Nur.* Aaron, what shall I say unto the empress ?

*Dem.* Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,  
And we will all subscribe to thy advice ;  
Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.

*Aar.* Then sit we down, and let us all consult.  
My son and I will have the wind of you :

<sup>9</sup> i. e. *this foul illegitimate child.* So in King John :—

“ No scape of Nature.”

<sup>10</sup> Mr. Collier says all the copies read *ignomy*, but the folios have it distinctly *ignominy*.

<sup>11</sup> Thus also in Othello :—

“ They are close denotements working from the heart.”

<sup>12</sup> *Leer*, i. e. *complexion.* See vol. iii. p. 82, note 5.

Keep there :—Now talk at pleasure of your safety.

[*They sit on the Ground.*]

*Dem.* How many women saw this child of his?

*Aar.* Why, so, brave lords: when we all join in league,  
I am a lamb: but if you brave the Moor,  
The chafed boar, the mountain lioness,  
The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.—  
But, say again, how many saw the child?

*Nur.* Cornelia the midwife, and myself,  
And no one else, but the deliver'd empress.

*Aar.* The empress, the midwife, and yourself:  
Two may keep counsel, when the third's away<sup>13</sup>:  
Go to the empress; tell her, this I said:—

[*Stabbing her. She screams.*]

Weke, weke!—so cries a pig, prepar'd to the spit.

*Dem.* What mean'st thou, Aaron? Wherefore  
didst thou this?

*Aar.* O, lord! sir, 'tis a deed of policy:  
Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours?  
A long-tongu'd babbling gossip? no, lords, no.  
And now be it known to you my full intent.  
Not far one Muli lives<sup>14</sup>, my countryman,  
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed;  
His child is like to her, fair as you are:  
Go pack<sup>15</sup> with him, and give the mother gold,  
And tell them both the circumstance of all;  
And how by this their child shall be advanc'd  
And be received for the emperor's heir,  
And substituted in the place of mine,

<sup>13</sup> This proverb is introduced in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii.

<sup>14</sup> The old copy has:—

“Not far one Muliteus, my countryman.”

The word *lives*, which is wanting in the old copies was supplied by Rowe. Steevens suggested that *Muliteus* was a corruption for “*Muly lives*.”

<sup>15</sup> To *pack* is to *confederate*, to *pact*, to *contrive insidiously*. So in King Lear:—

“Snuffs and *packings* of the duke's.”

To calm this tempest whirling in the court ;  
 And let the emperor dandle him for his own.  
 Hark ye, lords, ye see, I have given her physick,  
 [*Pointing to the Nurse.*

And you must needs bestow her funeral ;  
 The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms :  
 This done, see that you take no longer days,  
 But send the midwife presently to me.  
 The midwife, and the nurse, well made away,  
 Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

*Chi.* Aaron, I see, thou wilt not trust the air  
 With secrets.

*Dem.* For this care of Tamora,  
 Herself, and hers, are highly bound to thee.

[*Exeunt DEM. and CHI. bearing off the Nurse.*

*Aar.* Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow flies ;  
 There to dispose this treasure in mine arms,  
 And secretly to greet the empress' friends.—  
 Come on, you thick-lipp'd slave, I'll bear you hence ;  
 For it is you that puts us to our shifts :  
 I'll make you feed on berries, and on roots,  
 And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,  
 And cabin in a cave ; and bring you up  
 To be a warrior, and command a camp.

[*Exit with the Child.*

SCENE III. *The same. A publick Place.*

*Enter TITUS, bearing Arrows, with Letters at the ends  
 of them ; with him MARCUS, Young LUCIUS, and  
 other Gentlemen with Bows.*

*Tit.* Come, Marcus, come ;—Kinsmen, this is the  
 way :—

Sir boy, now let me see your archery ;  
 Look ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straight :

*Terras Astrœa reliquit :*

Be you remember'd, Marcus, she's gone, she's fled.  
 Sir, take you to your tools. You, cousins, shall  
 Go sound the ocean, and cast your nets ;  
 Happily you may find<sup>1</sup> her in the sea ;  
 Yet there's as little justice as at land :—  
 No ; Publius and Sempronius, you must do it ;  
 'Tis you must dig with mattock, and with spade,  
 And pierce the inmost centre of the earth :  
 Then, when you come to Pluto's region,  
 I pray you, deliver him this petition :  
 Tell him, it is for justice, and for aid :  
 And that it comes from old Andronicus,  
 Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.—  
 Ah, Rome !—Well, well ; I made thee miserable,  
 What time I threw the people's suffrages  
 On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.—  
 Go, get you gone ; and pray be careful all,  
 And leave you not a man of war unsearch'd ;  
 This wicked emperour may have shipp'd her hence,  
 And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

*Mar.* O, Publius, is not this a heavy case,  
 To see thy noble uncle thus distract ?

*Pub.* Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns,  
 By day and night to attend him carefully ;  
 And feed his humour kindly as we may,  
 Till time beget some careful remedy.

*Mar.* Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.  
 Join with the Goths ; and with revengeful war  
 Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,  
 And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

*Tit.* Publius, how now ! how now, my masters ?  
 What !

Have you met with her ?

*Pub.* No, my good lord : but Pluto sends you word

<sup>1</sup> The quarto, 1600, has "catch her."



If you will have revenge from hell, you shall :  
 Marry, for Justice she is so employ'd,  
 He thinks, with Jove in heaven, or somewhere else,  
 So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

*Tit.* He doth me wrong, to feed me with delays.  
 I'll dive into the burning lake below,  
 And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.—  
 Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we ;  
 No big-bon'd men, fram'd of the Cyclops' size :  
 But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back ;  
 Yet wrung with wrongs, more than our backs can bear :  
 And sith there is no justice in earth nor hell,  
 We will solicit heaven ; and move the gods,  
 To send down justice for to wreak<sup>2</sup> our wrongs :  
 Come, to this gear<sup>3</sup>. You are a good archer, Marcus.

[*He gives them the Arrows.*

*Ad Jovem*, that's for you :—Here, *ad Apollinem*.—

*Ad Martem*, that's for myself ;—

Here, boy, to Pallas :—Here, to Mercury :

To Saturn, Caius<sup>4</sup>, not to Saturnine,—

You were as good to shoot against the wind.—

To it, boy. Marcus, loose when I bid :

O' my word, I have written to effect ;

There's not a god left unsolicited.

*Mar.* Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the court<sup>5</sup> :

<sup>2</sup> *Wreak*, i. e. *revenge*.

<sup>3</sup> *Gear* is here put for *matter, business*.

<sup>4</sup> *Caius* appears to have been one of the kinsmen of Titus. Publius and Caius are again mentioned, Act v. Sc. 2. Steevens would read *Cælus*, as there was a Roman deity of that name.

<sup>5</sup> In the ancient ballad, Titus Andronicus's Complaint, is the following passage :—

“ Then past releife I upp and downe did goe,  
 And with my teares wrote in the dust my woe :  
 I shot my arrowes towards heaven hie,  
 And for revenge to hell did often cry.”

Supposing the ballad to have been written before the play, this may be only a metaphorical expression, taken from Psalm lxiv. 3 :—“ They shoot out their arrows, even bitter words.”

We will afflict the emperour in his pride.

*Tit.* Now, masters, draw. [*They shoot.*] O, well said, Lucius<sup>6</sup>!

Good boy, in Virgo's lap ; give it Pallas.

*Mar.* My lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon ; Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

*Tit.* Ha ! Publius, Publius, what hast thou done ? See, see, thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns.

*Mar.* This was the sport, my lord : when Publius shot,  
The bull being gall'd, gave Aries such a knock,  
That down fell both the ram's horns in the court ;  
And who should find them but the empress' villain ?  
She laugh'd, and told the Moor, he should not choose  
But give them to his master for a present.

*Tit.* Why, there it goes : God give your<sup>7</sup> lordship joy.

*Enter a Clown, with a Basket and two Pigeons.*

News ! news from heaven ! Marcus, the post is come.  
Sirrah, what tidings ? have you any letters ?  
Shall I have justice ? what says Jupiter ?

*Clo.* Ho ! the gibbet-maker ? he says, that he hath taken them down again, for the man must not be hang'd till the next week.

*Tit.* But what says Jupiter, I ask thee ?

*Clo.* Alas, sir ! I know not Jupiter ; I never drank with him in all my life.

*Tit.* Why, villain, art not thou the carrier ?

*Clo.* Ay, of my pigeons, sir ; nothing else.

*Tit.* Why, didst thou not come from heaven ?

*Clo.* From heaven ? alas, sir, I never came there : God forbid, I should be so bold to press to heaven in my young days. Why, I am going with my pigeons

<sup>6</sup> *Well said.* This expression was familiarly used for *well done.*

<sup>7</sup> The quarto, 1600, has "his lordship."

to the tribunal plebs<sup>8</sup>, to take up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and one of the emperial's men.

*Mar.* Why, sir, that is as fit as can be, to serve for your oration ; and let him deliver the pigeons to the emperour from you.

*Tit.* Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the emperour with a grace ?

*Clo.* Nay, truly, sir, I could never say grace in all my life.

*Tit.* Sirrah, come hither : make no more ado, But give your pigeons to the emperour : By me thou shalt have justice at his hands. Hold, hold ; mean while, here's money for thy charges. Give me a pen and ink.

Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication ?

*Clo.* Ay, sir.

*Tit.* Then here is a supplication for you. And when you come to him, at the first approach, you must kneel ; then kiss his foot ; then deliver up your pigeons ; and then look for your reward, I'll be at hand, sir : see you do it bravely.

*Clo.* I warrant you, sir ; let me alone.

*Tit.* Sirrah, hast thou a knife ? Come, let me see it.— Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration ; For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant.— And when thou hast given it to the emperour, Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

*Clo.* God be with you, sir ; I will. [*Exit.*]

*Tit.* Come, Marcus, let's go : Publius, follow me. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>8</sup> The Clown means to say, *plebeian tribune* ; i. e. *tribune of the people*. Hanmer supposes that he means *tribunus plebis*.

SCENE IV. *The same. Before the Palace.*

*Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, Lords, and Others; SATURNINUS with the Arrows in his Hand that TITUS shot.*

*Sat.* Why, lords, what wrongs are these? Was ever seen

An emperor in Rome thus overborne,  
 Troubled, confronted thus: and, for the extent  
 Of egal<sup>1</sup> justice, us'd in such contempt?  
 My lords, you know, as do<sup>2</sup> the mighty gods,  
 However these disturbers of our peace  
 Buzz in the people's ears, there nought hath pass'd,  
 But even with law, against the wilful sons  
 Of old Andronicus. And what an if  
 His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits,  
 Shall we be thus afflicted in his wrecks,  
 His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness?  
 And now he writes to heaven for his redress:  
 See, here's to Jove, and this to Mercury;  
 This to Apollo; this to the god of war:  
 Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome!  
 What's this, but libelling against the senate,  
 And blazoning our injustice every where?  
 A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?  
 As who would say, in Rome no justice were.  
 But, if I live, his feigned ecstasies  
 Shall be no shelter to these outrages:  
 But he and his shall know, that justice lives  
 In Saturninus' health; whom, if she sleep,  
 He'll so awake, as she in fury shall  
 Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

<sup>1</sup> *Egal*, i. e. *equal*.

<sup>2</sup> The words *as do*, not in the old copy, were supplied by Rowe, who also substituted *she* for *he* twice, as applied to justice in the concluding lines of this speech.

*Tam.* My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,  
 Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,  
 Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,  
 The effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,  
 Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep and scarr'd his  
 heart ;

And rather comfort his distressed plight,  
 Than prosecute the meanest, or the best,  
 For these contempts. Why, thus it shall become  
 High-witted Tamora to gloze<sup>3</sup> with all : [*Aside.*  
 But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,  
 Thy life-blood out : if Aaron now be wise,  
 Then is all safe, the anchor's in the port.

*Enter Clown.*

How now, good fellow ? would'st thou speak with us ?

*Clo.* Yea, forsooth, an your mistership be imperial.

*Tam.* Empress I am, but yonder sits the emperour.

*Clo.* 'Tis he.—God, and Saint Stephen, give you  
 good den :—I have brought you a letter, and a couple  
 of pigeons here. [*SAT. reads the Letter.*

*Sat.* Go, take him away, and hang him presently.

*Clo.* How much money must I have ?

*Tam.* Come, sirrah, you must be hang'd.

*Clo.* Hang'd ! By'r lady, then I have brought up a  
 neck to a fair end. [*Exit, guarded.*

*Sat.* Despiteful and intolerable wrongs !

Shall I endure this monstrous villainy ?

I know from whence this same device proceeds ;

May this be borne ? as if his traitorous sons,

That died by law for murder of our brother,

Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully.

Go, drag the villain hither by the hair ;

Nor age, nor honour, shall shape privilege :

For this proud mock, I'll be thy slaughterman ;

<sup>3</sup> *Gloze*, i. e. *flatter*.

Sly frantick wretch, that help'st to make me great,  
In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.

*Enter ÆMILIUS.*

What news with thee, Æmilius?

*Æmil.* Arm, my lords! Rome never had more  
cause!

The Goths have gather'd head; and with a power  
Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,  
They hither march amain, under conduct  
Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus;  
Who threats, in course of this revenge, to do  
As much as ever Coriolanus did.

*Sat.* Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths?  
These tidings nip me; and I hang the head  
As flowers with frost, or grass beat down with storms.  
Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach:  
'Tis he the common people love so much;  
Myself hath often heard them say  
(When I have walked like a private man),  
That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,  
And they have wish'd that Lucius were their emperour.

*Tam.* Why should you fear? is not your city strong?

*Sat.* Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius:  
And will revolt from me, to succour him.

*Tam.* King, be thy thoughts imperious<sup>4</sup>, like thy  
name.

Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it?  
The eagle suffers little birds to sing,  
And is not careful what they mean thereby;  
Knowing that with the shadow of his wings,  
He can at pleasure stint<sup>5</sup> their melody:  
Even so may'st thou the giddy men of Rome.

<sup>4</sup> See *Troilus and Cressida*, Act iv. Sc. 5, note 24, and *Cymbeline*, Act iv. Sc. 2.

<sup>5</sup> i. e. *stop their melody*. So in *Romeo and Juliet*:—  
“It stinted, and cried—ay.”

Then cheer thy spirit ; for know, thou emperour,  
 I will enchant the old Andronicus,  
 With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous,  
 Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks<sup>6</sup> to sheep ;  
 When as the one is wounded with the bait,  
 The other rotted with delicious feed.

*Sat.* But he will not entreat his son for us.

*Tam.* If Tamora entreat him, then he will :  
 For I can smooth and fill his aged ear  
 With golden promises ; that were his heart  
 Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,  
 Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.  
 Go thou before, be our embassadour ; [To ÆMIL.  
 Say, that the emperour requests a parley  
 Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting  
 Even at his father's house, the old Andronicus<sup>7</sup>.

*Sat.* Æmilius, do this message honourably :  
 And if he stand in hostage for his safety,  
 Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.

*Æmil.* Your bidding shall I do effectually.

[Exit ÆMILIUS.

*Tam.* Now will I to that old Andronicus ;  
 And temper him with all the art I have,  
 To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.  
 And now, sweet emperour, be blithe again,  
 And bury all thy fear in my devices.

*Sat.* Then go incessantly<sup>8</sup>, and plead to him.

[Exeunt.

<sup>6</sup> If by *honey-stalks* clover flowers are meant, it is an error to suppose that they produce the rot in sheep. Cows and oxen will indeed overcharge themselves with clover and die.

<sup>7</sup> This line is only found in the quarto, 1600.

<sup>8</sup> The old copies have *successantly*. More probably a misprint for *incessantly*, in the sense of *without delay*, than *successfully*, which has been adopted from Steevens and Malone.

## ACT V.

SCENE I. *Plains near Rome.*

*Enter LUCIUS, and Goths, with Drum and Colours.*

*Lucius.*

**A**PPROVED warriors, and my faithful friends,  
I have received letters from great Rome,  
Which signify, what hate they bear their em-  
perour,

And how desirous of our sight they are.  
Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,  
Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs ;  
And, wherein Rome hath done you any scath,  
Let him make treble satisfaction.

1 *Goth.* Brave slip, sprung from the great Andro-  
nicus,

Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort ;  
Whose high exploits, and honourable deeds,  
Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,  
Be bold in us : we'll follow where thou lead'st,—  
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,  
Led by their master to the flower'd fields,—  
And be aveng'd on cursed Tamora.

*Goths.* And, as he saith, so say we all with him<sup>1</sup>!

*Luc.* I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.  
But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth ?

*Enter a Goth, leading AARON, with his Child in  
his Arms.*

2 *Goth.* Renowned Lucius, from our troops I stray'd,  
To gaze upon a ruinous monastery ;

<sup>1</sup> This line is erroneously made a continuation of the speech of the 1 *Goth* in the old copies.



And as I earnestly did fix mine eye  
 Upon the wasted building, suddenly  
 I heard a child cry underneath a wall :  
 I made unto the noise ; when soon I heard  
 The crying babe controll'd with this discourse :  
*Peace, tawny slave ; half me, and half thy dam !  
 Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,  
 Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,  
 Villain, thou might'st have been an emperour :  
 But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,  
 They never do beget a coal-black calf.  
 Peace, villain, peace ! even thus he rates the babe,  
 For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth ;  
 Who, when he knows thou art the empress' babe,  
 Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake.*  
 With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him,  
 Surpris'd him suddenly ; and brought him hither,  
 To use as you think needful of the man.

*Luc.* O worthy Goth ! this is the incarnate devil,  
 That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand :  
 This is the pearl that pleas'd your empress' eye<sup>2</sup> ;  
 And here's the base fruit of his burning lust.—  
 Say, wall-ey'd slave, whither would'st thou convey  
 This growing image of thy fiend-like face ?  
 Why dost not speak ? What ! deaf ? No ; not a word ?  
 A halter, soldiers ! hang him on this tree,  
 And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

*Aar.* Touch not the boy, he is of royal blood.

*Luc.* Too like the sire for ever being good.  
 First, hang the child, that he may see it sprawl ;  
 A sight to vex the father's soul withal.  
 Get me a ladder<sup>3</sup>.

<sup>2</sup> Alluding to the proverb, "A black man is a pearl in a fair woman's eye."

<sup>3</sup> *Get me a ladder.* These words are erroneously given to Aaron in the old copies.

[A Ladder is brought, which AARON is obliged to ascend.]

*Aar.* Lucius, save the child ;  
And bear it from me to the empress.  
If thou do this, I'll show thee wondrous things,  
That highly may advantage thee to hear :  
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,  
I'll speak no more ; But vengeance rot you all !

*Luc.* Say on ; and, if it please me which thou  
speak'st,  
Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.

*Aar.* An if it please thee ? why, assure thee, Lucius,  
'Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak ;  
For I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres,  
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,  
Complots of mischief, treason ; villainies  
Ruthful to hear, yet piteousless<sup>4</sup> perform'd :  
And this shall all be buried by my death,  
Unless thou swear to me, my child shall live.

*Luc.* Tell on thy mind ; I say, thy child shall live.

*Aar.* Swear, that he shall, and then I will begin.

*Luc.* Who should I swear by ? thou believ'st no god ;  
That granted, how canst thou believe an oath ?

*Aar.* What if I do not ? as, indeed, I do not :  
Yet, for I know thou art religious,  
And hast a thing within thee, called conscience ;  
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,  
Which I have seen thee careful to observe,—  
Therefore I urge thy oath :—For that, I know,  
An idiot holds his bauble<sup>5</sup> for a god,  
And keeps the oath, which by that god he swears ;  
To that I'll urge him.—Therefore, thou shalt vow  
By that same god, what god soe'er it be,

<sup>4</sup> The old copy misprints this, "*piteously* perform'd."

<sup>5</sup> See vol. iii. p. 323, note 5. Steevens thinks that the allusion is to a custom mentioned in Genesis, xxiv. 9.

That thou ador'st and hast in reverence,  
To save my boy, to nourish, and bring him up ;  
Or else I will discover nought to thee.

*Luc.* Even by my god, I swear to thee, I will.

*Aar.* First, know thou, I begot him on the empress.

*Luc.* O most insatiate, luxurious<sup>7</sup> woman !

*Aar.* Tut, Lucius ! this was but a deed of charity,  
To that which thou shalt hear of me anon :  
'Twas her two sons that murder'd Bassianus ;  
They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her,  
And cut her hands off ; and trimm'd her as thou saw'st.

*Luc.* O, détestable villain ! call'st thou that trim-  
ming ?

*Aar.* Why, she was wash'd, and cut, and trimm'd ;  
and 'twas

Trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

*Luc.* O, barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself !

*Aar.* Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them !  
That coddling spirit had they from their mother,  
As sure a card as ever won the set :  
That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me,  
As true a dog as ever fought at head<sup>8</sup>.  
Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.  
I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,  
Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay :  
I wrote the letter that thy father found<sup>9</sup>,  
And hid the gold within the letter mention'd,

<sup>7</sup> *Luxurious*, i. e. *lascivious*.

<sup>8</sup> An allusion to bulldogs ; whose generosity and courage are always shown by meeting the bull in front.

“ Amongst the dogs and beares he goes,

Where, while he skipping cries—*To head,—to head.*”

*Davies's Epigrams.*

<sup>9</sup> Perhaps Young had this speech in his thoughts when he made his Moor say :—

“ I urg'd Don Carlos to resign his mistress ;  
I forg'd the letter ; I dispos'd the picture ;  
I hated, I despis'd, and I destroy.”

Confederate with the queen, and her two sons ;  
And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,  
Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it ?  
I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand ;  
And, when I had it, drew myself apart,  
And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter.  
I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall,  
When, for his hand, he had his two sons' heads ;  
Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily,  
That both mine eyes were rainy like to his ;  
And when I told the empress of this sport,  
She swoounded<sup>10</sup> almost at my pleasing tale,  
And, for my tidings, gave me twenty kisses.

*Goth.* What ! canst thou say all this, and never  
blush ?

*Aar.* Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.

*Luc.* Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds ?

*Aar.* Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.

Even now I curse the day (and yet, I think,  
Few come within the compass of my curse),  
Wherein I did not some notorious ill ;  
As kill a man, or else devise his death ;  
Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it ;  
Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself :  
Set deadly enmity between two friends ;  
Make poor men's cattle break their necks ;  
Set fire on barns and haystacks in the night,  
And bid the owners quench them with their tears.  
Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,  
And set them upright at their dear friends' doors,  
Even when their sorrows almost were forgot ;  
And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,  
Have with my knife carved, in Roman letters,

<sup>10</sup> The verb to *swoound*, which we now write *swoon*, was anciently in common use.

*Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.*

Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things,  
As willingly as one would kill a fly ;  
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,  
But that I cannot do ten thousand more<sup>11</sup>.

*Luc.* Bring down the devil ; for he must not die<sup>12</sup>  
So sweet a death, as hanging presently.

*Aar.* If there be devils, 'would I were a devil,  
To live and burn in everlasting fire ;  
So I might have your company in hell,  
But to torment you with my bitter tongue !

*Luc.* Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no  
more.

*Enter a Goth.*

*Goth.* My lord, there is a messenger from Rome,  
Desires to be admitted to your presence.

*Luc.* Let him come near.

*Enter ÆMILIUS.*

Welcome, Æmilius, what's the news from Rome ?

*Æmil.* Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths,  
The Roman emperour greets you all by me :  
And, for he understands you are in arms,  
He craves a parley at your father's house,  
Willing you to demand your hostages,  
And they shall be immediately deliver'd.

*1 Goth.* What says our general ?

*Luc.* Æmilius, let the emperour give his pledges

<sup>11</sup> Marlowe has been supposed to be the original author of this play ; and it must be confessed that the conversation between Barabas and Ithimore, in the Jew of Malta, Act ii. compared with these sentiments of Aaron, affords much reason for the opinion.

<sup>12</sup> It appears from these words that the audience were entertained with part of the apparatus of an execution, and that Aaron was mounted on a ladder, as ready to be turned off.

Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,  
And we will come.—March! away<sup>13</sup>! [Exeunt.

SCENE II. Rome. *Before Titus's House.*

*Enter TAMORA, CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS, disguised.*

*Tam.* Thus, in this strange and sad habiliment,  
I will encounter with Andronicus ;  
And say, I am Revenge, sent from below,  
To join with him, and right his heinous wrongs.  
Knock at his study, where, they say, he keeps,  
To ruminat strange plots of dire revenge ;  
Tell him, Revenge is come to join with him,  
And work confusion on his enemies. [They knock.

*Enter TITUS, above.*

*Tit.* Who doth molest my contemplation ?  
Is it your trick, to make me ope the door ;  
That so my sad decrees may fly away,  
And all my study be to no effect ?  
You are deceiv'd : for what I mean to do,  
See here, in bloody lines I have set down ;  
And what is written shall be executed.

*Tam.* Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

*Tit.* No ; not a word : How can I grace my talk,  
Wanting a hand to give it action ?  
Thou hast the odds of me, therefore no more.

*Tam.* If thou didst know me, thou would'st talk  
with me.

*Tit.* I am not mad ; I know thee well enough :  
Witness this wretched stump, witness these crimson  
lines ;  
Witness these trenches, made by grief and care ;  
Witness the tiring day, and heavy night ;

<sup>13</sup> Perhaps this is a stage-direction crept into the text.

Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well  
 For our proud empress, mighty Tamora :  
 Is not thy coming for my other hand ?

*Tam.* Know thou, sad man, I am not Tamora ;  
 She is thy enemy, and I thy friend :  
 I am Revenge ; sent from the infernal kingdom,  
 To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,  
 By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.  
 Come down, and welcome me to this world's light ;  
 Confer with me of murder and of death :  
 There's not a hollow cave, or lurking-place,  
 No vast obscurity, or misty vale,  
 Where bloody murder, or detested rape,  
 Can couch for fear, but I will find them out ;  
 And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,  
 Revenge, which makes the foul offenders quake.

*Tit.* Art thou Revenge ? and art thou sent to me,  
 To be a torment to mine enemies ?

*Tam.* I am ; therefore come down and welcome me.

*Tit.* Do me some service, ere I come to thee.  
 Lo, by thy side where Rape, and Murder, stands ;  
 Now give some 'surance that thou art Revenge,  
 Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot wheels ;  
 And then I'll come, and be thy waggoner,  
 And whirl along with thee about the globes.  
 Provide thee two proper palfreys, black as jet,  
 To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,  
 And find out murderers in their guilty caves<sup>1</sup> :  
 And, when thy car is loaden with their heads,  
 I will dismount, and by the waggon wheel  
 Trot, like a servile footman, all day long ;  
 Even from Hyperion's rising in the east,

<sup>1</sup> All the old copies previous to the second folio read :—

“ And find out *murder* in their guilty *cares*.”

Steevens substituted *murderers*. The second folio corrected *cares* to *caves*.

Until his very downfall in the sea.  
 And day by day I'll do this heavy task,  
 So thou destroy Rapine<sup>2</sup> and Murder there.

*Tam.* These are my ministers, and come with me.

*Tit.* Are them<sup>3</sup> thy ministers? what are they call'd?

*Tam.* Rape and Murder; therefore called so,  
 'Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

*Tit.* Good lord, how like the empress' sons they are!  
 And you the empress! But we worldly men  
 Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.  
 O sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee:  
 And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,  
 I will embrace thee in it by and by.

[*Exit* TITUS, *from above.*]

*Tam.* This closing with him fits his lunacy:  
 Whate'er I forge, to feed his brain-sick fits,  
 Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches.  
 For now he firmly takes me for Revenge;  
 And, being credulous in this mad thought,  
 I'll make him send for Lucius, his son;  
 And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,  
 I'll find some cunning practice out of hand,  
 To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,  
 Or, at the least, make them his enemies.  
 See! here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

*Enter* TITUS.

*Tit.* Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee:

<sup>2</sup> *Rape* and *rapine* appear to have been sometimes used anciently as synonymous terms. Gower *De Confessione Amantis*, lib. v. ver. 116, uses *ravyne* in the same sense:—

“For if thou be of suche covine  
 To get of love by *ravyne*,  
 Thy love,” &c.

<sup>3</sup> Similar violations of syntax, according to modern notions, are not unfrequent in our elder writers. Thus Hobbes in his *History of the Civil Wars*:—“If the king give us leave, you or I may as lawfully preach as *them* that do.”



Welcome, dread Fury, to my woful house ;—  
Rapine, and Murder, you are welcome too :—  
How like the empress and her sons you are !  
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor :—  
Could not all hell afford you such a devil ?  
For, well I wot, the empress never wags,  
But in her company there is a Moor ;  
And, would you represent our queen aright,  
It were convenient you had such a devil :  
But welcome, as you are. What shall we do ?

*Tam.* What would'st thou have us do, Andronicus ?

*Dem.* Show me a murderer, I'll deal with him.

*Chi.* Show me a villain, that hath done a rape,  
And I am sent to be reveng'd on him.

*Tam.* Show me a thousand, that hath done thee wrong,  
And I will be revenged on them all.

*Tit.* Look round about the wicked streets of Rome ;  
And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,  
Good Murder, stab him ; he's a murderer.—  
Go thou with him ; and when it is thy hap,  
To find another that is like to thee,  
Good Rapine, stab him ; he is a ravisher.—  
Go thou with them ; and in the emperour's court  
There is a queen, attended by a Moor :  
Well may'st thou know her by thy own proportion,  
For up and down she doth resemble thee ;  
I pray thee, do on them some violent death,  
They have been violent to me and mine.

*Tam.* Well hast thou lesson'd us ; this shall we do.  
But would it please thee, good Andronicus,  
To send for Lucius, thy thrice valiant son,  
Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,  
And bid him come and banquet at thy house :  
When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,  
I will bring in the empress and her sons,  
The emperour himself, and all thy foes ;

And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,  
 And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.  
 What says Andronicus to this device?

*Tit.* Marcus, my brother! 'tis sad Titus calls.

*Enter* MARCUS.

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius;  
 Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths:  
 Bid him repair to me, and bring with him  
 Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths;  
 Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are:  
 Tell him, the emperour and the empress too  
 Feast at my house: and he shall feast with them.  
 This do thou for my love; and so let him,  
 As he regards his aged father's life.

*Mar.* This will I do, and soon return again. [*Exit.*

*Tam.* Now will I hence about thy business,  
 And take my ministers along with me.

*Tit.* Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me;  
 Or else I'll call my brother back again,  
 And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.

*Tam.* What say you, boys? will you, bide with him,  
 Whiles I go tell my lord the emperour [*Aside.*  
 How I have govern'd our determin'd jest?  
 Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair,  
 And tarry with him, till I turn again.

*Tit.* I know them all, though they suppose me mad;  
 [*Aside.*

And will o'er-reach them in their own devices,  
 A pair of cursed hell-hounds, and their dam.

*Dem.* Madam, depart at pleasure, leave us here.

*Tam.* Farewell, Andronicus: Revenge now goes  
 To lay a complot to betray thy foes.

*Tit.* I know thou dost; and, sweet Revenge, fare-  
 well. [*Exit* TAMORA.

*Chi.* Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ'd?

*Tit.* Tut, I have work enough for you to do.  
Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine!

*Enter PUBLIUS and Others.*

*Pub.* What's your will?

*Tit.* Know you these two?

*Pub.* Th' empress' sons,  
I take them, Chiron and Demetrius.

*Tit.* Fye, Publius, fye! thou art too much de-  
ceiv'd;

The one is Murder, Rape is the other's name:  
And therefore bind them, gentle Publius;  
Caius, and Valentine, lay hands on them:  
Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,  
And now I find it; therefore bind them sure;  
And stop their mouths, if they begin to cry<sup>4</sup>.

[*Exit TITUS.—PUBLIUS, &c. lay hold on  
CHIRON and DEMETRIUS.*

*Chi.* Villains, forbear: we are the empress' sons.

*Pub.* And therefore do we what we are com-  
manded.

Stop close their mouths, let them not speak a word:  
Is he sure bound? look, that you bind them fast.

*Re-enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, with LAVINIA;  
she bearing a Bason, and he a Knife.*

*Tit.* Come, come, Lavinia; look, thy foes are  
bound;

Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak to me;  
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.  
O villains, Chiron and Demetrius!  
Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with  
mud;

This goodly summer with your winter mix'd.  
You kill'd her husband; and, for that vile fault,

<sup>4</sup> This line is not in the folio.

Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death :  
 My hand cut off, and made a merry jest :  
 Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that, more dear  
 Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,  
 Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forc'd.  
 What would you say, if I should let you speak ?  
 Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.  
 Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.  
 This one hand yet is left to cut your throats ;  
 Whilst that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold  
 The bason, that receives your guilty blood.  
 You know, your mother means to feast with me,  
 And calls herself Revenge, and thinks me mad :  
 Hark, villains ; I will grind your bones to dust,  
 And with your blood and it I'll make a paste ;  
 And of the paste a coffin<sup>5</sup> I will rear,  
 And make two pasties of your shameful heads ;  
 And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,  
 Like to the earth, swallow her own increase<sup>6</sup>.  
 This is the feast that I have bid her to,  
 And this the banquet she shall surfeit on ;  
 For worse than Philomel you us'd my daughter,  
 And worse than Progne I will be reveng'd :  
 And now prepare your throats. Lavinia, come,

[*He cuts their Throats.*]

Receive the blood : and, when that they are dead,  
 Let me go grind their bones to powder small,  
 And with this hateful liquor temper it ;  
 And in that paste let their vile heads be bak'd.  
 Come, come, be every one officious  
 To make this banquet ; which I wish may prove  
 More stern and bloody than the Centaur's feast.

<sup>5</sup> A *coffin* is the term for the crust of a raised pie.

<sup>6</sup> i. e. *her own produce*. "The earth's increase" is the *produce* of the earth. "Then shall the earth bring forth her *increase*." Psalm lxxvii. 6. So in *The Tempest*, Act iv. Sc. 1 :—

"Earth's *increase* and foison plenty."

So, now bring them in, for I will play the cook,  
And see them ready 'gainst their mother comes.

[*Exeunt, bearing the dead Bodies.*]

SCENE III. *The same. A Pavilion, with  
Tables, &c.*

*Enter LUCIUS, MARCUS, and Goths, with AARON,  
Prisoner.*

*Luc.* Uncle Marcus, since 'tis my father's mind,  
That I repair to Rome, I am content.

*1 Goth.* And ours, with thine<sup>1</sup>, befall what fortune  
will.

*Luc.* Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,  
This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil ;  
Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,  
Till he be brought unto the empress' face,  
For testimony of her foul proceedings :  
And see the ambush of our friends be strong :  
I fear, the emperour means no good to us.

*Aar.* Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,  
And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth  
The venomous malice of my swelling heart.

*Luc.* Away, inhuman dog ! unhallow'd slave !  
Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.

[*Exeunt Goths, with AARON. Flourish.*]  
The trumpets show the emperour is at hand.

*Enter SATURNINUS and TAMORA, with Tribunes,  
Senators, and Others.*

*Sat.* What ! hath the firmament more suns than one ?

*Luc.* What boots it thee, to call thyself a sun ?

*Mar.* Rome's emperour, and nephew, break the parle ;

<sup>1</sup> " And our *content* runs parallel with thine, be the consequence  
of our coming to Rome what it may."

These quarrels must be quietly debated.  
 The feast is ready, which the careful Titus  
 Hath ordained to an honourable end,  
 For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome :  
 Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your places.

*Sat.* Marcus, we will.

[*Hautboys sound. The Company sit down at Table.*]

*Enter TITUS, dressed like a Cook ; LAVINIA, veiled, Young LUCIUS, and Others. TITUS places the Dishes on the Table.*

*Tit.* Welcome, my gracious lord : welcome, dread queen ;

Welcome, ye warlike Goths ; welcome, Lucius ;  
 And welcome, all : although the cheer be poor,  
 'Twill fill your stomachs ; please you eat of it.

*Sat.* Why art thou thus attir'd, Andronicus ?

*Tit.* Because I would be sure to have all well,  
 To entertain your highness and your empress.

*Tam.* We are beholden to you, good Andronicus.

*Tit.* An if your highness knew my heart, you were.  
 My lord the emperour, resolve me this ;  
 Was it well done of rash Virginius,  
 To slay his daughter with his own right hand,  
 Because she was enforc'd, stain'd, and deflour'd ?<sup>2</sup>

*Sat.* It was, Andronicus.

*Tit.* Your reason, mighty lord !

*Sat.* Because the girl should not survive her shame,

<sup>2</sup> Rowe may have availed himself of this passage in *The Fair Penitent*, where Sciolto asks Calista :—

“Hast thou not heard what brave Virginius did ?

With his own hand he slew his only daughter,” &c.

Titus Andronicus (as Steevens observes) is incorrect in this statement of this occurrence, for Virginia died unviolated. Mr. Boswell seems to think this is qualified by his saying that he had *more cause* to slay his daughter than Virginius.

And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

*Tit.* A reason mighty, strong, and effectual ;  
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,  
For me, most wretched to perform the like :—  
Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee ;

[*He kills LAVINIA.*

And, with thy shame, thy father's sorrow die !

*Sat.* What hast thou done, unnatural, and unkind ?

*Tit.* Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made me  
blind.

I am as woful as Virginius was :

And have a thousand times more cause than he

To do this outrage ; and it is now done<sup>3</sup>.

*Sat.* What, was she ravish'd ? tell, who did the deed.

*Tit.* Will't please you eat ? will't please your high-  
ness feed ?

*Tam.* Why hast thou slain thine only daughter  
thus ?

*Tit.* Not I ; 'twas Chiron and Demetrius :  
They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue,  
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.

*Sat.* Go, fetch them hither to us presently.

*Tit.* Why, there they are both, baked in that pie ;  
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,  
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred<sup>4</sup>.

'Tis true, 'tis true ; witness my knife's sharp point.

[*Killing TAMORA.*

*Sat.* Die, frantick wretch, for this accursed deed.

[*Killing TITUS.*

<sup>3</sup> This line is not in the folio.

<sup>4</sup> The additions made by Ravenscroft to this scene are in accordance with it :—

“ Thus cramm'd, thou'rt bravely fatten'd up for hell,  
And thus to Pluto I do serve thee up.” [*Stabs the Empress.*  
And then “ A curtain drawn discovers the heads and hands of  
Demetrius and Chiron hanging up against the wall ; their bodies  
in chairs in bloody linen.”

*Luc.* Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?  
There's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed.

[*Kills SATURNINUS. A great Tumult. The  
People in confusion disperse. MARCUS,  
LUCIUS, and their Partisans ascend the  
Steps before TITUS's House.*

*Mar.* You sad-fac'd men, people and sons of Rome,  
By uproar sever'd, like a flight of fowl  
Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,  
O, let me teach you how to knit again  
This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,  
These broken limbs again into one body.  
Lest Rome herself be bane unto herself<sup>5</sup>;  
And she, whom mighty kingdoms court'sy to,  
Like a forlorn and desperate castaway,  
Do shameful execution on herself.  
But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,  
Grave witnesses of true experience,  
Cannot induce you to attend my words,  
Speak, Rome's dear friend; [*To LUCIUS.*] as erst our  
    ancestor,  
When with his solemn tongue he did discourse  
To lovesick Dido's sad attending ear,  
The story of that baleful burning night,  
When subtle Greeks surpris'd King Priam's Troy;  
Tell us, what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,  
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in,  
That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.  
My heart is not compact of flint, nor steel;  
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,  
But floods of tears will drown my oratory,  
And break my very utterance; even i' the time  
When it should move you to attend me most,

<sup>5</sup> The quartos give the remainder of this speech to a *Roman Lord*. The folios to a *Goth*. It evidently is spoken by *Marcus*. The old copies have *Let* instead of *Lest*.



Lending your kind commiseration.

Here is a captain, let him tell the tale ;

Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.

*Luc.* Then, noble auditory, be it known to you,  
That cursed Chiron and Demetrius  
Were they that murdered our emperour's brother ;  
And they it were that ravished our sister :  
For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded ;  
Our father's tears despis'd ; and basely cozen'd<sup>6</sup>  
Of that true hand, that fought Rome's quarrel out,  
And sent her enemies unto the grave.

Lastly, myself unkindly banished,  
The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,  
To beg relief among Rome's enemies ;  
Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,  
And op'd their arms to embrace me as a friend  
And I am the turn'd-forth, be it known to you,  
That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood :  
And from her bosom took the enemy's point,  
Sheathing the steel in my advent'rous body.  
Alas ! you know, I am no vaunter, I ;  
My scars can witness, dumb although they are,  
That my report is just, and full of truth.

But, soft ! methinks, I do digress too much,  
Citing my worthless praise : O ! pardon me ;  
For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

*Mar.* Now is my turn to speak ; Behold this child,  
[*Pointing to the Child in the arms of an*  
Attendant.

Of this was Tamora delivered ;  
The issue of an irreligious Moor,  
Chief architect and plotter of these woes ;  
The villain is alive in Titus' house,  
Damn'd<sup>7</sup> as he is, to witness this is true.

<sup>6</sup> i. e. and he basely cozen'd.

<sup>7</sup> The old copies have "And as he is." Theobald substituted *Damn'd*.

Now judge, what cause had Titus to revenge  
 These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,  
 Or more than any living man could bear.  
 Now you have heard the truth, what say you, Romans?  
 Have we done aught amiss? Show us wherein,  
 And, from the place where you behold us now,  
 The poor remainder of Andronici  
 Will, hand in hand, all headlong cast us down<sup>8</sup>,  
 And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains,  
 And make a mutual closure of our house.  
 Speak, Romans, speak; and, if you say we shall,  
 Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

*Æmil.* Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,  
 And bring our emperour gently in thy hand,  
 Lucius our emperour; for, well I know,  
 The common voice do cry, it shall be so.

*Mar.* Lucius, all hail; Rome's royal emperour!

LUCIUS, &c. *descend.*

Go, go into old Titus' sorrowful house;

[*To an Attendant*

And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,  
 To be adjudg'd some direful slaughtering death,  
 As punishment for his most wicked life.

*Rom.* [*Several speak.*] Lucius, all hail! Rome's  
 gracious governour<sup>9</sup>!

*Luc.* Thanks, gentle Romans; May I govern so,  
 To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her woe!  
 But, gentle people, give me aim<sup>10</sup> awhile,  
 For nature puts me to a heavy task;—  
 Stand all aloof,—but, uncle, draw you near,

<sup>8</sup> i. e. *we the poor remainder, &c. will cast us down.*

<sup>9</sup> This line is given to *Marcus* in the old copies, but *Marcus* had before given the key-note in almost the same words, which the Roman people now repeat: to whom, and not to *Marcus*, *Lucius* returns thanks.

<sup>10</sup> *Aim*, judging by the context, seems here to be a misprint for *room*, for *Lucius* tells them to "stand all aloof."

To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk :—  
O, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,

[*Kisses* TITUS.]

These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face,  
The last true duties of thy noble son !

*Mar.* Tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,  
Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips :  
O ! were the sum of these that I should pay  
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them !

*Luc.* Come hither, boy ; come, come, and learn of us  
To melt in showers : Thy grandsire lov'd thee well :  
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee,  
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow ;  
Many a matter hath he told to thee,  
Meet, and agreeing with thine infancy ;  
In that respect then, like a loving child,  
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,  
Because kind nature doth require it so :  
Friends should associate friends in grief and woe :  
Bid him farewell ; commit him to the grave ;  
Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.

*Boy.* O grandsire, grandsire ! even with all my heart  
Would I were dead, so you did live again !—  
O lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping ;  
My tears will choke me, if I ope my mouth.

*Enter Attendants, with AARON.*

*1 Rom.* You sad Andronici, have done with woes ;  
Give sentence on this execrable wretch,  
That hath been breeder of these dire events.

*Luc.* Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish him ;  
There let him stand, and rave and cry for food :  
If any one relieves or pities him,  
For the offence he dies. This is our doom :  
Some stay, to see him fasten'd in the earth<sup>11</sup>.

<sup>11</sup> In Ravenscroft's alteration of the play, Aaron is at once raked and roasted on the stage.

*Aar.* O, why should wrath be mute, and fury dumb?  
I am no baby, I, that, with base prayers,  
I should repent the evils I have done ;  
Ten thousand, worse than ever yet I did,  
Would I perform if I might have my will ;  
If one good deed in all my life I did,  
I do repent it from my very soul.

*Luc.* Some loving friends convey the emperour hence,  
And give him burial in his father's grave :  
My father, and Lavinia, shall forthwith  
Be closed in our household's monument.  
As for that heinous tiger, Tamora,  
No funeral rite, nor man in mournful weeds,  
No mournful bell shall ring her burial ;  
But throw her forth to beasts, and birds of prey :  
Her life was beast-like, and devoid of pity ;  
And, being so, shall have like want of pity.  
See justice done on Aaron, that damn'd Moor,  
By whom our heavy haps had their beginning :  
Then, afterwards, to order well the state ;  
That like events may ne'er it ruinate. [ *Exeunt.*





ROMEO AND JULIET.







## ROMEO AND JULIET.

### PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

**T**HE original relater of this story appears to have been Luigi da Porto, a gentleman of Vicenza, who died in 1529. His novel seems not to have been printed till some years after his death; being first published at Venice, in 1535, under the title of "La Giulietta;" there is, however, a *dateless* copy by the same printer. In the dedication to Madonna Lucina Savorgnana, he tells her that the story was related to him by one of his archers, named PEREGRINO, a native of Verona, while serving in Friuli, to beguile the solitary road that leads from Gradisca to Udine.

Girolamo della Corte, in his history of Verona, relates it circumstantially as a true event, occurring in 1303\*; but Maffei does not give him the highest credit as an historian: he carries his history down to the year 1560, and probably adopted the novel to grace his book. The earlier annalists of Verona, and above all Torello Sarayna, who published, in 1542, "Le Historie e Fatti de Veronesi nell Tempi del Popolo e Signori Scali-geri," are entirely silent upon the subject, though some other domestic tragedies grace their narrations.

As to the origin of this interesting story Mr. Douce has observed that its material incidents are to be found in the Ephesiacs of Xenophon of Ephesus, a Greek romance of the middle ages; he admits, indeed, that this work was not published nor trans-

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\* Captain Brevai, in his Travels, tells us that he was shown at Verona what was called the tomb of these unhappy lovers; [of which Mr. Duppa, in his "Observations on the Continent," 1825, gives a neat representation,] and that, on a strict inquiry into the histories of Verona, he found that Shakespeare had varied very little from the truth, either in the names, characters, or other circumstances of this play. The fact seems to be, that the invention of the novelist has been adopted into the *popular* history of the city, just as Shakespeare's historical dramas furnish numbers with their notions of the events to which they relate.

lated in the time of Luigi da Porto, but suggests that he might have seen a copy of the original in manuscript. Mr. Dunlop, in his *History of Fiction*, has traced it to the thirty-second novel of Massuccio Salernitano, whose "Novelino," a collection of tales, was first printed in 1476. The hero of Massuccio is named Mariotto di Giannozza, and his catastrophe is different; yet there are sufficient points of resemblance between the two narratives. Mr. Boswell observes, that "we may perhaps carry the fiction back to a much greater antiquity, and doubts whether, after all, it is not the tale of Pyramus and Thisbe, enlarged and varied by the luxuriant imagination of the novelist."

The story is also to be found in the second volume of the *Novels of Bandello* (Novel ix.); and it is remarkable that he says it was related to him, when at the baths of Caldera, by the Captain Alexander PEREGRINO, a native of Verona; we may presume the same person from whom Da Porto received it: unless this appropriation is to be considered supposititious. The story also exists in Italian verse. It was translated from the Italian of Bandello into French, by Pierre Boistean, who varies from his original in many particulars; and, from the French, Painter gave a translation in the second volume of his *Palace of Pleasure*, 1567, which he entitled *Rhomeo and Julietta*. From Boistean's novel the same story was, in 1562, formed into an English poem, with considerable alterations and large additions, by Arthur Brooke; this poem the curious reader will find reprinted entire in the *Variorum* editions of Shakespeare: it was originally printed by Richard Tottel, with the following title: "The Tragicall Hystorye of Romeus and Juliet, written first in Italian, by Bandell; and nowe in English, by Ar. Br." Upon this piece Malone has shown, by unequivocal testimony, that the play was formed: numerous circumstances are introduced from the poem, which the novelist would not have supplied; and even the identity of expression, which not unfrequently occurs, is sufficient to settle the question. Steevens, without expressly controverting the fact, endeavoured to throw a doubt upon it by his repeated quotations from the *Palace of Pleasure*. In two passages, it is true, he has quoted Painter, where Brooke is silent; but very little weight belongs to either of them. In one there is very little resemblance; and in the other the circumstance might be inferred from the poem, though not exactly specified. The poem of Arthur Brooke was republished in 1587, with the title thus amplified:—"Containing a rare Example of true Constancie: with the subtile Counsell and Practices of an old Fryer, and their ill Event."

In the preface to Arthur Brooke's poem there is a very curious passage, in which he says, "I saw the same argument lately set fourth on stage with more commendation then I can looke for (being there much better set forth then I have or can dooe)." He has not, however, stated in what country this play was re-



presented: the rude state of our drama, prior to 1562, renders it improbable that it was in England. "Yet," says Mr. Boswell, "I cannot but be of opinion that Romeo and Juliet may be added to the list, already numerous, of plays in which our great poet has had a dramatic precursor, and that some slight remains of the old play are still to be traced in the earliest quarto."

"The story has at all times been eminently popular in all parts of Europe. A Spanish play was formed on it by Lope de Vega, entitled *Los Castelvies y Monteses*; and another in the same language, by Don Francisco de Roxas, under the name of *Los Vandos de Verona*. In Italy, as may well be supposed, it has not been neglected. The modern productions on this subject are too numerous to be specified; but as early as 1578 Luigi Grotto produced a drama upon the subject, called *Hadriana*, of which an analysis may be found in Mr. Walker's Memoir on Italian Tragedy. Grotto has stated in his prologue that the story is drawn from the ancient history of Adria, his native place;" so that Verona is not the only place that has appropriated this interesting fable.

Malone thinks that the foundation of the play might be laid in 1591, and finished in 1596. Mr. George Chalmers places the date of its composition in the spring of 1592. And Dr. Drake, with greater probability, ascribes it to 1593. There are four early quarto editions in 1597, 1599, 1609, one without a date, and another apparently a verbatim reprint of it in 1637. The edition of 1609 was printed from that of 1599, and the folio, repeating some errors of the edition of 1609, was doubtless founded on it. None of the early quartos have Shakespeare's name on the title-page. The first edition is less ample than those which succeed. Shakespeare appears to have revised the play; but in the succeeding impressions no fresh incidents are introduced, the alterations are merely additions to the length of particular speeches and scenes. The principal variations are pointed out in the notes.

Lessing declared Romeo and Juliet to be the only tragedy that he knew, which love himself had assisted to compose. "I know not," says Schlegel, "how to end more gracefully than with these simple words, wherein so much lies:—One may call this poem an harmonious miracle, whose component parts that heavenly power alone could so melt together. It is at the same time enchantingly sweet and sorrowful, pure and glowing, gentle and impetuous, full of elegiac softness, and tragically overpowering."



## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ESCALUS, Prince of Verona.  
 PARIS, a young Nobleman, Kinsman to the Prince.  
 MONTAGUE, } Heads of Two Houses at variance with each  
 CAPULET, } other.  
 An old Man, Uncle to Capulet.  
 ROMEO, Son to Montague.  
 MERCUTIO, Kinsman to the Prince, and Friend to Romeo.  
 BENVOLIO, Nephew to Montague, and Friend to Romeo.  
 TYBALT, Nephew to Lady Capulet.  
 FRIAR LAWRENCE, a Franciscan.  
 FRIAR JOHN, of the same Order.  
 BALTHAZAR, Servant to Romeo.  
 SAMPSON, } Servants to Capulet.  
 GREGORY, }  
 ABRAM, Servant to Montague.  
 An Apothecary.  
 Three Musicians.  
 Chorus. Boy, Page to Paris. PETER. An Officer.  
 LADY MONTAGUE, Wife to Montague.  
 LADY CAPULET, Wife to Capulet.  
 JULIET, Daughter to Capulet.  
 Nurse to Juliet.

Citizens of Verona; several Men and Women, Relations to  
 both Houses; Maskers, Guards, Watchmen, and Atten-  
 dants.

SCENE, during the greater part of the Play, in Verona:  
 once in the Fifth Act, at Mantua.

THE PROLOGUE<sup>a</sup>.*Chorus.*

**T**WO households, both alike in dignity,  
 In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,  
 From ancient grudge, break to new mutiny,  
 Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.  
 From forth the fatal loins of these two foes  
 A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;  
 Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrows  
 Do, with their death, bury their parents' strife.  
 The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,  
 And the continuance of their parents' rage,  
 Which, but their children's end, nought could remove,  
 Is now the two hours' traffick of our stage;  
 The which if you with patient ears attend,  
 What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

<sup>a</sup> This Prologue is thus given with much variation in the quarto of 1597:—

Two household Friends alike in dignitie,  
 (In faire Verona, where we lay our Scene,)  
 From ciuill broyles broke into enmitie,  
 Whose ciuill warre makes ciuill hands uncleane.  
 From forth the fatall loynes of these two foes  
 A paire of starre-crost-louers tooke their life;  
 When misadventures, piteous ouerthrowes,  
 (Through the continuing of their Fathers strife,  
 And death-markt passage of their Parents rage,)  
 Is now the two howres traffique of our Stage.  
 The which if you with patient eares attend,  
 What here we want we'll studie to amend.



# ROMEO AND JULIET.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I. *A public Place.*

*Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY, armed with  
Swords and Bucklers.*

*Sampson.*



GREGORY, o' my word, we'll not carry  
coals<sup>1</sup>.

*Gre.* No, for then we should be colliers.

*Sam.* I mean, an we be in choler, we'll  
draw.

*Gre.* Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of the  
collar.

<sup>1</sup> To carry coals is to put up with insults, to submit to any degradation. Anciently, in great families, the scullions, turnspits, and carriers of wood and coals were esteemed the very lowest of menials, the drudges of all the rest. Such attendants upon the royal household, in progresses, were called the *black-guard*; and hence the origin of that term. Thus in *May Day, a Comedy*, by Geo. Chapman, 1608:—"You must swear by no man's beard but your own; for that may breed a quarrel: above all things, you must carry no coals." Again, in the same play:—"Now my ancient being of an un-coal-carrying spirit," &c. And in Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*:—"Here comes one that will carry coals; ergo will hold my dog." Again in *King Henry V.* Act iii. Sc. 2:—"At Calais they stole a fireshovel; I knew by that piece of service the men would carry coals."

*Sam.* I strike quickly, being moved.

*Gre.* But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

*Sam.* A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

*Gre.* To move is to stir; and to be valiant is to stand: therefore, if thou art moved, thou run'st away.

*Sam.* A dog of that house shall move me to stand: I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

*Gre.* That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall.

*Sam.* 'Tis true; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall: therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

*Gre.* The quarrel is between our masters, and us their men.

*Sam.* 'Tis all one, I will show myself a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel<sup>2</sup> with the maids; I will cut off their heads.

*Gre.* The heads of the maids?

*Sam.* Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maiden-heads; take it in what sense thou wilt.

*Gre.* They must take it in<sup>3</sup> sense, that feel it.

*Sam.* Me they shall feel, while I am able to stand: and, 'tis known, I am a pretty piece of flesh.

*Gre.* 'Tis well, thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst been poor John<sup>4</sup>. Draw thy tool; here comes two of the house of the Montagues<sup>5</sup>.

<sup>2</sup> This is the reading of the excellent dateless quarto, and of that of 1637. The folios and two of the quartos have the evident misprint *ciuil*.

<sup>3</sup> *In* is omitted in most of the old editions, but the first quarto and that of 1637 have it. In Gregory's next speech the word *two* is only found in the first quarto.

<sup>4</sup> *Poor John* is *hake*, dried and salted.

<sup>5</sup> The disregard of concord is in character. It should be observed that the partisans of the Montague family wore a token in their hats in order to distinguish them from their enemies the Capulets. Hence throughout this play they are known at a dis-

*Enter* ABRAM *and* BALTHASAR.

*Sam.* My naked weapon is out ; quarrel, I will back thee.

*Gre.* How ? turn thy back, and run ?

*Sam.* Fear me not.

*Gre.* No, marry :—I fear thee !

*Sam.* Let us take the law of our sides ; let them begin.

*Gre.* I will frown, as I pass by ; and let them take it as they list.

*Sam.* Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb<sup>6</sup> at them ; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

*Abr.* Do you bite your thumb at us, sir ?

*Sam.* I do bite my thumb, sir.

*Abr.* Do you bite your thumb at us, sir ?

tance. Gascoigne adverts to this circumstance in a Masque written for Viscount Montacute, in 1575 :—

“ And for a further prooffe, he shewed in hys hat  
Thys token, which the *Montacutes* did beare always, for  
that

They covet to be knowne from *Capels*, where they pass  
For ancient grutch whych long ago 'twenee these two  
houses was.”

<sup>6</sup> This mode of insult, in order to begin a quarrel, seems to have been common in Shakespeare's time. Decker, in his *Dead Term*, 1608, describing the various groups that daily frequented St. Paul's Church, says, “ What swearing is there, what shouldering, what justling, what jeering, what *byting of thumbs*, to beget quarrels ! ” And Lodge, in his *Wits Miserie*, 1596 :—“ Behold, next I see Contempt marching forth, giving me the *fico with his thumbe in his mouthe*.” The mode in which this contemptuous action was performed is thus described by Cotgrave, in a passage which has escaped the industry of all the commentators :—“ Faire la nique : to mocke by nodding or lifting up of the chinne ; or more properly, to threaten or defie, by putting the thumbe naille into the mouth, and with a jerke (from the upper teeth) make it to knacke.” So in Randolph's *Muses' Looking Glass* :—

“ Dogs and pistols !

To bite his thumb at me !

Wear I a sword

To see men bite their thumbs ? ”

*Sam.* Is the law on our side, if I say, ay?

*Gre.* No.

*Sam.* No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir; but I bite my thumb, sir.

*Gre.* Do you quarrel, sir?

*Abr.* Quarrel, sir? no, sir.

*Sam.* If you do, sir, I am for you: I serve as good a man as you.

*Abr.* No better.

*Sam.* Well, sir.

*Enter BENVOLIO, at a distance.*

*Gre.* Say—better; here comes one of my master's kinsmen<sup>7</sup>.

*Sam.* Yes, better, sir.

*Abr.* You lie.

*Sam.* Draw, if you be men.—Gregory, remember thy swashing<sup>8</sup> blow. [*They fight.*]

*Ben.* Part, fools; put up your swords; you know not what you do. [*Beats down their Swords.*]

*Enter TYBALT.*

*Tyb.* What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?

Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

*Ben.* I do but keep the peace; put up thy sword, Or manage it to part these men with me.

*Tyb.* What, drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the word,

As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee:

Have at thee, coward.

[*They fight.*]

<sup>7</sup> Gregory is a servant of the Capulets: he must therefore mean Tybalt, who enters immediately after Benvolio.

<sup>8</sup> *Swashing* is *impetuous, dashing*. Slashing was used in the same sense. See note on *As You Like It*, Act i. Sc. 3, p. 26.



*Enter several Persons of both Houses, who join the Fray; then enter Citizens, with Clubs and Partisans*<sup>9</sup>.

1 *Cit.* Clubs<sup>10</sup>, bills, and partizans! strike! beat them down!

Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

*Enter CAPULET, in his Gown; and LADY CAPULET.*

*Cap.* What noise is this? Give me my long sword<sup>11</sup>, ho!

*La. Cap.* A crutch, a crutch! Why call you for a sword?

*Cap.* My sword, I say! Old Montague is come, And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

*Enter MONTAGUE and LADY MONTAGUE.*

*Mon.* Thou villain Capulet!—Hold me not; let me go.

*La. Mon.* Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.

*Enter Prince, with Attendants.*

*Prin.* Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,  
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,—  
Will they not hear?—what ho! you men, you beasts,  
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage  
With purple fountains issuing from your veins,  
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands  
Throw your mistemper'd<sup>12</sup> weapons to the ground,  
And hear the sentence of your moved prince.—  
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,

<sup>9</sup> A *partisan* is a *pik*e or *halbert*. *Pertuisan*, O. Fr.

<sup>10</sup> See vol. iii. p. 98, note 4.

<sup>11</sup> See vol. i. p. 219, note 16. The *long sword* was the weapon used in active warfare; a lighter, shorter, and less desperate weapon was worn for ornament, to which we have other allusions.

“No sword worn, but one to dance with.”

<sup>12</sup> i. e. *angry weapons*. So in *King John*:—

“This inundation of *mistemper'd* humour,” &c.

By thee, old Capulet and Montague,  
 Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets,  
 And made Verona's ancient citizens  
 Cast by their grave beseeeming ornaments,  
 To wield old partisans, in hands as old,  
 Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate :  
 If ever you disturb our streets again,  
 Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace<sup>13</sup>.  
 For this time, all the rest depart away :  
 You, Capulet, shall go along with me ;  
 And, Montague, come you this afternoon,  
 To know our farther pleasure in this case,  
 To old Free-town<sup>14</sup>, our common judgment-place.  
 Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[*Exeunt Prince and Attendants ; CAPULET, LA.*

*CAP. TYBALT, Citizens, and Servants.*

*Mon.* Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad ?  
 Speak, nephew, were you by, when it began ?

*Ben.* Here were the servants of your adversary,  
 And yours, close fighting ere I did approach :  
 I drew to part them ; in the instant came  
 The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepar'd ;  
 Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,  
 He swung about his head, and cut the winds,  
 Who, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn :  
 While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,  
 Came more and more, and fought on part and part,  
 Till the prince came, who parted either part.

*La. Mon.* O ! where is Romeo ? saw you him to-day ?  
 Right glad I am, he was not at this fray.

*Ben.* Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun

<sup>13</sup> The quarto, 1597 :—"The ransom of your fault," and the next line is, "For this time every man depart in peace."

<sup>14</sup> The poet found the name of this place in Brooke's *Tragicall History of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562. It is there said to be the castle of the Capulets.

Peer'd forth the golden window of the east<sup>15</sup>,  
 A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad ;  
 Where, underneath the grove of sycamore,  
 That westward rooteth from this city side,  
 So early walking did I see your son :  
 Towards him I made ; but he was 'ware of me,  
 And stole into the covert of the wood :  
 I measuring his affections by my own<sup>16</sup>,—  
 Which then most sought where most might not be found,  
 Being one too many by my weary self,—  
 Pursu'd my humour, not pursuing his,  
 And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

*Mon.* Many a morning hath he there been seen,  
 With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,  
 Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs :  
 But all so soon as the all-cheering sun  
 Should in the furthest east begin to draw  
 The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,  
 Away from light steals home my heavy son,  
 And private in his chamber pens himself ;

<sup>15</sup> The same thought occurs in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, b. ii. c. 10:—

“ Early before the morn with cremosin ray  
 The *windows* of bright heaven opened had,  
 Through which into the world the dawning day  
 Might looke,” &c.

Again in *Summa Totalis*, or *All in All*, 4to. 1607:—

“ Now heaven's bright eye (awake by Vesper's shrine)  
 Peepes through the purple windowes of the East.”

<sup>16</sup> The reading of the quarto, 1597, is:—

“ I noting his affections by my own,  
 That most are busied when they're most alone,  
 Pursued my humour.”

This was adopted by Pope and his successors. The reading in the text is that of the folios and later quartos. Mr. Collier says *all* the copies, excepting the quarto, 1599, misprint *honour* for *humour*; but it is rightly given *humour* in the excellent quarto of 1637, which Mr. Collier too much undervalues. It has been usual to place a comma after “Which then most sought,” but we must understand—“Which then most sought *the place* least frequented.”

Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,  
 And makes himself an artificial night.  
 Black and portentous must this humour prove,  
 Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

*Ben.* My noble-uncle, do you know the cause?

*Mon.* I neither know it, nor can learn of him.

*Ben.* Have you impórtun'd him by any means?

*Mon.* Both by myself, and many other friends :  
 But he, his own affections' counsellor,  
 Is to himself, I will not say, how true,  
 But to himself so secret and so close,  
 So far from sounding and discovery,  
 As is the bud bit with an envious worm,  
 Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,  
 Or dedicate his beauty to the sun<sup>17</sup>.  
 Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,  
 We would as willingly give cure, as know.

*Enter ROMEO, at a distance.*

*Ben.* See, where he comes. So please you, step  
 aside ;  
 I'll know his grievance, or be much denied.

*Mon.* I would, thou wert so happy by thy stay,  
 To hear true shrift.—Come, madam, let's away.

[*Exeunt MONTAGUE and Lady.*

<sup>17</sup> The old copies read :—"Or dedicate his beauty to the *same*." The emendation is by Theobald : who states, with great plausibility, that *sunne* might easily be mistaken for *same*. Malone observes, that Shakespeare has evidently imitated the Rosamond of Daniel in the last act of this play, and in this passage may have remembered the following lines in one of the Sonnets of the same writer, who was then extremely popular :—

"And whilst thou *spread'st* into the rising *sunne*  
 The fairest *flower* that ever saw the light,  
 Now joy thy time before thy sweet be done."

These lines add great support to Theobald's emendation. There are few passages in the poet where so great an improvement of language is obtained by so slight a deviation from the text of the old copy.

*Ben.* Good morrow, cousin.

*Rom.* Is the day so young?

*Ben.* But new struck nine.

*Rom.* Ah me! sad hours seem long.

Was that my father that went hence so fast?

*Ben.* It was: What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

*Rom.* Not having that, which having makes them short.

*Ben.* In love?

*Rom.* Out—

*Ben.* Of love?

*Rom.* Out of her favour, where I am in love.

*Ben.* Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,  
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

*Rom.* Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,  
Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will<sup>18</sup>!  
Where shall we dine?—O me!—What fray was here?  
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.

Here's much to do with hate, but more with love:—  
Why then, O brawling love! O loving hate<sup>19</sup>!

<sup>18</sup> i. e. *should blindly and recklessly think he can surmount all obstacles to his will.*

<sup>19</sup> Dr. Farmer observes that every ancient sonneteer characterised Love by contrarities. Watson begins one of his canzonets:

“Love is a sowre delight, and sugred griefe,  
A living death, and ever-dying life,” &c.

Turberville makes Reason harangue against it in the same manner:—

“A fierie frost, a flame that frozen is with ise!  
A heavie burden light to beare! A vertue fraught with  
vice!” &c.

Immediately taken from the Romaunt of the Rose:—

“Love it is an hateful pees,  
A free aquitaunce without relees,—  
An heavie burthen light to beare,” &c.

This kind of antithesis was very much in the taste of the Provençal and Italian poets. Perhaps it might be hinted by the Ode of Sappho, preserved by Longinus: Petrarch is full of it:—

“Pace non trovo, e non ho da far guerra;

O anything, of nothing first created!—  
 O heavy lightness! serious vanity!  
 Misshapen chaos of well seeming forms!  
 Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!  
 Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!  
 This love feel I, that feel no love in this.  
 Dost thou not laugh?

*Ben.* No, coz, I rather weep.

*Rom.* Good heart, at what?

*Ben.* At thy good heart's oppression.

*Rom.* Why, such is love's transgression.

Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast;  
 Which thou wilt propagate, to have it prest  
 With more of thine: this love, that thou hast shown,  
 Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.  
 Love is a smoke rais'd with the fume of sighs;  
 Being purg'd<sup>20</sup>, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;  
 Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears:  
 What is it else? a madness most discreet,  
 A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.  
 Farewell, my coz. [*Going.*]

*Ben.* Soft, I will go along;  
 An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

*Rom.* Tut, I have lost myself; I am not here;  
 This is not Romeo, he's some other-where.

E temo, e spero, e ardo, e son un ghiaccio;

E volo sopra'l ciel, e ghiaccio in terra;

E nulla stringo, e tutto'l mondo abbraccio," &c.

This sonnet is translated by Sir Thomas Wyatt, under the title of  
 "Description of the Contrarious Passions in a Lover."

<sup>20</sup> Thus the old copy. Dr. Johnson proposed to read "Being  
*urg'd*," and supported it by the following passages from Chapman's  
 version of the twenty-first Iliad:—

"And as a cauldron, under put with store of fire,

Bavins of sere-wood *urging* it," &c.

And Akenside's Hymn to Cheerfulness:—

"Haste, light the tapers, *urge the fire*,

And bid the joyless day retire."

*Ben.* Tell me in sadness, who 'tis that you love<sup>21</sup>.

*Rom.* What, shall I groan, and tell thee?—

*Ben.* Groan? why, no; but sadly tell me who.

*Rom.* Bid<sup>22</sup> a sick man in sadness make his will:  
Ah, word ill urg'd to one that is so ill!

In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

*Ben.* I aim'd so near, when I suppos'd you lov'd.

*Rom.* A right good mark-man! And she's fair I love.

*Ben.* A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

*Rom.* Well, in that hit, you miss: she'll not be hit  
With Cupid's arrow, she hath Dian's wit;  
And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd<sup>23</sup>,  
From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd<sup>24</sup>.  
She will not stay the siege of loving terms,  
Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,  
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold:  
O, she is rich in beauty; only poor,  
That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store.

*Ben.* Then she hath sworn, that she will still live  
chaste?

*Rom.* She hath, and in that sparing makes huge  
waste;

For beauty, sterv'd<sup>25</sup> with her severity,  
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.

<sup>21</sup> The quarto, 1597, reads, "whom she is you love." The other copies, "who is that you love;" *t'* having evidently been omitted by accident.

<sup>22</sup> This is the reading of the quartos of 1597 and 1637. The other copies have:—"A sick man in sadness makes his will."

<sup>23</sup> As this play was written in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, these speeches of Romeo may be regarded as an oblique compliment to her.

<sup>24</sup> The old copies have *uncharm'd*, which Rowe changed to *unharm'd*.

<sup>25</sup> All the old copies have *sterv'd*, which has been here and elsewhere changed to *starv'd*, without reason. The poet has shown that he wrote *sterve* by making it rhyme to *deserve* in *Coriolanus*, Act ii. Sc. 3; and the confined meaning of *starve* in its modern acceptation, renders the preservation of the archaic

She is too fair, too wise ; wisely too fair,  
 To merit bliss by making me despair :  
 She hath forsworn to love ; and, in that vow,  
 Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.

*Ben.* Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.

*Rom.* O, teach me how I should forget to think.

*Ben.* By giving liberty unto thine eyes ;  
 Examine other beauties.

*Rom.* 'Tis the way  
 To call hers, exquisite, in question more<sup>26</sup> :  
 These happy masks<sup>27</sup>, that kiss fair ladies' brows,  
 Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair ;  
 He, that is stricken blind, cannot forget  
 The precious treasure of his eyesight lost ;  
 Show me a mistress that is passing fair,  
 What doth her beauty serve, but as a note  
 Where I may read, who pass'd that passing fair ?  
 Farewell ; thou canst not teach me to forget.

*Ben.* I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.

[*Exeunt.*]

form desirable if not necessary. The word occurs in Arthur Brooke's poem of *Romeus and Juliet*, with which Shakespeare was familiar :—

“ Choose out some other dame, her honor thou and serve,  
 Who will give eare to thy complaint and pittie ere thou  
*sterve.*”

The meaning of this passage is evidently “ Through her severity beauty will be *perished*, die out.”

<sup>26</sup> i. e. to call her exquisite beauty more into my mind, and make it more the subject of conversation. *Question* is used frequently in this sense by Shakespeare.

<sup>27</sup> So in *Measure for Measure*, Act ii. Sc. 4, note 11.

“ *These black masks*

Proclaim an enshield beauty ten times louder  
 Than beauty could displayed.”



SCENE II. *A Street.*

*Enter* CAPULET, PARIS, *and* Servant.

*Cap.* And Montague is bound as well as I,  
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think,  
For men so old as we to keep the peace.

*Par.* Of honourable reckoning are you both;  
And pity 'tis, you liv'd at odds so long.  
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

*Cap.* But saying o'er what I have said before:  
My child is yet a stranger in the world,  
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years;  
Let two more summers wither in their pride,  
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

*Par.* Younger than she are happy mothers made.

*Cap.* And too soon marr'd are those so early married<sup>1</sup>.  
The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,  
She is the hopeful lady of my earth<sup>2</sup>:  
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,

<sup>1</sup> Thus the quarto of 1597. The folio has:—

“And too soon *marr'd* are those so early *made*.”

Puttenham, in his *Arte of Poesy*, 1589, uses the expression, which seems to be proverbial, as an instance of a figure which he calls the *Rebound*:—

“The maid that soon *married* is, soon *marred* is.”

And R. Flecknoe in his *Epigrams*, p. 61:—

“You're to be *marr'd* or *married*, as they say,  
To-day or to-morrow, to-morrow or to-day.”

The jingle between *marr'd* and *made* is likewise frequent among the old writers. So Sidney:—

“Oh! he is *marr'd*, that is for others *made*!”

Spenser introduces it very often in his different poems.

<sup>2</sup> *Fille de terre* being the old French phrase for an *heiress*. Steevens thought that Capulet speaks of Juliet in this sense. Yet as we have *earth* for corporal part in a future passage, and in Shakespeare's 146th Sonnet,—

“Poor soul, the centre of my sinful *earth*,”  
it may be here so meant.

My will to her consent is but a part ;  
 An she agree, within her scope of choice  
 Lies my consent and fair according voice.  
 This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,  
 Whereto I have invited many a guest,  
 Such as I love ; and you, among the store,  
 One more, most welcome, makes my number more.  
 At my poor house, look to behold this night  
 Earth-treading stars, that make dark heaven light<sup>3</sup> ;  
 Such comfort, as do lusty young men<sup>4</sup> feel  
 When well apparell'd April on the heel  
 Of limping winter treads, even such delight  
 Among fresh female buds shall you this night  
 Inherit<sup>5</sup> at my house ; hear all, all see,  
 And like her most, whose merit most shall be :  
 Which, on more view of many, mine being one<sup>6</sup>,

<sup>3</sup> Monck Mason proposed ingeniously to read :—

“ Earth-treading stars that make dark, heaven's light.”

<sup>4</sup> For “ lusty *young men*” Johnson would read “ lusty yeomen.” Ritson has clearly shown that *young men* was used for *yeomen* in our elder language. And the reader may convince himself by turning to Spelman's Glossary in the words *juniores* and *yeoman*. Cotgrave also translates “ Franc-gontier, a good rich *yeoman* ; substantial *yonker*.” He also renders “ Vergaland, a *lustie yonker*.” As in another part of this play, “ *young trees*” and “ *young tree*,” is printed in the old copy for “ *yew trees*” and “ *yew tree*,” this may be also a misprint for *yeomen*. “ You shall feel from the sight and conversation of these ladies such comfort as the farmer receives at the coming of spring ;” which is (as Baret says) “ the *lustiest* and most busie time to husbandemen.”

Steevens supports the present reading :—“ To tell Paris (says he) that he should feel the same sort of pleasure in an assembly of beauties which *young folk* feel in that season when they are most gay and amorous, was surely as much as the old man ought to say.” “ Ubi subdita flamma medullis,

Vere magis (quia vere calor redit ossibus).”

*Virgil. Georg. iii.*

Malone adds, from Shakespeare's 99th Sonnet :—

“ When *proud-pied April*, dress'd in all his trim,  
 Hath put a spirit of *youth* in every thing.”

<sup>5</sup> To *inherit*, in the language of Shakespeare, is to *possess*.

<sup>6</sup> The quarto, 1597, has “ *Such among view of many*.” This

May stand in number, though in reckoning none.  
 Come, go with me.—Go, sirrah, trudge about  
 Through fair Verona ; find those persons out,  
 Whose names are written there [*gives a Paper*], and  
 to them say,  
 My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[*Exeunt CAPULET and PARIS.*

*Serv.* Find them out, whose names are written here? It is written, that the shoemaker should meddle with his yard, and the tailor with his last, the fisher with his pencil, and the painter with his nets; but I am sent to find those persons, whose names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ. I must to the learned:—In good time.

*Enter BENVOLIO and ROMEO.*

*Ben.* Tut, man! one fire burns out another's burning,

One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;  
 Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning;  
 One desperate grief cures with another's languish:  
 Take thou some new infection to the eye,  
 And the rank poison of the old will die.

is the reading of the quarto, 1599, and two of the later quartos. The allusion, Malone thinks, is to the old proverbial expression, "One is no number," thus adverted to in Decker's *Honest Whore*:—

"To fall to one  
 Is to fall to none,  
 For one no number is."

And in Shakespeare's 136th Sonnet:—

"Among a number one is reckon'd none,  
 Then in the number let me pass untold."

It will be unnecessary to inform the reader that *which* is here used for *who*, a substitution frequent in Shakespeare, as in all the writers of his time. But perhaps we should read, with a slight transposition, as the first 4to "*Among such view of many,*" &c.

<sup>7</sup> The quarto of 1597 adds, "And yet I know not who are written here: I must to the learned to learn of them: that's as much as to say, the tailor," &c.

*Rom.* Your plantain leaf is excellent for that<sup>b</sup>.

*Ben.* For what, I pray thee?

*Rom.* For your broken shin.

*Ben.* Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

*Rom.* Not mad, but bound more than a madman is:  
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,  
Whipp'd, and tormented: and— Good-den, good  
fellow.

*Serv.* God gi' good den. I pray, sir, can you read?

*Rom.* Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

*Serv.* Perhaps you have learn'd it without book:  
But, I pray, can you read any thing you see?

*Rom.* Ay, if I know the letters, and the language.

*Serv.* Ye say honestly; Rest ye merry!

*Rom.* Stay, fellow; I can read. [*Reads.*

*Signior Martino, and his wife and daughters; County Anselme, and his beauteous sisters; The lady widow of Vitruvio; Signior Placentio, and his lovely nieces; Mercutio, and his brother Valentine; Mine uncle Capulet, his wife, and daughters; My fair niece Rosaline; Livia; Signior Valentio, and his cousin Tybalt; Lucio, and the lively Helena.*

A fair assembly; [*Gives back the Note.*] Whither  
should they come?

*Serv.* Up.

*Rom.* Whither?

*Serv.* To supper<sup>a</sup>; to our house.

*Rom.* Whose house?

*Serv.* My master's.

*Rom.* Indeed, I should have ask'd you that before.

*Serv.* Now I'll tell you without asking: My master

<sup>b</sup> The *plantain leaf* is a blood-stancher, and was formerly applied to green wounds. So in *Albumazar*:—

“ Help, Armellina, help! I'm fallen i'the cellar:  
Bring a fresh *plantain-leaf*, I've broke my shin.”

<sup>a</sup> In the old copies the words *to supper* form part of Romeo's interrogation, but they evidently belong to the Servant, to whom Theobald appropriates them.

is the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine<sup>9</sup>. Rest you merry. [*Exit.*]

*Ben.* At this same ancient feast of Capulet's  
Supps the fair Rosaline, whom thou so lov'st;  
With all the admired beauties of Verona.  
Go thither; and, with unattainted eye,  
Compare her face with some that I shall show,  
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

*Rom.* When the devout religion of mine eye  
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires!  
And these, who, often drown'd, could never die,  
Transparent hereticks, be burnt for liars!  
One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun  
Ne'er saw her match, since first the world begun.

*Ben.* Tut! you saw her fair, none else being by,  
Herself pois'd with herself in either eye:  
But in that crystal scales<sup>10</sup>, let there be weigh'd  
Your lady's love<sup>11</sup> against some other maid  
That I will show you, shining at this feast,  
And she shall scant show well, that now shows best.

*Rom.* I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,  
But to rejoice in splendour of mine own. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III. *A Room in Capulet's House*<sup>1</sup>.

*Enter* LADY CAPULET and Nurse.

*La. Cap.* Nurse, where's my daughter? call her forth to me.

<sup>9</sup> This cant expression seems to have been once common: it often occurs in old plays. We have one still in use of similar import:—*To crack a bottle.*

<sup>10</sup> *Scales* was in frequent use as a noun singular.

<sup>11</sup> Heath says, "*Your lady's love*" is the love you bear to your lady, which, in our language, is commonly used for the lady herself. Perhaps we should read, "*Your lady love.*"

<sup>1</sup> In all the old copies the greater part of this scene was printed as prose. Capell was the first who exhibited it as verse.

*Nurse.* Now, by my maidenhead, at twelve year old,  
I bade her come.—What, lamb! what, lady-bird!—  
God forbid!—where's this girl?—what, Juliet!

*Enter JULIET.*

*Jul.* How now! who calls?

*Nurse.* Your mother.

*Jul.* Madam, I am here,  
What is your will?

*La. Cap.* This is the matter:—*Nurse*, give leave awhile,

We must talk in secret.—*Nurse*, come back again;  
I have remember'd me, thou shalt hear our counsel.  
Thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age.

*Nurse.* 'Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

*La. Cap.* She's not fourteen.

*Nurse.* I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,  
And yet, to my teen<sup>2</sup> be it spoken, I have but four,—  
She is not fourteen: How long is it now  
To Lammas-tide?

*La. Cap.* A fortnight, and odd days.

*Nurse.* Even or odd, of all days in the year,  
Come Lammas-eve at night, shall she be fourteen.  
Susan and she,—God rest all Christian souls!—  
Were of an age. Well, Susan is with God;  
She was too good for me. But, as I said,  
On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen;  
That shall she, marry; I remember it well.  
'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years<sup>3</sup>;  
And she was wean'd,—I never shall forget it,—

<sup>2</sup> i. e. to my sorrow. This old word is introduced for the sake of the jingle between *teen*, and *four*, and *fourteen*.

<sup>3</sup> Mr. Tyrwhitt thinks that Shakespeare had in view the earthquake which had been felt in England in his own time, on the 6th of April, 1580; and that we may from hence conjecture that *Romeo and Juliet* was written in 1591.

Of all the days of the year, upon that day ;  
 For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,  
 Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall ;  
 My lord and you were then at Mantua :—  
 Nay, I do bear a brain<sup>4</sup> :—but, as I said,  
 When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple  
 Of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool !  
 To see it tetchy, and fall out with the dug.  
 Shake, quoth the dove-house : 'twas no need, I trow,  
 To bid me trudge.

And since that time it is eleven years :  
 For then she could stand alone<sup>5</sup> ; nay, by the rood,  
 She could have run and waddled all about :  
 For even the day before, she broke her brow :  
 And then my husband,—God be with his soul !  
 'A was a merry man ;—took up the child :  
*Yea, quoth he, dost thou fall upon thy face ?*  
*Thou wilt fall backward, when thou hast more wit ;*  
*Wilt thou not, Jule ?* and, by my holy-dam,  
 The pretty wretch left crying, and said—*Ay :*  
 To see now, how a jest shall come about !  
 I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,  
 I never should forget it : *Wilt thou not, Jule ?* quoth he :  
 And, pretty fool, it stinted<sup>6</sup>, and said—*Ay.*

*La. Cap.* Enough of this ; I pray thee, hold thy  
 peace.

<sup>4</sup> The nurse means to boast of her retentive faculty. To *bear a brain* was to possess much mental capacity either of attention, ingenuity, or remembrance. Thus in Marston's Dutch Courtezan :—

“ My silly husband, alas ! knows nothing of it, 'tis  
 I that must *bear a braine* for all.”

<sup>5</sup> The quarto, 1597, “ For then could Juliet stand *high lone*.” The quarto, 1599, “ *hylone*.” Mr. Dyce has shown that Middleton and Rowley use this old phrase for *alone*.

<sup>6</sup> To *stint* is to *stop*. Baret translates “ Lachrymas suppressere, to *stinte* weeping ;” and “ to *stinte* talke,” by “ sermones restinguere.” So Ben Jonson in *Cynthia's Revels* :—

*Nurse.* Yes, madam. Yet I cannot choose but<sup>7</sup>  
laugh,

To think it should leave crying, and say—*Ay* :  
And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow  
A bump as big as a young cockrel's stone ;  
A parlous knock ; and it cried bitterly.

*Yea*, quoth my husband, *full'st upon thy face ?*  
*Thou wilt fall backward, when thou com'st to age ;*  
*Wilt thou not, Jule ?* it stinted, and said—*Ay*.

*Jul.* And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.

*Nurse.* Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his  
grace !

Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nurs'd :  
An I might live to see thee married once,  
I have my wish.

*La. Cap.* Marry, that marry is the very theme  
I came to talk of :—Tell me, daughter Juliet,  
How stands your disposition to be married ?

*Jul.* It is an honour<sup>a</sup> that I dream not of.

*Nurse.* An honour ! were not I thine only nurse,  
I'd say, thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat.

*La. Cap.* Well, think of marriage now ; younger  
than you,

Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,  
Are made already mothers : by my count,  
I was your mother much upon these years  
That you are now a maid. Thus then, in brief ;—  
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

*Nurse.* A man, young lady ! lady, such a man,

“ *Stint thy babbling tongue,*

*Fond Echo.*”

Again, in *What You Will*, by Marston :—

“ *Pish ! for shame, stint thy idle chat.*”

Spenser uses the word frequently.

<sup>7</sup> This tautologous speech is not in the first quarto of 1597.

<sup>a</sup> All the old copies except the first quarto misprint *hour* for *honour* here and in the next line.



As all the world—Why, he's a man of wax<sup>8</sup>.

*La. Cap.* Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

*Nurse.* Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower<sup>9</sup>.

*La. Cap.* What say you? can you love the gentleman?

This night you shall behold him at our feast;  
 Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,  
 And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;  
 Examine every married<sup>10</sup> lineament,  
 And see how one another lends content;  
 And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies,  
 Find written in the margin of his eyes<sup>11</sup>.  
 This precious book of love, this unbound lover,  
 To beautify him, only lacks a cover:  
 The fish lives in the sea; and 'tis much pride,  
 For fair without the fair within to hide:

<sup>8</sup> i. e. *as well made as if he had been modelled in wax*. So in *Wily Beguiled*:—"Why, he is a man as one should picture him in *wax*." So Horace uses "*Cereæ brachia*," *waxen* arms, for arms well shaped.—*Od.* xiii. l. 1. Which Dacier explains:—"Des bras faits au tour comme nous disons d'un bras rond, qu'il est comme de cire."

<sup>9</sup> After this speech of the Nurse, Lady Capulet, in the old quarto, says only:—

"Well, Juliet, how like you of Paris' love?"

She answers, "I'll look to like," &c.; and so concludes the scene, without the intervention of the next 17 lines found in the later quartos and the folio.

<sup>10</sup> Thus the quarto, 1599. See vol. vii. p. 172, note 16. The 4to 1609 and the folio have "Examine every several lineament."

<sup>11</sup> The comments on ancient books were generally printed in the margin. Horatio says, in *Hamlet*, "I knew you must be edified by the *margent*," &c. So in *The Rape of Lucrece*:—

"But she that never cop'd with stranger *eyes*  
 Could pick no meaning from their parling looks,  
 Nor read the subtle shining secrecies

Writ in the glassy *margent* of such *books*."

This speech is full of quibbles. The *unbound* lover is a quibble on the *binding* of a *book*, and the *binding* in *marriage*; and the word *cover* is a quibble on the law phrase for a married woman, *femme couverte*. Fish-skin covers to devotional books were formerly common.

That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,  
 That in gold clasps locks in the golden story ;  
 So shall you share all that he doth possess,  
 By having him, making yourself no less.

*Nurse.* No less? nay, bigger ; women grow by men.

*La. Cap.* Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love ?

*Jul.* I'll look to like, if looking liking move :  
 But no more deep will I endart<sup>12</sup> mine eye,  
 Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Madam, the guests are come, supper served up, you call'd, my young lady ask'd for, the nurse cursed in the pantry, and every thing in extremity. I must hence to wait ; I beseech you, follow straight.

*La. Cap.* We follow thee.—Juliet, the county stays.

*Nurse.* Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.  
 [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV. *A Street.*

*Enter* ROMEO, MERCUTIO<sup>1</sup>, BENVOLIO, *with five or six Maskers, Torch-Bearers, and Others.*

*Rom.* What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse ?

Or shall we on without apology ?

<sup>12</sup> The quarto of 1597 reads, *engage* mine eye.

<sup>1</sup> Shakespeare appears to have formed this character on the following slight hint :—“ Another gentleman, called Mercutio, which was a courtlike gentleman, very well beloved of all men, and by reason of his pleasant and courteous behaviour was in all companies wel intertained.”—*Painter's Palace of Pleasure*, tom. ii. p. 221.

He is described in similar terms in Arthur Brooke's poem ; and it is added :—

“ A gift he had, which nature gave him in his swathing band,  
 That frozen mountain's ice was never half so cold  
 As were his hands, though ne'er so near the fire he did them hold.”

Hence the poet makes him little sensible to the passion of love, and “ a jester at wounds which *he never felt.*”

*Ben.* The date is out of such prolixity<sup>2</sup>.  
 We'll have no cupid hood-wink'd with a scarf,  
 Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath<sup>3</sup>,  
 Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper<sup>4</sup>;  
 Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke  
 After the prompter, for our entrance<sup>5</sup>:  
 But, let them measure us by what they will,  
 We'll measure them a measure, and be gone.

*Rom.* Give me a torch<sup>6</sup>,—I am not for this ambling;  
 Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

*Mer.* Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

*Rom.* Not I, believe me: you have dancing shoes,  
 With nimble soles: I have a soul of lead,  
 So stakes me to the ground, I cannot move.

*Mer.* You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings  
 And soar with them above a common bound.

<sup>2</sup> In King Henry VIII. where the king introduces himself at the entertainment given by Wolsey, he appears, like Romeo and his companions, in a *mask*, and sends a messenger before with an apology for his intrusion. This was a custom observed by those who came uninvited, with a desire to conceal themselves, for the sake of intrigue, or to enjoy the greater freedom of conversation. Their entry on these occasions was always prefaced by some speech in praise of the beauty of the ladies, or the generosity of the entertainer; and to the *prolixity* of such introductions it is probable Romeo is made to allude. In *Histriomastix*, 1610, a man expresses his wonder that the maskers enter without any compliment:—"What, come they in so blunt, without device?" Of this kind of masquerading there is a specimen in *Timon*, where Cupid precedes a troop of ladies with a speech.

<sup>3</sup> The Tartarian bows resemble in their form the old Roman or Cupid's bow, such as we see on medals and bas-relief. Shakespeare uses the epithet to distinguish it from the English bow, whose shape is the segment of a circle.

<sup>4</sup> See King Lear, Act iv. Sc. 6, note 18.

<sup>5</sup> These two lines alluding to the stage are only found in the first quarto.

<sup>6</sup> A *torch-bearer* was a constant appendage to every troop of maskers. To *hold a torch* was anciently no degrading office. Queen Elizabeth's gentlemen pensioners attended her to Cambridge, and *held torches* while a play was acted before her in the Chapel of King's College on a Sunday evening.

*Rom.* I am too sore enpierced with his shaft,  
To soar with his light feathers ; and so bound,  
I cannot bound<sup>7</sup> a pitch above dull woe :  
Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

*Mer.* And, to sink in it, should you burden love ;  
Too great oppression for a tender thing.

*Rom.* Is love a tender thing ? it is too rough,  
Too rude, too boist'rous ; and it pricks like thorn.

*Mer.* If love be rough with you, be rough with love ;  
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.—  
Give me a case to put my visage in :

[*Putting on a Mask.*

A visor for a visor !—what care I,  
What curious eye doth quote<sup>8</sup> deformities ?  
Here are the beetle-brows, shall blush for me.

*Ben.* Come, knock, and enter : and no sooner in,  
But every man betake him to his legs.

*Rom.* A torch for me : let wantons, light of heart,  
Tickle the senseless rushes<sup>9</sup> with their heels ;  
For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase,—  
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on,—  
The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done<sup>10</sup>.

<sup>7</sup> Let Milton on this occasion keep Shakespeare in countenance.  
Par. Lost, book iv. l. 180 :—

“ In contempt

At one slight *bound* high over-leap'd all *bound*.”

<sup>8</sup> To *quote* is to *note*, to *mark*. See Hamlet, Act ii. Sc. 1.

<sup>9</sup> Middleton has borrowed this thought in his play of Blurt  
Master Constable, 1602 :—

“ Bid him, whose heart no sorrow feels,

*Tickle the rushes* with his wanton *heels*,

I have too much lead at mine.”

It has been before observed that the apartments of our ancestors  
were strewed with rushes, and so it seems was the ancient stage.  
“ On the very *rushes* when the Comedy is to dance.”—*Decker's*  
*Gull's Hornbook*, 1609. Shakespeare does not stand alone in  
giving the manners and customs of his own times to all countries  
and ages. Marlowe, in his *Hero and Leander*, describes *Hero* as—

“ Fearing on the *rushes* to be flung.”

<sup>10</sup> To *hold the candle* is a common proverbial expression for

*Mer.* Tut! dun's the mouse, the constable's own word :

If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire<sup>11</sup>  
Of this surreverence love, wherein thou stick'st  
Up to the ears.—Come, we burn day-light<sup>12</sup>, ho.

*Rom.* Nay, that's not so.

*Mer.* I mean, sir, in delay  
We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.  
Take our good meaning ; for our judgment sits  
Five times in that, ere once in our five wits<sup>13</sup>.

*Rom.* And we mean well, in going to this mask ;  
But 'tis no wit to go.

*Mer.* Why, may one ask ?

*Rom.* I dreamt a dream to-night.

*Mer.* And so did I.

*Rom.* Well, what was yours ?

*Mer.* That dreamers often lie.

being an idle spectator. Among Ray's proverbial sentences we have, "A good candle-holder proves a good gamester." This is the "grandsire phrase" with which Romeo is proverbial. There is another old prudential maxim subsequently alluded to, which advises to *give over* when the game is at the fairest.

<sup>11</sup> *Tut! dun's the mouse, the constable's own word :*

*If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire.*

*Dun is the mouse* is a proverbial saying to us of vague signification, alluding to the colour of the mouse ; but frequently employed with no other intent than that of quibbling on the word *done*. Why it is attributed to a constable we know not. It occurs in the comedy of Patient Grissel, 1603. So in *The Two Merry Milkmaids*, 1620 :—"Why then, 'tis done, and *dun's the mouse*, and undone all the courtiers." *To draw dun out of the mire*, was a rural pastime in which *dun* meant a *dun horse*. Mr. Gifford has described it in a note on Ben Jonson's *Masque of Christmas*, vol. vii. p. 282. In the next line the reading is from the 4to 1597. The 4to 1609 and the folio have "Or save your reverence love."

<sup>12</sup> This proverbial phrase, which was applied to superfluous actions in general, occurs again in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. See *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act. ii. Sc. 1, note 3.

<sup>13</sup> The quarto of 1597 reads, "*Three times a day ;*" and *right wits* instead of *five wits*.

*Rom.* In bed, asleep, while they do dream things true.

*Mer.* O, then, I see, queen Mab hath been with you<sup>14</sup>.

She is the fairies' midwife<sup>15</sup>; and she comes  
 In shape no bigger than an agate-stone  
 On the fore-finger of an alderman<sup>15</sup>,  
 Drawn with a team of little atomies  
 Athwart<sup>17</sup> men's noses as they lie asleep:  
 Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;  
 The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;  
 The traces, of the smallest spider's web;  
 The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams:  
 Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film:  
 Her waggoner, a small gray-coated gnat<sup>18</sup>,  
 Not half so big as a round little worm  
 Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid<sup>19</sup>:  
 Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,

<sup>14</sup> The quartos have the following line:—

“*Ben.* Queen Mab! who's she?”

<sup>15</sup> “The *fairies' midwife* does not mean the midwife to the fairies, but that she was the person *among* the fairies whose department it was to deliver the fancies of sleeping men of their dreams, those *children of an idle brain*. When we say the *king's judges*, we do not mean persons who judge the king, but persons appointed by him to judge his subjects.”—*Steevens*. Warburton, with some plausibility, reads, “the *fancy's* midwife.”

<sup>16</sup> The quarto of 1597 has, “*of a burgomaster*.” The citizens of Shakespeare's time appear to have worn this ornament on the *thumb*. So Glapthorne in his comedy of *Wit in a Constable*:—“And an *alderman*, as I may say to you, he has no more wit than the rest o' the bench; and that lies in his *thumb ring*.” Shakespeare compares his fairy to the figure carved on the agate-stone of a thumb ring. See vol. iii. p. 144, note 7; and vol. v. p. 61, note 30.

<sup>17</sup> The folio and later quartos have, “*over* men's noses.”

<sup>18</sup> There is a similar fanciful description of Queen Mab's chariot in Drayton's *Nymphidia*, which was written several years after this tragedy.

<sup>19</sup> So the first quarto. The first folio and later quartos erroneously *man*. The second folio substituted *woman*.

Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,  
 Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.  
 And in this state she gallops night by night  
 Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love :  
 On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight :  
 O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees :  
 O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream ;  
 Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,  
 Because their breaths with sweet-meats tainted are<sup>20</sup>.  
 Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose<sup>21</sup>,  
 And then dreams he of smelling out a suit<sup>22</sup> :  
 And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,  
 Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,  
 Then dreams he of another benefice.  
 Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,  
 And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,  
 Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades<sup>23</sup>,  
 Of healths five fathom deep : and then anon  
 Drums in his ear ; at which he starts, and wakes ;  
 And, being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two,  
 And sleeps again. This is that very Mab,  
 That plats the manes of horses in the night :  
 And bakes the elf-locks<sup>24</sup> in foul sluttish hairs,

<sup>20</sup> This probably alludes to the "kissing comfits" mentioned by Falstaff in the last act of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

<sup>21</sup> This speech received much alteration after the first edition in the quarto of 1597, the only edition in which it is printed as verse ; and Shakespeare has inadvertently introduced the *courtier* twice. To remedy this Mr. Collier's folio would substitute *counsellor's*. Steevens remarks that the whole speech bears a resemblance to a passage of Claudian *In Sextum Consulatum Honorii Augusti Præfatio*.

<sup>22</sup> i. e. *a place in court*.

<sup>23</sup> The quarto of 1597 reads, "counter mines." Spanish blades were held in high esteem. A sword was called a *Toledo*, from the excellence of the Toledan steel.

<sup>24</sup> i. e. *fairy locks, locks of hair clotted and tangled in the night*. It was a common superstition ; and Warburton conjectures that it had its rise from the horrid disease called *Plica polonica*.

Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.  
 This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,  
 That presses them, and learns them first to bear,  
 Making them women of good carriage<sup>25</sup>.

This, this is she—

*Rom.* Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace;  
 Thou talk'st of nothing.

*Mer.* True, I talk of dreams;  
 Which are the children of an idle brain,  
 Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;  
 Which is as thin of substance as the air;  
 And more inconstant than the wind, who woos  
 Even now the frozen bosom of the north,  
 And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,  
 Turning his face<sup>26</sup> to the dew-dropping south.

*Ben.* This wind, you talk of, blows us from ourselves;  
 Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

*Rom.* I fear, too early; for my mind misgives,  
 Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,  
 Shall bitterly begin his fearful date  
 With this night's revels; and expire<sup>27</sup> the term  
 Of a despised life, clos'd in my breast,  
 By some vile forfeit of untimely death:  
 But He, that hath the steerage of my course,  
 Direct my sail!—On! lusty gentlemen.

*Ben.* Strike, drum<sup>28</sup>. [*Exeunt.*

<sup>25</sup> So in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act i. Sc. 2:—

“Let them be men of great repute and carriage.”

“*Moth.* Sampson, master; he was a man of good carriage, great carriage; for he carried the town-gates.”

<sup>26</sup> Thus the first quarto. The other copies all have erroneously *side*.

<sup>27</sup> So in *The Rape of Lucrece*:—

“An *expir'd* date cancell'd ere well begun.”

And in *Mother Hubbard's Tale*:—

“Now whereas time flying with wings swift  
*Expired* had the term,” &c.

<sup>28</sup> Here the folio adds:—“*They march about the stage, and serving men come forth with their napkins.*”



SCENE V<sup>1</sup>. *A Hall in Capulet's House.*

*Musicians waiting. Enter Servants.*

1 *Serv.* Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take away? he shift a trencher<sup>2</sup>! he scrape a trencher!

2 *Serv.* When good manners shall lie all in one or two men's hands, and they unwash'd too, 'tis a foul thing.

1 *Serv.* Away with the joint-stools, remove the court-cupboard<sup>3</sup>, look to the plate:—good thou, save me a piece of marchpane<sup>4</sup>; and, as thou lovest me, let the

<sup>1</sup> The opening of this scene until the entrance of Capulet is not in the first copy, the quarto of 1597.

<sup>2</sup> To *shift a trencher* was technical. So in *The Miseries of Enforst Marriage*, 1608:—"Learne more manners, stand at your brother's backe, as to *shift a trencher* neatly," &c. Trenchers were used in Shakespeare's time and long after by persons of good fashion and quality. They continued common till a late period in many public societies, and are now, or were lately, still retained at Lincoln's Inn.

<sup>3</sup> The *court cupboard* was the *ancient sideboard*: it was a cumbersome piece of furniture, with stages or shelves gradually receding, like stairs, to the top, whereon the plate was displayed at festivals. They are mentioned in many of our old comedies. Thus in Chapman's *Monsieur D'Olive*, 1606:—"Here shall stand my *court cupboard*, with its furniture of plate." Again in his *May Day*, 1611:—"Court cupboards planted with flaggons, cans, cups, beakers," &c. Two of these ancient pieces of furniture are still in Stationers' Hall: they are used at public festivals to display the antique silver vessels of the Company, consisting of cans, cups, beakers, flaggons, &c. There is a print in a curious work, entitled *Laurea Austriaca*, folio, 1627, representing an entertainment given by King James I. to the Spanish ambassadors, in 1623; from which the reader will get a better notion of the *court cupboard* than volumes of description would afford him. It was sometimes also called a *cupboard of plate*, and a *livery cupboard*.

<sup>4</sup> *Marchpane* was a constant article in the desserts of our ancestors. It was a sweet cake, composed of filberts, almonds, pistachioes, pine kernels, and sugar of roses, with a small portion of flour. They were often made in fantastic forms. In 1562 the Stationers' Company paid "for ix marchpaynes xxvi. s. viii. d."

porter let in Susan Grindstone, and Nell.—Antony!  
and Potpan!

2 *Serv.* Ay, boy; ready.

1 *Serv.* You are look'd for, and call'd for, ask'd for,  
and sought for, in the great chamber.

2 *Serv.* We cannot be here and there too.—Cheerly,  
boys; be brisk a while, and the longer liver take all.

[*They retire behind.*]

*Enter CAPULET, &c. with the Guests and the  
Maskers.*

*Cap.* Welcome! gentlemen, ladies that have their  
toes

Unplagu'd with corns, will have a bout with you:—

Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you all

Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty, she,  
I'll swear, hath corns; Am I come near ye now?

Welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day,

That I have worn a visor; and could tell

A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,

Such as would please;—'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone:

You are welcome, gentlemen!—Come, musicians, play.

A hall! a hall<sup>5</sup>! give room, and foot it, girls.

[*Musick plays, and they dance.*]

More light, ye knaves; and turn the tables up<sup>6</sup>,

And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.—

<sup>5</sup> An exclamation commonly used to make room in a crowd for any particular purpose, as we now say *a ring! a ring!* So Marston, Sat. iii.—

“*A hall! a hall!*”

Roome for the spheres, the orbs celestial

Will dance Kempe's jig.”

The passages are numberless that may be cited in illustration of this phrase.

<sup>6</sup> The ancient *tables* were flat leaves or *boards* joined by hinges and placed on tressels; when they were to be removed they were therefore *turned up*. The phrase is sometimes *taken up*. Thus in Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey*, ed. 1825, p. 198:—“After that the boards-end was *taken up*.”

Ah, sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.

Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin<sup>7</sup> Capulet ;

For you and I are past our dancing days :

How long is't now, since last yourself and I

Were in a mask ?

2 *Cap.* By'r lady, thirty years.

1 *Cap.* What, man ! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much :

'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio,

Come pentecost as quickly as it will,

Some five and twenty years ; and then we mask'd.

2 *Cap.* 'Tis more, 'tis more : his son is elder, sir  
His son is thirty.

1 *Cap.* Will you tell me that ?

His son was but a ward two years ago<sup>8</sup>.

*Rom.* What lady is that, which doth enrich the hand  
Of yonder knight ?

*Serv.* I know not, sir.

*Rom.* O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright !  
It seems she<sup>9</sup> hangs upon the cheek of night  
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear :  
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear !  
So shows a snowy dove<sup>10</sup> trooping with crows,

<sup>7</sup> *Cousin* was a common expression for *kinsman*. Thus in *Hamlet*, the king, his uncle and stepfather, addresses him with—

“ But now, my *cousin* Hamlet and my son.”

<sup>8</sup> This speech stands thus in the quarto of 1597 :—

“ Will you tell me that ? it cannot be so :

His son was but a ward three years ago ;

Good youths, i' faith !—O, youth's a jolly thing !”

The last of these three lines, as Steevens observes, is natural and pleasing.

<sup>9</sup> Steevens reads, with the second folio :—

“ *Her beauty* hangs upon,” &c.

Shakespeare has the same thought in his 27th Sonnet :—and to Habington it probably suggested :—

“ So rich with jewels hung, that night

Doth like an Ethiop bride appear.”

Lyly, in his *Eupheus*, has “ A fair pearl in a Morian's ear.”

<sup>10</sup> The quarto, 1597 :—“ So shines a snow-white swan.”

As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows,  
 The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,  
 And, touching hers, make happy my rude hand.  
 Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!  
 For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

*Tyb.* This, by his voice, should be a Montague:—  
 Fetch me my rapier, boy:—What! dares the slave  
 Come hither, cover'd with an antick face,  
 To flear and scorn at our solemnity<sup>11</sup>?  
 Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,  
 To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

1 *Cap.* Why, how now, kinsman? wherefore storm  
 you so?

*Tyb.* Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe;  
 A villain, that is hither come in spite,  
 To scorn at our solemnity this night.

1 *Cap.* Young Romeo is't?

*Tyb.* 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

1 *Cap.* Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone,  
 He bears him like a portly gentleman;  
 And, to say truth, Verona brags of him,  
 To be a virtuous and well govern'd youth:  
 I would not for the wealth of all this town,  
 Here in my house, do him disparagement:  
 Therefore be patient, take no note of him,  
 It is my will; the which if thou respect,  
 Show a fair presence, and put off these frowns,  
 An ill beseeeming semblance for a feast.

*Tyb.* It fits, when such a villain is a guest;  
 I'll not endure him.

1 *Cap.* He shall be endur'd;  
 What! goodman boy!—I say, he shall.—Go to;—  
 Am I the master here, or you? go to.  
 You'll not endure him!—God shall mend my soul—  
 You'll make a mutiny among my guests!

<sup>11</sup> i. e. a banquet, a high festival. Thus in Macbeth:—  
 "To-night we hold a solemn supper."

You will set cock-a-hoop ! you'll be the man !

*Tyb.* Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

*1 Cap.*

Go to, go to.

You are a saucy boy :—Is't so, indeed ?—

This trick may chance to scath<sup>12</sup> you ;—I know what.

You must contráry me ! ' marry, 'tis time—

Well said, my hearts !—You are a princox<sup>13</sup> ; go :—

Be quiet, or—More light, more light !—for shame !

I'll make you quiet ; What !—Cheerly, my hearts.

*Tyb.* Patience perforce<sup>14</sup> with wilful choler meeting,  
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.

I will withdraw : but this intrusion shall,

Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall. [*Exit.*

*Rom.* If I profane with my unworthy<sup>a</sup> hand

[*To JULIET, taking her hand.*

This holy shrine, the gentle fine<sup>15</sup> is this—

My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand

To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

*Jul.* Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too  
much,

Which mannerly devotion shows in this ;

For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,

And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

*Rom.* Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too ?

*Jul.* Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

*Rom.* O then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do<sup>16</sup> ;

<sup>12</sup> i. e. *do you an injury.* The word has still this meaning in Scotland. See vol. vi. p. 170, note 6.

<sup>13</sup> *A pert forward youth.* The word is apparently a corruption of the Latin *præcox*.

<sup>14</sup> There is an old adage :—“ *Patience perforce* is a medicine for a mad dog.” To which this is an allusion.

<sup>a</sup> Thus the quarto 1597. The other copies, *unworthiest*.

<sup>15</sup> The old copies, by a misprint, read, *Sinne* and *Sin*.

<sup>16</sup> Juliet had said before, that “ palm to palm was holy palmer's kiss.” She afterwards says, that “ palmers have lips that they must use in prayer.” Romeo replies, *That the prayer of his lips was, that they might do what hands do ; that is, that they might kiss.*

They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

*Jul.* Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.

*Rom.* Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take.

Thus from my lips, by yours, my sin is purg'd.

[*Kissing her*<sup>17</sup>.

*Jul.* Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

*Rom.* Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urg'd!  
Give me my sin again.

*Jul.* You kiss by the book.

*Nurse.* Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

*Rom.* What is her mother?

*Nurse.* Marry, bachelor!

Her mother is the lady of the house,  
And a good lady, and a wise, and virtuous:  
I nurs'd her daughter, that you talk'd withal:  
I tell you,—he, that can lay hold of her,  
Shall have the chinks.

*Rom.* Is she a Capulet?

O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.

*Ben.* Away, begone; the sport is at the best.

*Rom.* Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.

*1 Cap.* Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;  
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards<sup>18</sup>.—  
Is it e'en so? Why, then I thank you all;  
I thank you, honest gentlemen<sup>19</sup>; good night:—

<sup>17</sup> The poet here, without doubt, copied from the mode of his own time; and kissing a lady in a public assembly, we may conclude, was not then thought indecorous. In King Henry VIII. Lord Sands is represented as kissing Anne Boleyn, next whom he sits at supper.

<sup>18</sup> *Towards* is *ready, at hand*. A *banquet*, or *rere-supper*, as it was sometimes called, was similar to our dessert. See vol. iii. p. 215, note 2.

<sup>19</sup> Here the quarto of 1597 adds:—

“I promise you, but for your company,  
I would have been in bed an hour ago.”

These two lines in subsequent editions appear in Act iii. Sc. 2.

More torches here!—Come on, then let's to bed.

Ah, sirrah [*To 2 Cap.*], by my fay, it waxes late;

I'll to my rest. [*Exeunt all but JULIET and Nurse.*]

*Jul.* Come hither, nurse: What is yond' gentleman?

*Nurse.* The son and heir of old Tiberio.

*Jul.* What's he, that now is going out of door?

*Nurse.* Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.

*Jul.* What's he, that follows there, that would not dance?

*Nurse.* I know not.

*Jul.* Go, ask his name: if he be married,  
My grave is like to be my wedding-bed.

*Nurse.* His name is Romeo, and a Montague;  
The only son of your great enemy.

*Jul.* My only love sprung from my only hate!  
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!  
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,  
That I must love a loathed enemy.

*Nurse.* What's this? what's this?

*Jul.* A rhyme I learn'd even now  
Of one I danc'd withal. [*One calls within, Juliet.*]

*Nurse.* Anon, anon:—  
Come, let's away; the strangers all are gone.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter* CHORUS<sup>20</sup>.

Now old desire doth in his deathbed lie,  
And young affection gapes to be his heir;  
That fair<sup>21</sup>, for which love groan'd for, and would die,  
With tender Juliet match'd is now not fair.  
Now Romeo is belov'd, and loves again,  
Alike bewitched by the charm of looks;  
But to his foe suppos'd he must complain,  
And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks:

<sup>20</sup> This chorus is not in the first edition, quarto, 1597.

<sup>21</sup> *Fair*, it has been already observed, was formerly used as a substantive, and was synonymous with *beauty*.

Being held a foe, he may not have access

To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear ;  
And she as much in love, her means much less

To meet her new-beloved any where :  
But passion lends them power, time means to meet,  
Temp'ring extremities with extreme sweet. *[Exit.*

## ACT II.

SCENE I. *An open Place, adjoining Capulet's  
Garden.*

*Enter ROMEO.*

*Romeo.*



AN I go forward, when my heart is here ?  
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre  
out<sup>a</sup>.

*[He climbs the Wall, and leaps down within it.*

*Enter BENVOLIO, and MERCUTIO.*

*Ben.* Romeo ! my cousin Romeo ! Romeo !

*Mer.* He is wise ;

And, on my life, hath stolen him home to bed.

*Ben.* He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard<sup>1</sup> wall :  
Call, good Mercutio.

*Mer.* Nay, I'll conjure too.—

Romeo ! Humour's-madman ! Passion-lover<sup>2</sup> !

<sup>a</sup> This seems to be one of the many instances of Shakespeare's apparent intuitive feeling for correcter scientific views than were current in his day. The idea suggested is of the earth—symbol of the earthly body—at its aphelion, or the point of its orbit most remote from the sun, returning to it again by the force of gravitation to their common centre of gravity.

<sup>1</sup> *Orchard for garden.* See note on Julius Cæsar, Act iii. Sc. 2, note 13.

<sup>2</sup> In the folios this line is thus given :—

“Romeo, Humours, Madman, Passion, Lover.”

There can be no doubt that Mercutio meant to call Romeo,



Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh,  
 Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied ;  
 Cry but—Ah me ! pronounce<sup>3</sup> but—love and dove ;  
 Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,  
 One nickname for her purblind son and heir,  
 Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim<sup>4</sup>,  
 When king Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid.—  
 He heareth not ; he stirreth not ; he moveth not ;  
 The ape<sup>5</sup> is dead, and I must conjure him.—  
 I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,  
 By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip,  
 By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,  
 And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,  
 That in thy likeness thou appear to us.

*Ben.* An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

*Mer.* This cannot anger him : 'twould anger him  
 To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle

“Humour's-madman! Passion-lover!” in his invocation; he would hardly call him *Humours*, and *Passion*, and *Lover*. I have therefore so printed the line.

<sup>3</sup> This is the reading of the quarto of 1597, and that of 1637. Those of 1599 and 1609 and the folio read “*Provant* but love and day,” an evident corruption. The folio of 1632 has *couply*, meaning *couple*, which has been the reading of many modern editions. Steevens endeavours to persuade himself and his readers that *provant* may be right, and mean *provide*, *furnish*.

<sup>4</sup> All the old copies read, *Abraham* Cupid, which Mr. Dyce thinks may have been meant for *abron* or *auburn*. The alteration was proposed by Mr. Upton. To me it seems that the allusion is to the famous archer *Adam* Bell. So in Decker's *Satiromastix* : —“He shoots his bolt but seldom ; but when Adam lets go, he hits.” “He shoots at thee too, *Adam* Bell : and his arrows stick here.” The ballad alluded to is *King Cophetua* and the *Beggar-Maid*, also alluded to in *Love's Labour's Lost*, and *King Henry IV.*, Part 2. It may be seen in the first volume of *Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry*. The following stanza Shakespeare had particularly in view :—

“The blinded boy that shoots so trim,  
 From heaven down did hie ;  
 He drew a dart and shot at him,  
 In place where he did lie.”

<sup>5</sup> This phrase in Shakespeare's time was used as an expression of tenderness, like *poor fool*, &c.

Of some strange nature, letting it there stand  
Till she had laid it, and conjur'd it down ;  
That were some spite : my invocation  
Is fair and honest, and, in his mistress' name,  
I conjure only but to raise up him.

*Ben.* Come, he hath hid himself among those trees,  
To be consorted with the humorous<sup>6</sup> night :  
Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.

*Mer.* If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.  
Now will he sit under a medlar tree,  
And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit,  
As maids call medlars, when they laugh alone.—  
O Romeo, that she were, O that she were  
An open *et cœtera*, thou a poppin pear.  
Romeo, good night ;—I'll to my truckle-bed ;  
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep :  
Come, shall we go ?

*Ben.* Go, then ; for 'tis in vain  
To seek him here, that means not to be found.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II. Capulet's Garden.

*Enter* ROMEO.

*Rom.* He jests at scars, that never felt a wound.—  
[*JULIET* appears above, at a Window.  
But, soft ! what light through yonder window breaks?  
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun !—

<sup>6</sup> i. e. *the humid, the moist dewy night.* Chapman uses the word  
in this sense in his translation of Homer, b. ii. edit. 1598 :—

“ The other gods and knights at arms slept all the  
*humorous* night.”

And Drayton, in the thirteenth Song of his *Polyolbion* :—

“ Which late the *humorous* night  
Bespangled had with pearl.”

And in *The Baron's Wars*, canto i.—

“ The *humorous* fogs deprive us of his light.”

Shakespeare uses the epithet, “ *vaporous* night,” in *Measure for Measure*.

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,  
 Who is already sick and pale with grief,  
 That thou her maid art far more fair than she :  
 Be not her maid<sup>1</sup>, since she is envious ;  
 Her vestal livery is but pale and green<sup>2</sup>,  
 And none but fools do wear it ; cast it off.—  
 It is my lady ; O ! it is my love :  
 O, that she knew she were !—  
 She speaks, yet she says nothing. What of that ?  
 Her eye discourses, I will answer it.  
 I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks ;  
 Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,  
 Having some business, do entreat her eyes  
 To twinkle in their spheres till they return.  
 What if her eyes were there, they in her head ?  
 The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,  
 As daylight doth a lamp ; her eyes in heaven  
 Would through the airy region stream so bright,  
 That birds would sing, and think it were not night.  
 See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand !  
 O, that I were a glove upon that hand,  
 That I might touch<sup>3</sup> that cheek !

*Jul.* Ah me !

*Rom.* She speaks :—

O, speak again, bright angel ! for thou art  
 As glorious to this sight<sup>4</sup>, being o'er my head,  
 As is a winged messenger of heaven  
 Unto the white-upturned wond'ring eyes  
 Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,

<sup>1</sup> i. e. *be not a votary to the moon, to Diana.*

<sup>2</sup> Thus the 4to 1597. The other old copies have "*sick and green*;" the former word having been caught from the line above. The proverbial livery of fools was *white and green*, as well as *motley*.

<sup>3</sup> The first quarto has *kiss*, instead of *touch*.

<sup>4</sup> The old copies read, "*to this night*." Theobald made the emendation, which is evidently warranted by the context.

When he bestrides the lazy-pacing<sup>5</sup> clouds,  
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

*Jul.* O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?  
Deny thy father, and refuse thy name :  
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,  
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

*Rom.* Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this ?  
[*Aside.*

*Jul.* 'Tis but thy name, that is my enemy ;—  
Thou art thyself though, not a Montague.  
What's Montague ? it is nor hand, nor foot,  
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part<sup>6</sup>  
Belonging to a man. O ! be some other name !  
What's in a name ? that which we call a rose,  
By any other name<sup>7</sup> would smell as sweet ;  
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,  
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,  
Without that title :—Romeo, doff thy name ;  
And for thy name, which is no part of thee,  
Take all myself.

*Rom.* I take thee at thy word :  
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd ;  
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

*Jul.* What man art thou, that, thus bescreen'd in  
night,  
So stumblest on my counsel ?

*Rom.* By a name  
I know not how to tell thee who I am :  
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,  
Because it is an enemy to thee ;  
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

*Jul.* My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words

<sup>5</sup> So the first quarto. The folio and later quartos have *lazy-puffing*, an evident error.

<sup>6</sup> The words "*nor any other part*," are not in the folios and later quartos. Malone brought them from the quarto, 1597, to make out the sense and the line.

<sup>7</sup> For *name* all but the first quarto have *word*

Of that tongue's utterance<sup>8</sup>, yet I know the sound ;  
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague ?

*Rom.* Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike<sup>9</sup>.

*Jul.* How cam'st thou hither, tell me ? and wherefore ?  
The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb ;  
And the place death, considering who thou art,  
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

*Rom.* With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these  
walls ;

For stony limits cannot hold love out :  
And what love can do, that dares love attempt,  
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let<sup>10</sup> to me.

*Jul.* If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

*Rom.* Alack ! there lies more peril in thine eye,  
Than twenty of their swords<sup>11</sup> ; look thou but sweet,  
And I am proof against their enmity.

*Jul.* I would not for the world they saw thee here.

*Rom.* I have night's cloak to hide me from their sight ;  
And, but<sup>12</sup> thou love me, let them find me here :  
My life were better ended by their hate,  
Than death prorogued<sup>13</sup>, wanting of thy love

*Jul.* By whose direction found'st thou out this place ?

*Rom.* By love, who first did prompt me to inquire :

<sup>8</sup> We meet with almost the same words as those here attributed to Romeo in King Edward III. a tragedy, 1596 :—

“ I might perceive his eye in her eye lost,

*His eye to drink her sweet tongue's utterance.*”

The folio and later quartos have :—“ Of thy tongue's uttering.”

<sup>9</sup> i. e. *if either thee displease*. This was the usual phraseology of Shakéspere's time. So it *likes* me well, for it *pleases* me well.

<sup>10</sup> i. e. *no stop, no hindrance*. Thus the quarto of 1597. The subsequent copies read, “ no stop to me.”

<sup>11</sup> Beaumont and Fletcher have copied this thought in *The Maid in the Mill* :—

“ The lady may command, sir ;

She bears an eye more dreadful than your weapon.”

<sup>12</sup> *But* is here again used in its exceptive sense, *without* or *unless*.

<sup>13</sup> So in Act iv. Sc. 1 :—

“ I hear thou must, and nothing may *prorogue* it,

On Thursday next be married to this county.”

He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.  
I am no pilot ; yet, wert thou as far  
As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,  
I would adventure for such merchandise.

*Jul.* Thou know'st, the mask of night is on my face ;  
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,  
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.  
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny  
What I have spoke ; but farewell compliment<sup>14</sup> !  
Dost thou love me ? I know, thou wilt say, Ay ;  
And I will take thy word : yet, if thou swear'st,  
Thou mayst prove false ; at lovers' perjuries,  
They say, Jove laughs<sup>15</sup>. O, gentle Romeo,  
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully :  
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,  
I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,  
So thou wilt woo : but, else, not for the world.  
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond ;  
And therefore thou may'st think my 'haviour light :  
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true  
Than those that have more cunning<sup>a</sup> to be strange.  
I should have been more strange, I must confess,  
But that thou over-heard'st, ere I was ware,  
My true love's passion : therefore pardon me ;  
And not impute this yielding to light love,  
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

*Rom.* Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear<sup>16</sup>,  
That tips with silver<sup>17</sup> all these fruit-tree tops,—

<sup>14</sup> i. e. *farewell attention to forms.*

<sup>15</sup> This Shakespeare found in Ovid's *Art of Love* ; perhaps in Marlowe's translation :—

“ For Jove himself sits in the azure skies,  
And laughs below at lovers' perjuries.”

<sup>a</sup> So the first quarto. The later copies have *coying*.

<sup>16</sup> The folio has :—“ Lady, by yonder moon I vow.”

<sup>17</sup> This image struck Pope :—

“ The moonbeam trembling falls,  
And tips with silver all the walls.”—*Imit. of Horace.*

*Jul.* O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon  
That monthly changes in her circled orb,  
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

*Rom.* What shall I swear by?

*Jul.* Do not swear at all;  
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,  
Which is the god of my idolatry,  
And I'll believe thee.

*Rom.* If my heart's dear love—

*Jul.* Well, do not swear: although I joy in thee,  
I have no joy of this contráct to-night:  
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden;  
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,  
Ere one can say, It lightens<sup>18</sup>. Sweet, good night!  
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,  
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.  
Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest  
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!

*Rom.* O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

*Jul.* What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

*Rom.* The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for  
mine.

*Jul.* I gave thee mine before thou didst request it:  
And yet I would it were to give again.

*Rom.* Would'st thou withdraw it? for what pur-  
pose, love?

*Jul.* But to be frank, and give it thee again.  
And yet I wish but for the thing I have:

And in the celebrated simile at the end of the eighth book of  
the Iliad:—

“And *tips with silver* every mountain's head.”

<sup>18</sup> So in *The Miracles of Moses*, by Drayton, 1604:—

“Lightning ceaselessly to burn,

Swifter than thought from place to place to pass,

And being gone, doth suddenly return

Ere you could say precisely what it was.”

The same thought occurs in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

All the intermediate lines from “*Sweet, good night!*” to “*Stay  
but a little,*” &c. were added after the first impression in 1597

My bounty is as boundless as the sea,  
 My love as deep; the more I give to thee,  
 The more I have, for both are infinite.

[Nurse calls within.

I hear some noise within; Dear love, adieu!—  
 Anon, good nurse!—Sweet Montague, be true.  
 Stay but a little, I will come again. [Exit.

*Rom.* O blessed, blessed night! I am afeard,  
 Being in night, all this is but a dream,  
 Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

*Re-enter JULIET, above.*

*Jul.* Three words, dear Romeo, and good night,  
 indeed.

If that thy bent of love be honourable<sup>19</sup>,  
 Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,  
 By one that I'll procure to come to thee,  
 Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite;  
 And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,  
 And follow thee my lord throughout the world:

*Nurse.* [Within.] Madam.

*Jul.* I come anon.—But if thou mean'st not well,  
 I do beseech thee,—

*Nurse.* [Within.] Madam.

*Jul.* By and by; I come:—  
 To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief:  
 To-morrow will I send.

<sup>19</sup> In Brooke's Tragical History of Romeus and Juliet she uses nearly the same expressions:—

“If your thought be chaste, and have on virtue ground,  
 If wedlock be the end and mark, which your desire hath found,  
 Obedience set aside, unto my parents due,  
 The quarrel eke that long ago between our households grew,  
 Both me and mine I will all whole to you betake,  
 And following you whereso you go, my father's house forsake:  
 But if by wanton love and by unlawful suit  
 You think in ripest years to pluck my maidenhood's dainty fruit  
 You are beguil'd, and now your Juliet you beseeks  
 To cease your suit, and suffer her to live among her likes.”



*Rom.* So thrive my soul,—

*Jul.* A thousand times good night! [*Exit.*]

*Rom.* A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.—  
Love goes toward love, as school-boys from their books;  
But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.  
[*Retiring slowly.*]

*Re-enter JULIET, above.*

*Jul.* Hist! Romeo, hist! O, for a falconer's voice,  
To lure this tassel-gentle<sup>20</sup> back again!  
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;  
Else would I tear the cave<sup>21</sup> where echo lies,  
And make her airy voice<sup>22</sup> more hoarse than mine  
With repetition of my Romeo's name.

*Rom.* It is my soul, that calls upon my name;  
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,  
Like softest musick to attending ears!

*Jul.* Romeo!

*Rom.* My sweet<sup>23</sup>!

*Jul.* At what o'clock to-morrow  
Shall I send to thee?

<sup>20</sup> The *tassel*, or *tiercel* (for so it should be spelt), is the male of the *goshawk*, and is said to be so called because it is a *tierce* or *third* less than the female. This is equally true of all birds of prey. This species of hawk had the epithet of *gentle* annexed to it, from the ease with which it was tamed, and its attachment to man. Tardif, in his book of Falconry, says that the tiercel has its name from being one of three birds usually found in the aerie of a falcon, two of which are females, and the *third* a male; hence called *tiercelet*, or the *third*. According to the old books of sport, the falcon *gentle* and tiercel *gentle* are birds for a prince.

<sup>21</sup> This strong expression is more suitably employed by Milton:—"A shout that *tore* hell's *concave*."

<sup>22</sup> Thus the quarto, 1597. The later copies, "*her airy tongue*." The folio and some of the later quartos omit the word *mine* at the end of this line, and *name* at the end of the next.

<sup>23</sup> The quarto of 1597 puts the cold, distant, and formal appellation *Madam* into the mouth of Romeo. The two subsequent quartos and the folio have "*my niece*," which is a palpable corruption; but it is difficult to say what word was intended. "*My sweet*" is the reading of the second folio. The undated quarto and that of 1637 have "*My Deere*."

*Rom.* At the hour of nine.

*Jul.* I will not fail; 'tis twenty years till then.  
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

*Rom.* Let me stand here till thou remember it.

*Jul.* I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,  
Rememb'ring how I love thy company.

*Rom.* And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,  
Forgetting any other home but this.

*Jul.* 'Tis almost morning, I would have thee gone;  
And yet no further than a wanton's bird;  
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,  
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,  
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,  
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

*Rom.* I would I were thy bird.

*Jul.* Sweet, so would I;  
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.  
Good night, good night<sup>a</sup>! parting is such sweet sorrow,  
That I shall say—good night, till it be morrow. [*Exit.*]

*Rom.* Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy  
breast!  
'Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!  
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell;  
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [*Exit.*]

### SCENE III. Friar Laurence's Cell.

*Enter* FRIAR LAURENCE, *with a Basket.*

*Fri.* The gray-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning  
night<sup>1</sup>,  
Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of light;

<sup>a</sup> Thus the 4to 1597 in most of the other old copies the remainder of this speech is given to Romeo, and the next speech to Juliet, but certainly with much less propriety.

<sup>1</sup> In the folio and the later quartos, except that of 1637, these four lines are printed twice over, and given once to Romeo and once to the Friar.

And flecked<sup>2</sup> darkness like a drunkard reels  
 From forth day's path-way, made by Titan's wheels<sup>3</sup> :  
 Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye,  
 The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,  
 I must up-fill this osier cage of ours,  
 With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers<sup>4</sup>,  
 The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb<sup>5</sup> ;  
 What is her burying grave, that is her womb :  
 And from her womb children of divers kind  
 We sucking on her natural bosom find ;  
 Many for many virtues excellent,  
 None but for some, and yet all different.  
 O ! mickle is the powerful grace<sup>6</sup>, that lies

<sup>2</sup> *Flecked* is spotted, dappled, streaked, or variegated. Lord Surrey uses the word in his translation of the fourth Æneid :—

“ Her quivering cheekes *flecked* with deadly stain.”

So in the old play of *The Four Prentices* :—

“ We'll *fleck* our white steeds in your Christian blood.”

<sup>3</sup> This is the reading of the second folio ; but the four first lines are made part of Romeo's concluding speech. In the first folio the lines are printed with some slight variation twice over. The quarto of 1597 reads :—

“ From forth day's path *and* Titan's *fiery* wheels.”

The quarto of 1599 and the folio have “ *burning* wheels.”

<sup>4</sup> So Drayton, in the eighteenth Song of his *Polyolbion*, speaking of a hermit :—

“ His happy time he spends the works of God to see,  
 In those so sundry herbs which there in plenty grow,  
 Whose sundry strange effects he only seeks to know.  
 And in a little *maund*, being made of *oziers* small,  
 Which serveth him to do full many a thing withal,  
 He very choicely sorts his simples got abroad.”

Shakespeare has very artificially prepared us for the part Friar Laurence is afterwards to sustain. Having thus early discovered him to be a chemist, we are not surprised when we find him furnishing the draught which produces the catastrophe of the piece. The passage was, however, suggested by Arthur Brooke's poem.

<sup>5</sup> “ *Omniparens, eadem rerum commune sepulchrum.*”

*Lucretius.*

“ The womb of nature, and perhaps her grave.” *Milton.*

“ Time's the king of men,

For he's their parent, and he is their grave.” *Pericles.*

<sup>6</sup> i. e. *efficacious virtue.*

In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities :  
 For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,  
 But to the earth some special good doth give ;  
 Nor aught so good, but, strain'd from that fair use,  
 Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse :  
 Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied ;  
 And vice sometime's by action dignified.  
 Within the infant rind of this small<sup>7</sup> flower  
 Poison hath residence, and med'cine power :  
 For this, being smelt, with that part<sup>8</sup> cheers each  
     part ;  
 Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.  
 Two such opposed kings<sup>9</sup> encamp them still  
 In man as well as herbs, Grace, and rude Will ;  
 And, where the worser is predominant,  
 Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

*Enter ROMEO.*

*Rom.* Good morrow, father !

*Fri.*

*Benedicite !*

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me ?—  
 Young son, it argues a distemper'd head,  
 So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed :  
 Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,  
 And where care lodges, sleep will never lie ;  
 But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain

<sup>7</sup> So the first quarto. The other copies have "*weak flower.*"

<sup>8</sup> i. e. *with its odour.* Not, as Malone says, "with the olfactory nerves, the part that smells."

<sup>9</sup> All the old copies have "*Kings,*" except the first quarto, which has "*foes.*" So in Shakespeare's *Lover's Complaint* :—

"Terror and dear modesty

*Encamp'd in hearts, but fighting outwardly.*"

Our poet has more than once alluded to these contending powers in the human breast. So in *Othello* :—

"Yea, curse his *better angel* from his side."

See also his one hundred and forty-fourth Sonnet.

Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign :  
 Therefore thy earliness doth me assure,  
 Thou art uprou'd by some distemp'ature ;  
 Or if not so, then here I hit it right—  
 Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

*Rom.* That last is true, the sweeter rest was mine.

*Fri.* God pardon sin ! wast thou with Rosaline ?

*Rom.* With Rosaline, my ghostly father ? no ;  
 I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

*Fri.* That's my good son : But where hast thou been  
 then ?

*Rom.* I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.  
 I have been feasting with mine enemy ;  
 Where on a sudden, one hath wounded me,  
 That's by me wounded ; both our remedies  
 Within thy help and holy physick lies<sup>10</sup> :  
 I bear no hatred, blessed man ; for, lo,  
 My intercession likewise steads my foe.

*Fri.* Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift ;  
 Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

*Rom.* Then plainly know, my heart's dear love is  
 set

On the fair daughter of rich Capulet :

<sup>10</sup> This apparent false concord occurs in many places, not only of Shakespeare, but of all old English writers. It is sufficient to observe that in the Anglo Saxon and very old English the third person plural of the present tense ends in *eth*, and often familiarly in *es*, as might be exemplified from Chaucer and others. This idiom was not worn out in Shakespeare's time, who must not therefore be tried by rules which were invented after his time. We have the same grammatical construction in *Cymbeline* :—

“ His steeds to water at those springs  
 On chalic'd flowers that *lies*.”

And in *Venus and Adonis* :—

“ She lifts the coffer lids that close his eyes  
 Where lo ! *two lamps* burnt out in darkness *lies*.”

Again in a former scene of this play :—

“ And bakes the elf locks in foul sluttish *hairs*,  
 Which once untangled much misfortune *bodes*.”

As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine ;  
 And all combin'd, save what thou must combine  
 By holy marriage. When, and where, and how,  
 We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,  
 I'll tell thee as we pass ; but this I pray,  
 That thou consent to marry us to-day.

*Fri.* Holy Saint Francis ! what a change is here !  
 Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,  
 So soon forsaken ? young men's love then lies  
 Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.

*Jesu Maria !* what a deal of brine  
 Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline !  
 How much salt water thrown away in waste,  
 To season love, that of it doth not taste !  
 The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,  
 Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears ;  
 Lo ! here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit  
 Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet :  
 If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,  
 Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline ;  
 And art thou chang'd ? pronounce this sentence then—  
 Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

*Rom.* Thou chid'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

*Fri.* For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

*Rom.* And bad'st me bury love.

*Fri.* Not in a grave,  
 To lay one in, another out to have.

*Rom.* I pray thee, chide not : she, whom I love  
 now<sup>11</sup>,

Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow ;  
 The other did not so.

*Fri.* O ! she knew well ;  
 Thy love did read by rote, and could not spell.  
 But come, young waverer, come go with me,  
 In one respect I'll thy assistant be ;

<sup>11</sup> Thus the quarto, 1597 ; the other old copies, "her I love now."

For this alliance may so happy prove,  
To turn your households' rancour to pure love.

*Rom.* O, let us hence; I stand on sudden haste<sup>12</sup>.

*Fri.* Wisely, and slow; they stumble that run fast.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.    *A Street.*

*Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.*

*Mer.* Where the devil should this Romeo be?  
Came he not home to-night?

*Ben.* Not to his father's; I spoke with his man.

*Mer.* Ah, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that  
Rosaline,

Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

*Ben.* Tybalt, the kinsman of old Capulet,  
Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

*Mer.* A challenge, on my life.

*Ben.* Romeo will answer it.

*Mer.* Any man, that can write, may answer a letter.

*Ben.* Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how  
he dares, being dared.

*Mer.* Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead! stabbed  
with a white wench's black eye; shot thorough the  
ear with a love-song; the very pin of his heart cleft  
with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft<sup>1</sup>: And is he a man  
to encounter Tybalt?

*Ben.* Why, what is Tybalt?

<sup>12</sup> i. e. *it is incumbent upon me, or it is of importance to me to use extreme haste.* So in King Richard III.—

“*It stands me much upon*

To stop all hopes,” &c.

<sup>1</sup> The allusion is to archery. The clout, or white mark at which the arrows were directed, was fastened by a black *pin*, placed in the centre of it. To hit this was the highest ambition of every marksman. So in *No Wit like a Woman's*, a comedy by Middleton, 1657:—

“They have shot two arrows without heads,

*Mer.* More than prince of cats<sup>2</sup>, I can tell you. O! he is the courageous captain of compliments. He fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests me his minim rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom: the very butcher of a silk button<sup>3</sup>, a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house,—of the first and second cause<sup>4</sup>: Ah, the immortal passado! the punto reverso! the hay<sup>5</sup>!

*Ben.* The what?

*Mer.* The pox of such antick, lispings, affecting fantasticoes; these new tuners of accents! *By Jesu, a very good blade! a very tall man! a very good whore!* Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire<sup>6</sup>, that

They cannot stick i' the but yet: hold out, knight,  
And I'll cleave the black pin i' the midst of the white."

So in Marlowe's Tamburbaine:—

"For kings are clouts that every man shoots at,  
Our crown the pin that thousands seek to cleave."

See Love's Labour's Lost, Act iv. Sc. 3, note 43.

<sup>2</sup> *Tybolt* or *Tybert*, was the name given to a cat in the old story book of Reynard the Fox. So in Decker's Satiromastix:—

"Tho' you were *Tybert*, prince of long tailed cats."

Again, in Have With You to Saffron Walden, by Nash:—"Not *Tibalt* prince of cats." The words "I can tell you" are from the quarto, 1597.

<sup>3</sup> So in The Return from Parnassus:—

"Strikes his poinado at a *button's* breadth."

The phrase also occurs in the Fantaisies de Bruscombale, 1612, p. 181:—"Un coup de mousquet sans fourchette dans le sixième bouton."

<sup>4</sup> i. e. a gentleman of the first rank, or highest eminence, among these duellists; and one who understands the whole science of quarrelling, and will tell you of the first cause, and the second cause for which a man is to fight. The clown, in As You Like It, talks of the seventh cause in the same sense.

<sup>5</sup> All the terms of the fencing school were originally Italian: the rapier, or small thrusting sword, being first used in Italy. The hay is the word *hai*, you have it, used when a thrust reaches the antagonist. Our fencers on the same occasion cry out *ha!*.

<sup>6</sup> Humorously apostrophising his ancestors, whose sober times were unacquainted with the fopperies here complained of.



we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these *pardonnez-moys*, who stand so much on the new form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench<sup>7</sup>? O, their *bons*, their *bons*!

*Enter* ROMEO.

*Ben.* Here comes Romeo, here comès Romeo.

*Mer.* Without his roe, like a dried herring: O, flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified! Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flow'd in: Laura, to his lady, was but a kitchen wench; marry, she had a better love to be-rhyme her: Dido, a dowdy; Cleopatra, a gipsy; Helen and Hero, hildings and harlots; Thisbé, a grey eye or so<sup>8</sup>, but not to the purpose. Signior Romeo, *bon jour*! there's a French salutation to your French slop<sup>9</sup>. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

*Rom.* Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?

*Mer.* The slip, sir, the slip<sup>10</sup>: Can you not conceive?

*Rom.* Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great; and, in such a case as mine, a man may strain courtesy.

*Mer.* That's as much as to say, such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

<sup>7</sup> During the ridiculous fashion which prevailed of great "boulstered breeches" (See Strutt's Manners and Customs, vol. iii. p. 86; Strype's Annals, vol. i. p. 78, Appendix; vol. ii. Appendix, note 17), it is said that it was necessary to cut away hollow places in the benches of the House of Commons, to make room for those monstrous protuberances, without which those *who stood on the new FORM* could not sit at ease on the old bench.

<sup>8</sup> A *grey eye* appears to have meant what we now call a *blue eye*. He means to admit that Thisbe had a tolerably fine eye.

<sup>9</sup> The *slop* was a kind of wide *kneed breeches*, or rather *trousers*. See Love's Labour's Lost, Act iv. Sc. 3, note 6.

<sup>10</sup> See vol. vii. p. 199, note 4.

*Rom.* Meaning, to court'sy.

*Mer.* Thou hast most kindly hit it.

*Rom.* A most courteous exposition.

*Mer.* Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

*Rom.* Pink for flower.

*Mer.* Right.

*Rom.* Why, then is my pump well flowered<sup>11</sup>.

*Mer.* Well said<sup>12</sup>. Follow me this jest now, till thou hast worn out thy pump; that, when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing, solely singular.

*Rom.* O single-soled<sup>13</sup> jest! solely singular for the singleness.

*Mer.* Come between us, good Benvolio; my wits fail<sup>a</sup>.

*Rom.* Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; or I'll cry a match.

*Mer.* Nay, if thy wits run the wild-goose chase<sup>14</sup>,

<sup>11</sup> Here is a vein of wit too thin to be easily found. The fundamental idea is, that Romeo wore *pinked* pumps, that is, punched with holes in figures. It was the custom to wear ribbons in the shoes formed in the shape of roses or other flowers. Thus in *The Masque of Gray's Inn, 1614*:—"Every masker's *pump* was fastened with a *flower* suitable to his cap."

<sup>12</sup> The copies after the quarto, 1597, have, "Sure wit."

<sup>13</sup> Malone and Steevens have made strange work with their conjectures of the meaning of *single-soled*. I have shown (vol. v. p. 159, note 21) that *single* meant *simple, silly*. *Single soled* had also the same meaning:—"He is a good *senyill soule*, and can do no harm; est doli nescius non simplex."—*Horman's Vulgaria*. So in Hall's Second Satire of his second book:—

"And scorne contempt it selfe that doth excite

Each *single so'd* squire to set you at so light."

The "*single soule kings*," in the passage from Holinshed, the "*single sole fidler*," and the "*single soal'd gentlewoman*," in the other extracts, were all *simple* persons. It sometimes was synonymous with *THREADBARE, coarse spun*, and this is its meaning here. The worthy Cotgrave explains "*Monsieur de trois au boisseau et de trois à un épée*: a threadbare, coarse-spun, *single-soled gentleman*."

<sup>a</sup> Thus the quarto 1597. The other copies "my wits *faint*."

<sup>14</sup> One kind of horserace which resembled the flight of *wild*

I am done ; for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy wits, than, I am sure, I have in my whole five : Was I with you there for the goose ?

*Rom.* Thou wast never with me for any thing, when thou wast not there for the goose.

*Mer.* I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

*Rom.* Nay, good goose, bite not.

*Mer.* Thy wit is a very bitter sweetening<sup>15</sup> ; it is a most sharp sauce.

*Rom.* And is it not well served in to a sweet goose ?

*Mer.* O, here's a wit of cheverel<sup>16</sup>, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad !

*Rom.* I stretch it out for that word—broad : which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose.

*Mer.* Why, is not this better now than groaning for love ? now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo ; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature : for this drivelling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole<sup>17</sup>.

*Ben.* Stop there, stop there.

*Mer.* Thou desirest me stop in my tale against the hair<sup>18</sup>.

*geese*, was formerly known by this name. Two horses were started together, and whichever rider could get the lead, the other rider was obliged to follow him wherever he chose to go. This explains the pleasantries kept up here. "My wit fails," says Mercutio. Romeo exclaims briskly, "Switch and spurs, switch and spurs." To which Mercutio rejoins, "Nay, if thy wits run the *wild goose chase*," &c. Burton mentions this sport, *Anat. of Melan.* p. 266, edit. 1632. See also the article *Chace* in Chambers's Dictionary.

<sup>15</sup> The allusion is to an apple of that name.

<sup>16</sup> i. e. *soft stretching leather, kid leather*. It was so named from *chevreuil*, Fr. properly signifying a *roe-buck*. See vol. vii. p. 54, note 5. So Drayton, in *The Owle*, p. 409, ed. 1619 :—

"He had a tongue for every language fit,  
A *cheverell* conscience and a searching wit."

<sup>17</sup> See vol. iii. p. 323, note 5.

<sup>18</sup> This phrase, which is of French extraction, *à contre poil*,

*Ben.* Thou would'st else have made thy tale large.

*Mer.* O, thou art deceiv'd, I would have made it short: for I was come to the whole depth of my tale: and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.

*Rom.* Here's goodly geer!

*Enter Nurse and PETER.*

*Mer.* A sail, a sail!

*Ben.* Two, two; a shirt, and a smock.

*Nurse.* Peter<sup>19</sup>, pry'thee give me my fan.

*Mer.* 'Pry'thee do, good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer of the two.

*Nurse.* God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

*Mer.* God ye good den<sup>20</sup>, fair gentlewoman.

*Nurse.* Is it good den?

*Mer.* 'Tis no less, I tell you; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick<sup>21</sup> of noon.

*Nurse.* Out upon you! what a man are you?

*Rom.* One, gentlewoman, that God hath made himself to mar.

occurs again in *Troilus and Cressida*, vol. vii. p. 324:—"Merry against the hair."

<sup>19</sup> The reading of the undated quarto is here followed. The business of Peter carrying the *Nurse's fan*, seems ridiculous to modern manners, but it was formerly the practice. In *The Serving Man's Comfort*, 1598, we are informed "The mistresse must have one to carry her cloake and hood, another her *fanne*." So in *Love's Labour's Lost*:—"To see him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan."

<sup>20</sup> i. e. *God give you a good even*. The first of these contractions is common in our old dramas. So in *Brome's Northern Lass*:—"God you good even, sir." Yet it may be doubted whether *good den* is not rather *good day* or *good morning*, from the A. S. *daegian* or *daegen*, in O. E. *dayen*, easily contracted into *den*.

<sup>21</sup> So in *King Henry VI. Part III. Act i. Sc. 4*:—

"And made an evening at the noontide *prick*."

i. e. *the point of noon*. A *prick* is a *point*, a note of distinction in writing, a stop. So in *Bright's Character, or Arte of Short Writing*, 1588:—"If the worde end in ed, as I loved, then make a *pricke* in the character of the word on the left side."

*Nurse.* By my troth, it is well said :—For himself to mar, quoth'a !—Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo ?

*Rom.* I can tell you ; but young Romeo will be older when you have found him, than he was when you sought him : I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

*Nurse.* You say well.

*Mer.* Yea ! is the worst well ? very well took, i' faith ; wisely, wisely.

*Nurse.* If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.

*Ben.* She will indite him to some supper.

*Mer.* A bawd, a bawd, a bawd ! So ho !

*Rom.* What hast thou found ?

*Mer.* No hare, sir ; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent.

*An old hare hoar<sup>22</sup>,  
And an old hare hoar,  
Is very good meat in lent :  
But a hare that is hoar,  
Is too much for a score,  
When it hoars ere it be spent.—*

Romeo, will you come to your father's ? we'll to dinner thither.

*Rom.* I will follow you.

*Mer.* Farewell, ancient lady ; farewell, lady, lady, lady<sup>23</sup>. [*Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.*]

*Nurse.* Marry, farewell !—I pray you, sir, what

<sup>22</sup> *Hoar*, or *hoary*, is often used for *mouldy*, as things grow white from moulding. These lines seem to have been part of an old song. In the quarto, 1597, we have this stage-direction :—  
“*He walks by them [i. e. the Nurse and Peter] and sings.*”

<sup>23</sup> The burthen of an old song. See *Twelfth Night*, Act ii. Sc. 3.

saucy merchant<sup>24</sup> was this, that was so full of his ropery<sup>25</sup>?

*Rom.* A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk; and will speak more in a minute, than he will stand to in a month.

*Nurse.* An 'a speak any thing against me, I'll take him down an 'a were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirtgills; I am none of his skaines-mates<sup>26</sup>:—And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure?

*Pet.* I saw no man use you at his pleasure; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you: I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

*Nurse.* Now, afore God, I am so vex'd, that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave!—'Pray you, sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out; what she bade me say, I will keep to myself: but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say: for the gentlewoman is young; and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly, it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak<sup>27</sup> dealing.

*Rom.* Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee,—

<sup>24</sup> See vol. vi. p. 41, note 6.

<sup>25</sup> *Ropery* was anciently used in the same sense as *roguery* is now. So in *The Three Ladies of London*, 1584:—

“Thou art very pleasant, and full of thy *roperye*.”

See vol. iii. p. 145, note 10.

<sup>26</sup> What the old nurse means by *skaines-mates* is yet to seek. Malone's interpretation of *swaggering companions* from *skene* a short knife or dagger, will not do, for it is evident that the old lady refers to the supposed female associates of Mercutio.

<sup>27</sup> The nurse is not very precise in her language, she confounds *weak* and *wicked*.

*Nurse.* Good heart ! and, i' faith, I will tell her as much : Lord, lord ! she will be a joyful woman.

*Rom.* What wilt thou tell her, nurse ? thou dost not mark me.

*Nurse.* I will tell her, sir, that you do protest ; which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

*Rom.* Bid her devise some means to come to shrift  
This afternoon ;

And there she shall at friar Laurence' cell  
Be shriv'd, and married. Here is for thy pains.

*Nurse.* No, truly, sir ; not a penny.

*Rom.* Go to ; I say, you shall.

*Nurse.* This afternoon, sir ? well, she shall be there.

*Rom.* And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey-wall :  
Within this hour my man shall be with thee ;

And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair<sup>28</sup>,

Which to the high top-gallant of my joy

Must be my convoy in the secret night.

Farewell ! Be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains.

Farewell ! Commend me to thy mistress.

*Nurse.* Now God in heaven bless thee<sup>29</sup> ! Hark  
you, sir.

*Rom.* What say'st thou, my dear nurse ?

*Nurse.* Is your man secret ? Did you ne'er hear say,  
Two may keep counsel, putting one away ?

*Rom.* I warrant thee ; my man's as true as steel.

*Nurse.* Well, sir ; my mistress is the sweetest lady,  
—lord, lord !—when 'twas a little prating thing<sup>30</sup>,—  
O !—there's a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would

<sup>28</sup> i. e. like stairs of rope in the tackle of a ship. A stair, for a flight of stairs, is still the language of Scotland, and was once common to both kingdoms.

<sup>29</sup> From hence to Romeo's speech, "Commend me to thy lady," is not in the first quarto.

<sup>30</sup> So in Arthur Brooke's poem :—

"A pretty babe, quoth she, it was, when it was young,  
Lord, how it could full prettily have prated with its tongue."

fain lay knife aboard : but she, good soul, had as lieve see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes, and tell her that Paris is the properer man : but, I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the varsal world. Doth not Rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter<sup>31</sup> ?

*Rom.* Ay, nurse ; What of that ? both with an R.

*Nurse.* Ah, mocker ! that's the dog's name. R is for the dog<sup>32</sup>. I know it begins with some other letter : and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and Rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

*Rom.* Commend me to thy lady. [Exit.

*Nurse.* Ay, a thousand times.—Peter !

*Pet.* Anon.

*Nurse.* Peter, take my fan, and go before.

[Exeunt.

<sup>31</sup> The Nurse is represented as a prating, silly creature ; she says that she will tell Romeo a good joke about his mistress, and asks him whether rosemary and Romeo do not both begin with a letter : he says, Yes, an R. She, whom we must suppose could not read, thought he mocked her, and says, No, sure I know better, R is the dog's name, your's begins with some other letter. This is natural enough, and in character. R put her in mind of that sound which dogs make when they snarl. Ben Jonson, in his English Grammar, says, "*R is the dog's letter, and hirreth in the sound.*"

"Irritata canis quod R. R. quam plurima dicat."—*Lucil.*  
Nashe, in *Summer's Last Will and Testament*, 1600, speaking of dogs, says :—

"They *arre* and *barke* at night against the moone."

And Barclay, in his *Ship of Fooles*, pleasantly exemplifies it :—

"This man malicious which troubled is with wrath,

Nought els soundeth but the hoorse letter *R*,

Though all be well, yet he none aunswere hath,

Save the dogges letter glowing with *nar*, *nar*."

Erasmus, in explaining the adage "*Canina facundia*," says, "*R, litera quæ in rixando prima est, canina vocatur.*" It is used more than once in this sense in Rabelais. And in the *Alchemist*, Subtle says, in making out Abel Drugger's name, "And right anenst him a dog snarling *er*."

<sup>32</sup> The old copies have "R is for the *no*."



## SCENE V. Capulet's Garden.

*Enter JULIET.*

*Jul.* The clock struck nine, when I did send the nurse ;

In half an hour she promis'd to return.

Perchance, she cannot meet him : that's not so.

O, she is lame ! love's heralds should be thoughts<sup>1</sup>,

Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,

Driving back shadows over low'ring hills :

Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,

And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.

Now is the sun upon the highmost hill

Of this day's journey ; and from nine till twelve

Is three long hours,—yet she is not come.

Had she affections, and warm youthful blood,

She'd be as swift in motion as a ball ;

My words would bandy her to my sweet love,

And his to me :

But old folks, many feign as they were dead ;

Unwieldy, slow, heavy, and pale as lead.

*Enter Nurse and PETER.*

O God, she comes !—O honey nurse, what news ?

<sup>1</sup> The speech is thus continued in the quarto, 1597 :—

“ Should be thoughts,

And run more swift than hasty powder fir'd

Doth hurry from the fearful cannon's mouth.

Oh, now she comes ! Tell me, gentle nurse,

What says my love ? ”

The greatest part of this scene is likewise added since that edition. Shakespeare, however, seems to have thought one of the ideas comprised in the foregoing quotation from the earliest quarto too valuable to be lost. He has, therefore, inserted it in Romeo's first speech to the Apothecary, in Act v.—

“ As violently as hasty powder fir'd

Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.”

Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

*Nurse.* Peter, stay at the gate. [Exit PETER.]

*Jul.* Now, good sweet nurse,—O lord! why look'st thou sad?

Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;  
If good, thou sham'st the musick of sweet news  
By playing it to me with so sour a face.

*Nurse.* I am aweary, give me leave awhile;—  
Fye, how my bones ake! What a jaunt have I had!

*Jul.* I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy news:  
Nay, come, I pray thee, speak; good, good nurse,  
speak.

*Nurse.* Jesu, what haste? can you not stay awhile?  
Do you not see, that I am out of breath?

*Jul.* How art thou out of breath, when thou hast  
breath

To say to me that thou art out of breath?  
The excuse, that thou dost make in this delay,  
Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.  
Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that;  
Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance:  
Let me be satisfied,—Is't good or bad?

*Nurse.* Well, you have made a simple choice; you  
know not how to choose a man: Romeo! no, not he;  
though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg  
excels all men's; and for a hand, and a foot, and a  
body, though they be not to be talked on, yet they are  
past compare. He is not the flower of courtesy,—but,  
I'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb.—Go thy ways,  
wench; serve God.—What, have you dined at home?

*Jul.* No, no: But all this did I know before;  
What says he of our marriage? what of that?

*Nurse.* Lord, how my head akes! what a head  
have I?

It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.

My back! o' t'other side, O, my back, my back!

Beshrew your heart, for sending me about,  
To catch my death with jaunting up and down !

*Jul.* I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well :  
Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love ?

*Nurse.* Your love says like an honest gentleman,  
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,  
And, I warrant, a virtuous.—Where is your mother ?

*Jul.* Where is my mother ? why, she is within ;  
Where should she be ? How oddly thou repliest ?

*Your love says like an honest gentleman,—  
Where is your mother ?*

*Nurse.* O, God's lady dear !  
Are you so hot ? Marry, come up, I trow ;  
Is this the poultice for my aking bones ?  
Henceforward do your messages yourself.

*Jul.* Here's such a coil,—come, what says Romeo<sup>2</sup> ?

*Nurse.* Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day ?

*Jul.* I have.

*Nurse.* Then hie you hence to friar Laurence' cell,  
There stays a husband to make you a wife :  
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,  
They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.  
Hie you to church ; I must another way,  
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love  
Must climb a bird's nest soon, when it is dark :  
I am the drudge, and toil in your delight ;  
But you shall bear the burden soon at night.  
Go, I'll to dinner ; hie you to the cell.

*Jul.* Hie to high fortune !—honest nurse, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>2</sup> The quarto, 1597, instead of this brief question, has :—

“Nay stay, sweet nurse, I do intreat thee, now,  
What says my love, my lord, sweet Romeo ?”

## SCENE VI. Friar Laurence's Cell.

*Enter* FRIAR LAURENCE *and* ROMEO<sup>1</sup>.

*Fri.* So smile the heavens upon this holy act,  
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!

*Rom.* Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,  
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy  
That one short minute gives me in her sight:  
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,  
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,  
It is enough I may but call her mine.

*Fri.* These violent delights have violent ends<sup>2</sup>,  
And in their triumph die! like fire and powder,  
Which, as they kiss, consume: The sweetest honey  
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,  
And in the taste confounds the appetite  
Therefore, love moderately: long love doth so;  
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

*Enter* JULIET<sup>3</sup>.

Here comes the lady:—O, so light a foot  
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint<sup>4</sup>:

<sup>1</sup> This scene is exhibited in quite another form in the first quarto, 1597. But it is hardly worth exhibiting here in its original state. The reader may see it in the variorum Shakespeare, or in the play as published by Steevens among the twenty quartos.

<sup>2</sup> So in Shakespeare's Rape of Lucrece:—

“These violent vanities can never last.”

<sup>3</sup> In the first quarto the stage-direction is:—“Enter Juliet somewhat fast, and embraceth Romeo.”

<sup>4</sup> This passage originally stood thus:—

“Youth's love is quick, swifter than swiftest speed,  
See where she comes!—

So light a foot ne'er hurts the trodden flower;

Of love and joy, see, see, the sovereign power!”

“However the poet might think the alteration of this scene on the whole to be necessary, I am afraid,” says Steevens, “in re-

A lover may bestride the gossamers<sup>5</sup>  
That idle in the wanton summer air,  
And yet not fall; so light is vanity.

*Jul.* Good even to my ghostly confessor.

*Fri.* Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

*Jul.* As much to him, else are his thanks too much.

*Rom.* Ah, Juliet! if the measure of thy joy  
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more  
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath  
This neighbour air, and let rich musick's tongue  
Unfold the imagin'd happiness that both  
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

*Jul.* Conceit<sup>6</sup>, more rich in matter than in words,  
Braggs of his substance, not of ornament:  
They are but beggars that can count their worth<sup>7</sup>;  
But my true love is grown to such excess,  
I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth<sup>8</sup>.

*Fri.* Come, come with me, and we will make short  
work;

For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,  
Till holy church incorporate two in one. [*Exeunt.*]

spect of the passage before us, he has not been very successful. The violent hyperbole of *never wearing out the everlasting flint*, appears not only more reprehensible, but even less beautiful than the lines as they were originally written, where the lightness of Juliet's motion is accounted for from the cheerful effects the passion of love produced in her mind."

<sup>5</sup> See King Lear, Act iv. Sc. 6, note.

<sup>6</sup> *Conceit* here means *imagination*. Vide Hamlet, Act iii. Sc. 4, note; and vol. iii. p. 99, note 5.

<sup>7</sup> So in Antony and Cleopatra:—

"There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd."


<sup>8</sup> The later quartos read, "I cannot sum up sun of half my wealth; the folio, *some of half*." Steevens made the judicious transposition.

## ACT III.

SCENE I. *A public Place.*

*Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, Page, and Servants.*

*Benvolio.*

 PRAY thee, good Mercutio, let's retire ;  
The day is hot<sup>1</sup>, the Capulets abroad,  
And, if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl ;  
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

*Mer.* Thou art like one of those fellows, that when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his sword upon the table, and says, *God send me no need of thee !* and, by the operation of the second cup, draws it on the drawer, when, indeed, there is no need.

*Ben.* Am I like such a fellow ?

*Mer.* Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood as any in Italy ; and as soon moved to be moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

*Ben.* And what to ?

*Mer.* Nay, an there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. 'Thou ! why thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less, in his beard, than thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes : What eye, but such an eye, would spy out such a quarrel ? Thy head is as full of quarrels, as an egg is

<sup>1</sup> It is observed, that, in Italy, almost all assassinations are committed during the heat of summer. In Sir Thomas Smith's Commonwealth of England, 1583, b. ii. c. xix. p. 70, it is said : —“And commonly every yeere, or each second yeere, in the beginning of sommer or afterwards (*for in the warme time the people for the most part be more unruly*) even in the calme time of peace, the prince with his council chooseth out,” &c.

full of meat ; and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg, for quarrelling. Thou hast quarrelled with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his new shoes with old riband? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling!

*Ben.* An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

*Mer.* The fee simple? O simple<sup>2</sup>!

*Ben.* By my head, here come the Capulets.

*Enter TYBALT, and Others.*

*Mer.* By my heel, I care not.

*Tyb.* Follow me close, for I will speak to them.—  
Gentlemen, good den! a word with one of you.

*Mer.* And but one word with one of us? Couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.

*Tyb.* You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, if you will give me occasion.

*Mer.* Could you not take some occasion without giving?

*Tyb.* Mercutio, thou consortest with Romeo,—

*Mer.* Consort<sup>3</sup>! what, dost thou make us minstrels? an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords: here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall make you dance. 'Zounds, consort!

*Ben.* We talk here in the public haunt of men:  
Either withdraw into some private place,

<sup>2</sup> This and the foregoing speech have been added since the first quarto, with some few circumstances in the rest of the scene, as well as in the ensuing one.

<sup>3</sup> To comprehend Mercutio's captious indignation, it should be remembered that a *consort* was the old term for a *set* or *company of musicians*. See *Two Gent. of Verona*, Act iii. Sc. 2, note 8.

Or reason coldly of your grievances,  
Or else depart ; here all eyes gaze on us.

*Mer.* Men's eyes were made to look, and let them  
gaze ;  
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

*Enter* ROMEO.

*Tyb.* Well, peace be with you, sir ! here comes my  
man.

*Mer.* But I'll be hanged, sir, if he wear your livery :  
Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower ;  
Your worship, in that sense, may call him—man.

*Tyb.* Romeo, the hate I bear thee, can afford  
No better term than this,—Thou art a villain.

*Rom.* Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee  
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage  
To such a greeting :—Villain am I none ;  
Therefore farewell ; I see, thou know'st me not.

*Tyb.* Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries  
That thou hast done me ; therefore turn, and draw.

*Rom.* I do protest, I never injured thee ;  
But love thee better than thou canst devise,  
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love :  
And so, good Capulet, which name I tender  
As dearly as mine own, be satisfied.

*Mer.* O calm, dishonourable, vile submission !  
*A la stoccata*<sup>4</sup> carries it away. [*Draws.*]  
Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk ?

*Tyb.* What would'st thou have with me ?

*Mer.* Good king of cats<sup>5</sup>, nothing, but one of your  
nine lives ; that I mean to make bold withal, and, as  
you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the  
eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pitcher<sup>6</sup>

<sup>4</sup> The Italian term for a *thrust* or *stab with a rapier*.

<sup>5</sup> Alluding to his name. See Act ii. Sc. 4, note 2.

<sup>6</sup> The old copies have *Pilcher* (a word occurring nowhere else) the first has *scabbard*. There has been a vain attempt to



by the ears? make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

*Tyb.* I am for you.

[*Drawing.*

*Rom.* Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

*Mer.* Come, sir, your passado.

[*They fight.*

*Rom.* Draw, Benvolio:—Beat down their weapons  
Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage;

Tybalt,—Mercutio,—the prince expressly hath

Forbidden bandying in Verona streets.

Hold, Tybalt—good Mercutio—

[*Exeunt TYBALT and his Partizans.*

*Mer.* I am hurt;—

A plague o' both the houses!—I am sped:—

Is he gone, and hath nothing?

*Ben.*

What, art thou hurt?

*Mer.* Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis  
enough.—

Where is my page?—go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

[*Exit Page.*

*Rom.* Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

*Mer.* No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as  
a church door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve: ask for  
me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man.<sup>7</sup>  
I am peppered, I warrant, for this world:—A plague

make *Pilcher* signify a leathern sheath, because a *Pilch* meant a leathern coat or pelt. It is quite evident that in this jocose bantering speech, Mercutio substitutes *Pitcher* for *Scabbard*. The poet was familiar with the proverb, "Pitchers have ears," of which he has twice availed himself. The *ears*, as every one knows, are the *handles* which have since been called the *lugs*: *pitcher* was suggested by the play upon the word *ears*, which is here used for *hilts* in the plural, according to the usage of the poet's time.

<sup>7</sup> After this the quarto, 1597, continues Mercutio's speech as follows:—

"A pox o' both your houses! I shall be fairly mounted upon four men's shoulders for your house of the Montagues and the Capulets: and then some peasantry rogue, some sexton, some base slave, shall write my epitaph, that Tybalt came and broke

o' both your houses!—Zounds! a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetick!—Why, the devil, came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

*Rom.* I thought all for the best.

*Mer.* Help me into some house, Benvolio, Or I shall faint.—A plague o' both your houses! They have made worm's meat of me: I have it, and soundly too:—Your houses!

[*Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.*]

*Rom.* This gentleman, the prince's near ally, My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt In my behalf; my reputation stain'd With Tybalt's slander, Tybalt, that an hour Hath been my kinsman<sup>a</sup>:—O sweet Juliet, Thy beauty hath made me effeminate, And in my temper soften'd valour's steel.

*Re-enter BENVOLIO.*

*Ben.* O Romeo, Romeo! brave Mercutio's dead; That gallant spirit hath aspir'd<sup>b</sup> the clouds, the prince's laws, and Mercutio was slain for the first and second cause. Where's the surgeon?

"*Boy.* He's come, sir.

"*Mer.* Now he'll keep a mumbling in my guts on the other side.—Come, Benvolio, lend me thy hand: A pox o' both your houses!"

As for the jest, "You shall find me a *grave* man," it was better in old language than it is at present; Lydgate says, in his *Elegy upon Chaucer*:—

"My master Chaucer now is *grave*."

In Sir Thomas Overbury's description of a Sexton, *Characters*, 1616, we have it again:—"At every church-style commonly there's an ale-house; where let him be found never so idle-pated, hee is still a *grave drunkard*."

<sup>a</sup> The 4to 1597 has *kinsman* but omits *sweet*. The other copies have *cousin*.

<sup>b</sup> We never use the verb *aspire*, at present, without some particle, as *to* and *after*. There are numerous ancient examples of a similar use of it with that in the text: thus Marlowe, in his

Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

*Rom.* This day's black fate on more days doth depend<sup>9</sup> ;

This but begins the woe, others must end.

*Re-enter TYBALT.*

*Ben.* Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

*Rom.* Alive ! in triumph<sup>10</sup> ! and Mercutio slain !  
 Away to heaven, respective lenity<sup>11</sup>,  
 And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct<sup>12</sup> now !—  
 Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again,  
 That late thou gav'st me ; for Mercutio's soul  
 Is but a little way above our heads,  
 Staying for thine to keep him company ;  
 Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.

*Tyb.* Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him  
 here,  
 Shalt with him hence.

*Rom.* This shall determine that.

[*They fight ; TYBALT falls.*

*Ben.* Romeo, away ! be gone !  
 The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain :  
 Stand not amaz'd :—the prince will doom thee death,  
 If thou art taken :—hence !—be gone !—away !

*Rom.* O ! I am fortune's fool<sup>13</sup> !

Tamburlaine :—

“ Until our bodies turn to elements,  
 And both our souls *aspire* celestial thrones.”

So in Chapman's version of the ninth Iliad :—

“ And *aspir'd* the gods eternal feats.”

<sup>9</sup> i. e. *this day's unhappy destiny hangs over the days yet to come. There will yet be more mischief.*

<sup>10</sup> The folio and later quartos read, “ He gone in triumph.”

<sup>11</sup> *Respective lenity* is *considerative gentleness.*

<sup>12</sup> *Conduct* for *conductor.*

<sup>13</sup> In the first quarto, “ O ! I am fortune's slave.” Shakespeare is very fond of alluding to the *mockery* of fortune. Thus we have in *Lear* :—“ I am the natural fool of fortune.” And in *Timon of Athens* :—“ Ye fools of fortune.” In *Julius Cæsar* the expression

*Ben.* Why dost thou stay? [*Exit* ROMEO.

*Enter* Citizens, &c.

1 *Cit.* Which way ran he that kill'd Mercutio?  
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?

*Ben.* There lies that Tybalt.

1 *Cit.* Up, sir, go with me;  
I charge thee in the prince's name obey.

*Enter* Prince, attended; MONTAGUE, CAPULET,  
*their Wives, and Others.*

*Prin.* Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

*Ben.* O noble prince! I can discover all  
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:  
There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,  
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

*La. Cap.* Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother's child!  
O Prince! O cousin! husband! O the blood is spill'd<sup>14</sup>  
Of my dear kinsman!—Prince, as thou art true<sup>15</sup>,  
For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.  
O cousin, cousin!

*Prin.* Benvolio, who began this bloody<sup>a</sup> fray?

*Ben.* Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did  
slay;  
Romeo that spoke him fair, bade him bethink  
How nice<sup>16</sup> the quarrel was, and urg'd withal

is, "He is but fortune's knave." Hamlet speaks of "the fools of nature." And in *Measure for Measure* we have "merely thou art death's fool." See *Pericles*, Act iii. Sc. 2, p. 188, note 7.

<sup>14</sup> The quarto, 1597, reads, "Unhappy sight! ah! the blood is spill'd."

<sup>15</sup> i. e. *as thou art just and upright*. So in *King Richard III.*—  
"And if King Edward be as *true* and just."

<sup>a</sup> The folios omit *bloody*, which is found in all the quartos except that of 1597.

<sup>16</sup> *Nice* here means *silly, trifling*. See vol. iii. p. 170, note 5. So in the last Act:—

"The letter was not *nice*, but full of charge  
Of dear import."

Your high displeasure. All this, uttered  
 With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,—  
 Could not take truce with the unruly spleen  
 Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts  
 With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast ;  
 Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,  
 And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats  
 Cold death aside, and with the other sends  
 It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity  
 Retorts it. Romeo he cries aloud,  
*Hold, friends! friends, part!* and, swifter than his  
 tongue,

His agile<sup>17</sup> arm beats down their fatal points,  
 And 'twixt them rushes ; underneath whose arm  
 An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life  
 Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled :  
 But by and by comes back to Romeo,  
 Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,  
 And to't they go like lightning ; for, ere I  
 Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain ;  
 And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly ;  
 This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

*La. Cap.* He is a kinsman to the Montague,  
 Affection makes him false<sup>18</sup> ; he speaks not true :  
 Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,  
 And all those twenty could but kill one life :  
 I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give ;

The rest of this speech was new written after the appearance of the first copy, by the poet, as well as a part of what follows in the same scene.

<sup>17</sup> So the quarto, 1597, the undated quarto, and that of 1637. The quartos, 1599 and 1600, and the first folio, have, *aged* arm, and in the folio, 1632, it is altered to able.

<sup>18</sup> "The charge of falsehood on Benvolio, though produced at hazard, is very just. The author, who seems to intend the character of Benvolio as good, meant perhaps to show how the best minds, in a state of faction and discord, are distorted to criminal partiality."—*Johnson*.

Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

*Prin.* Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio ;  
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe ?

*Mon.* Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's friend ;  
His fault concludes but what the law should end,  
The life of Tybalt.

*Prin.* And, for that offence,  
Immediately we do exile him hence :  
I have an interest in your hates'<sup>19</sup> proceeding,  
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a bleeding ;  
But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine,  
That you shall all repent the loss of mine.  
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses ;  
Nor tears, nor prayers, shall purchase out abuses,  
Therefore use none : let Romeo hence in haste,  
Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.  
Bear hence this body, and attend our will :  
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill<sup>20</sup>.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Room in Capulet's House.*

*Enter JULIET.*

*Jul.* Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds<sup>1</sup>,

<sup>19</sup> In all editions, subsequent to the first, *hearts* is corruptly printed for *hates*.

<sup>20</sup> See a maxim of Judge Hales, cited in vol. i. p.333 note 8. The sentiment here enforced is different from that found in the first edition, 1597. There the Prince concludes his speech with these words :—

“ Pity shall dwell, and govern with us still ;  
*Mercy to all but murderers,—pardoning none that kill.*”

<sup>1</sup> The poet probably remembered Marlowe's King Edward II. which was performed before 1593 :—

“ *Gallop apace, bright Phœbus, through the skie,  
And duskie night in rusty iron car ;  
Between you both, shorten the time, I pray,  
That I may see that most desired day.*”

There is also a passage in Barnabe Riche's Farewell to the Militarie Profession, 1583, which bears some resemblance to this.

Towards Phoebus' mansion<sup>2</sup>; such a waggoner  
 As Phaeton would whip you to the west,  
 And bring in cloudy night immediately<sup>3</sup>.—  
 Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night!  
 That rumourers eyes may wink<sup>4</sup>; and Romeo  
 Leap to these arms, untalk'd of, and unseen!  
 Lovers can see to do their amorous rites  
 By their own beauties<sup>5</sup>: or, if Love be blind,  
 It best agrees with night. Come, civil<sup>6</sup> night,  
 Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,  
 And learn me how to lose a winning match,  
 Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods:  
 Hood my unmann'd blood bating in my cheeks<sup>7</sup>,  
 With thy black mantle; till strange love, grown bold,  
 Think true love acted, simple modesty.  
 Come, night!—Come, Romeo! come, thou day in  
 night!

<sup>2</sup> The later quartos and folio have *lodyng*.

<sup>3</sup> Here ends this speech in the original quarto. The rest of the scene has likewise received considerable alterations and additions.

<sup>4</sup> All the old copies have *run-awayes*, an easy misprint for *rumourers*. Mr. Knight and Mr. Collier adopt the suggestion of Jackson, and read *unawares*; which makes but a lame meaning. Mr. Dyce among other suggestions proposed to read "*rude-day's* eyes." An able essay by Mr. Halpin was printed in the second volume of The Shakespeare Society's Papers. It is there attempted to be shown that *Cupid* was the *Run-away* in Juliet's mind. The word *rumourer* is of rare occurrence, but Shakespeare has it again in *Coriolanus*, Act iv. Sc. 6:—

"Go see this *rumourer* whipt."

The subsequent context "*untalked of*" seems to confirm the reading I have adopted.

<sup>5</sup> So in Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*:—

"Dark night is Cupid's day."

Milton, in his *Comus*, might have been indebted to Shakespeare:—

"Virtue can see to do what virtue would  
 By her own radiant light, though sun and moon  
 Were in the flat sea sunk."

<sup>6</sup> *Civil* is *grave, solemn*.

<sup>7</sup> These are terms of falconry. An *unmanned hawk* is one that is not brought to endure company. *Bating* is fluttering or beating the wings as striving to fly away.

For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night  
 Whiter than snow upon a raven's back<sup>8</sup>.—  
 Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-brow'd night<sup>9</sup>,  
 Give me my Romeo: and, when he shall die,  
 Take him and cut him out in little stars,  
 And he will make the face of heaven so fine,  
 That all the world will be in love with night,  
 And pay no worship to the garish<sup>10</sup> sun.—  
 O! I have bought the mansion of a love,  
 But not possess'd it; and, though I am sold,  
 Not yet enjoy'd. So tedious is this day,  
 As is the night before some festival  
 To an impatient child, that hath new robes,  
 And may not wear them. O! here comes my nurse,

*Enter Nurse, with Cords.*

And she brings news: and every tongue, that speaks  
 But Romeo's name, speaks heavenly eloquence.—  
 Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there, the  
 cords,  
 That Romeo bade thee fetch?

*Nurse.*

Ay, ay, the cords.

[*Throws them down.*]

*Jul.* Ah me! what news! why dost thou wring thy  
 hands?

*Nurse.* Ah well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead, he's  
 dead!

We are undone, lady, we are undone!—  
 Alack the day!—he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead!

*Jul.* Can heaven be so envious?

<sup>8</sup> Thus the undated quarto and that of 1637. The other old copies have "Whiter than *new-snow*." The folio, 1632, has *on* instead of *upon*.

<sup>9</sup> "Why here walk I, in the *black brow of night*."—*King John*.

<sup>10</sup> Milton had this speech in his thoughts when he wrote *Il Penseroso*:—"Hide me from day's *garish* eye." Hence also "Till *civil-suited* morn appear." *Garish* is *gaudy*, *glittering*.



*Nurse.* Romeo can,  
 'Though heaven cannot.—O Romeo! Romeo!—  
 Who ever would have thought it?—Romeo!

*Jul.* What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus?  
 This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.  
 Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but *I*<sup>11</sup>,  
 And that bare vowel *I* shall poison more  
 Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice<sup>12</sup>:  
 I am not *I*, if there be such an *I*;  
 Or those eyes shut, that make thee answer, *I*.  
 If he be slain, say—*I*; or if not—No:  
 Brief sounds determine of my weal, or woe.

*Nurse.* I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,—  
 God save the mark<sup>13</sup>!—here on his manly breast:  
 A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;  
 Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood,  
 All in gore blood; I swoounded at the sight.

*Jul.* O break, my heart!—poor bankrupt, break at  
 once!

To prison, eyes! ne'er look on liberty!  
 Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here;  
 And thou, and Romeo, press one heavy bier!

*Nurse.* O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!  
 O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!  
 That ever I should live to see thee dead!

*Jul.* What storm is this, that blows so contrary?  
 Is Romeo slaughter'd: and is Tybalt dead?  
 My dear-lov'd cousin, and my dearer lord?—  
 Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom!  
 For who is living, if those two are gone?

*Nurse.* Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished;  
 Romeo, that kill'd him, he is banished.

<sup>11</sup> In Shakespeare's time the affirmative particle *ay* was usually written *I*, and here it is necessary to retain it.

<sup>12</sup> See what is said of the basilisk, King Henry VI. Part II. Act iii. Sc. 2.

<sup>13</sup> See Othello, Act i. Sc. 1.

*Jul.* O God!—did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?

*Nurse.* It did, it did; alas the day! it did.

*Jul.* O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face<sup>14</sup>!  
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?  
Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!  
Dove-feather'd<sup>15</sup> raven! wolfish-ravening lamb!  
Despised substance of divinest show!  
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,  
A damned saint, an honourable villain!—  
O, nature! what hadst thou to do in hell,  
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend  
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?  
Was ever book, containing such vile matter,  
So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell  
In such a gorgeous palace!

*Nurse.* There's no trust,  
No faith, no honesty in men; all perjur'd,  
All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.—  
Ah! where's my man? give me some *aqua vitæ*:—  
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.  
Shame come to Romeo!

*Jul.* Blister'd be thy tongue,  
For such a wish! he was not born to shame:

<sup>14</sup> The same image occurs in Macbeth:—

“Look like the innocent *flower*,

But be the *serpent* under it.”

The succeeding line has its parallel in King John:—

“Rash, inconsiderate, fry voluntaries,

*With ladies' faces and fierce dragons' spleens.*”

Again in King Henry VIII.—

“You have angels' faces, but Heaven knows your hearts.”

The line “*Did ever dragon*,” &c. and the following eight lines, are not in the quarto, 1597.

So in Painter's Palace of Pleasure, tom. ii. p. 223:—“Is it possible that under such beautie and rare comelinesse, disloyaltie and treason may have their siege and lodging?”

<sup>15</sup> The folio, in which this line only occurs, has *ravenous* before “dove-feathered,” which has been properly omitted.

Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit ;  
 For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd  
 Sole monarch of the universal earth.

O, what a beast was I to chide at him !

*Nurse.* Will you speak well of him that kill'd your  
 cousin ?

*Jul.* Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband ?  
 Ah, poor mylord, what tongue shall smooth<sup>16</sup> thy name,  
 When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it ?—  
 But wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin ?  
 That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband :  
 Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring ;  
 Your tributary drops belong to woe,  
 Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy<sup>17</sup>.  
 My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain ;  
 And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband :  
 All this is comfort. Wherefore weep I then ?  
 Some word there was, worsers than Tybalt's death,  
 That murder'd me ; I would forget it fain ;  
 But, O ! it presses to my memory,  
 Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds :  
*Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—banished !*  
 That *banished*, that one word, *banished*,  
 Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts<sup>18</sup>. Tybalt's death  
 Was woe enough, if it had ended there :  
 Or,—if sour woe delights in fellowship,  
 And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,—  
 Why follow'd not, when she said, Tybalt's dead,  
 Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,

<sup>16</sup> To *smooth* is to *flatter*, to *speak fair* ; it is here metaphorically used for to mitigate or assuage the asperity of censure with which Romeo's name would be now mentioned.

<sup>17</sup> So in *The Tempest* :—

“ I am a fool  
 To weep at what I'm glad of.”

<sup>18</sup> i. e. *is worse than the loss of ten thousand Tybalts.*

Which modern<sup>19</sup> lamentation might have mov'd ?  
 But, with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,  
*Romeo is banished!*—to speak that word,  
 Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,  
 All slain, all dead :—*Romeo is banished!*—  
 There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,  
 In that word's death; no words can that woe sound.—  
 Where is my father, and my mother, nurse ?

*Nurse.* Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse :  
 Will you go to them ? I will bring you thither.

*Jul.* Wash they his wounds with tears ? mine shall  
 be spent,  
 When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.  
 Take up those cords :—Poor ropes, you are beguil'd,  
 Both you and I ; for Romeo is exil'd :  
 He made you for a highway to my bed ;  
 But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.

Come, cords ; come, nurse ; I'll to my wedding bed ;  
 And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead !

*Nurse.* Hie to your chamber : I'll find Romeo  
 To comfort you : I wot well where he is.  
 Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night ;  
 I'll to him ; he is hid at Laurence' cell.

*Jul.* O find him ! give this ring to my true knight,  
 And bid him come to take his last farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III. Friar Laurence's Cell.

*Enter* FRIAR LAURENCE and Romeo.

*Fri.* Romeo, come forth ; come forth, thou fearful  
 man ;  
 Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,  
 And thou art wedded to calamity.

<sup>19</sup> *Modern is trite, common.* So in *As You Like It* :—  
 “ Full of wise saws, and *modern* instances.”

*Rom.* Father, what news? what is the prince's doom?

What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,  
That I yet know not?

*Fri.* Too familiar

Is my dear son with such sour company :  
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

*Rom.* What less than dooms-day is the prince's doom?

*Fri.* A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips,  
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

*Rom.* Ha! banishment? be merciful, say,—death :  
For exile hath more terror in his look,  
Much more than death : do not say,—banishment.

*Fri.* Hence from Verona art thou banished  
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

*Rom.* There is no world without Verona walls,  
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.  
Hence-banished is banish'd from the world,  
And world's exile is death :—then banished  
Is death mis-term'd : calling death—banishment<sup>1</sup>,  
Thou cut'st my head off with a golden axe,  
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

*Fri.* O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!  
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,  
Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,  
And turn'd that black word death to banishment :  
This is dear mercy<sup>2</sup>, and thou seest it not.

*Rom.* 'Tis torture, and not mercy : heaven is here,  
Where Juliet lives<sup>3</sup>; and every cat, and dog,

<sup>1</sup> So the quarto, 1597. The folios and other quartos have *banished*.

<sup>2</sup> The quarto, 1597, reads "This is *mere* mercy," i. e. *absolute* mercy, and in the first line of this speech "O, *monstrous* sin."

<sup>3</sup> From this and the foregoing speech of Romeo, Dryden has borrowed in his beautiful paraphrase of Chaucer's Palamon and Arcite:—

And little mouse, every unworthy thing,  
 Live here in heaven, and may look on her,  
 But Romeo may not. More validity<sup>4</sup>,  
 More honourable state, more courtship lives  
 In carrion flies, than Romeo: they may seize  
 On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,<sup>5</sup>  
 And steal immortal blessing from her lips;  
 Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,  
 Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;  
 This may flies do, when I from this must fly,  
 (And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death?)<sup>6</sup>  
 But Romeo may not; he is banished:  
 Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife,  
 No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,  
 But—banished—to kill me; banished!  
 O friar, the damned use that word in hell;  
 Howlings attend it, How hast thou the heart,

“Heaven is not but where Emily abides  
 And where she's absent all is hell besides.”

<sup>4</sup> *Validity* is again employed to signify *worth, value*, in the first scene of King Lear.

By *courtship, courtesy, courtly behaviour* is meant. See vol. iii. p. 64, note 35. As this is one of the words which have escaped the industry of Shakespeare's editors, it may be as well to elucidate its meaning fully. Bullokar defines “compliment to be ceremony, *court-ship*, fine behaviour.” See also Cotgrave in *Curtisanie* and *Curialité*; and Florio in *Cortegianía*. “Would I might never excell a Dutch skipper in *courtship*, if I did not put distate into my carriage of purpose, I knew I should not please them.” *Sir Giles Goosecap*, a comedy. Again, in the same play:—“My lord, my want of *courtship* makes me fear I should be rude.”

<sup>5</sup> The quarto, 1597, “of fair Juliet's skin,” and in the next line *kisses for blessing*.

<sup>6</sup> This is the reading of the folio. In the first quarto it is altogether different. The quartos, 1599, 1609, and without date, give the passage thus:—

“This may flies do, when I from this must fly:  
 And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death?  
 But Romeo may not; he is banished.  
 Flies may do this, but I from this must fly,  
 They are free men, but I am banished.”

Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,  
 A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,  
 To mangle me with that word, banishment<sup>a</sup> ?

*Fri.* Thou fond mad man, hear me but speak a  
 word.

*Rom.* O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

*Fri.* I'll give thee armour to keep off that word ;  
 Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy<sup>7</sup>,  
 To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

*Rom.* Yet banished ?—Hang up philosophy !  
 Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,  
 Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom ;  
 It helps not, it prevails not, talk no more.

*Fri.* O, then I see that madmen have no ears.

*Rom.* How should they, when that wise men have  
 no eyes ?

*Fri.* Let me dispute with thee of thy estate<sup>8</sup>.

*Rom.* Thou canst not speak of what thou dost not  
 feel :

Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,  
 An hour but married, Tybalt murdered  
 Doting like me, and like me banished,  
 Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear thy  
 hair,

<sup>a</sup> Thus the first quarto ; the other copies have *banished*.

<sup>7</sup> So in the poem of *Romeus and Juliet*, the Friar says :—

“ Virtue is always thrall to troubles and annoy,  
 But *wisdom in adversity* finds cause of quiet joy.”

See also Lyly's *Euphues*, 1580 :—“ Thou sayest *banishment* is bitter to the freeborne. There be many meates which are sowre in the mouth and sharp in the maw ; but if thou mingle them with sweet *sawces*, they yeeld both a pleasant taste and wholesome nourishment.—I speake this to this end, that though thy *exile* seem grievous to thee, yet guiding thyself with the rules of *philosophy* it shall be more tolerable.”

<sup>8</sup> The same phrase, and with the same meaning, occurs in *The Winter's Tale* :— “ Can he speak ? hear ?

Know man from man ? *dispute his own estate* ?”

i. e. *is he able to talk over his own affairs, or the present state he is in ?*

And fall upon the ground, as I do now,  
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

[*Knocking within.*]

*Fri.* Arise! one knocks; good Romeo, hide thyself.

*Rom.* Not I; unless the breath of heart-sick groans,  
Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes.

[*Knocking.*]

*Fri.* Hark, how they knock!—Who's there?—Romeo, arise!

Thou wilt be taken.—Stay awhile:—stand up;

[*Knocking*]

Run to my study.—By and by:—God's will!

What wilfulness is this!—I come, I come.

[*Knocking.*]

Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's your will?

*Nurse.* [*Within.*] Let me come in, and you shall know my errand;

I come from Lady Juliet.

*Fri.*

Welcome then.

*Enter Nurse.*

*Nurse.* O holy friar, O tell me, holy friar,  
Where is my lady's lord? where's Romeo?

*Fri.* There on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.

*Nurse.* O! he is even in my mistress' case,  
Just in her case!

*Fri.* O woful sympathy!

Piteous predicament<sup>9</sup>!

*Nurse.* . . . Even so lies she,

Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering:—

Stand up, stand up; stand, an you be a man:

For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand;

<sup>9</sup> This speech now given to the *Friar* forms part of that of the *Nurse* in the old copies. Farmer suggested the present disposition.



Why should you fall into so deep an O ?

*Rom.* Nurse !

*Nurse.* Ah sir ! ah sir ! Death is the end of all.

*Rom.* Spak'st thou of Juliet ? how is it with her ?

Doth she not think me an old murderer,

Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy

With blood remov'd but little from her own ?

Where is she ? and how doth she ? and what says

My conceal'd lady<sup>10</sup> to our cancell'd love ?

*Nurse.* O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps ;

And now falls on her bed ; and then starts up,

And Tybalt calls ; and then on Romeo cries,

And then down falls again.

*Rom.*

As if that name,

Shot from the deadly level of a gun,

Did murder her ; as that name's cursed hand

Murder'd her kinsman.—O tell me, friar, tell me,

In what vile part of this anatomy

Doth my name lodge ? tell me, that I may sack

The hateful mansion. [*Drawing his Sword.*]

*Fri.*

Hold thy desperate hand :

Art thou a man ? thy form cries out, thou art ;

Thy tears are womanish ; thy wild acts denote

The unreasonable fury of a beast<sup>11</sup> :

Unseemly woman, in a seeming man !

Or ill beseeming beast, in seeming both !

<sup>10</sup> The epithet *concealed* is to be understood, not of the person, but of the condition of the lady ; so that the sense is, " My lady, whose being so, together with our marriage which made her so, is concealed from the world." The folios repeat conceal'd where the quartos have *cancell'd*.

<sup>11</sup> Shakespeare has here followed the poem :—

" *Art thou, quoth he, a man ? thy shape saith, so thou art,  
Thy crying and thy weeping eyes denote a woman's heart,  
For manly reason is quite from off thy mind outchased,  
And in her stead affections lewd, and fancies highly placed ;  
So that I stood in doubt, this hour at the least,  
If thou a man or woman wert, or else a brutish beast.*"

Thou hast amaz'd me : by my holy order,  
 I thought thy disposition better temper'd.  
 Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?  
 And slay thy lady too that lives in thee,  
 By doing damned hate upon thyself?<sup>a</sup>  
 Why rail'st thou on thy birth<sup>12</sup>, the heaven, and earth?  
 Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet  
 In thee at once; which thou at once would'st lose.  
 Fye, fye! thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit;  
 Which, like a usurer, abound'st in all,  
 And usest none in that true use indeed  
 Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit.  
 Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,  
 Digressing from the valour of a man<sup>13</sup>:  
 Thy dear love, sworn, but hollow perjury,  
 Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish:  
 Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,  
 Misshapen in the conduct of them both,  
 Like powder in a skill-less soldier's flask<sup>14</sup>,

<sup>a</sup> This and the 16 following lines are not in the 4to 1597. The previous line is imperfectly given in the folio and later quartos:—

“And slay thy lady that in thy life lies.”

<sup>12</sup> Romeo has not here railed on his birth, &c. though in his interview with the Friar, as described in the poem, he is made to do so. Shakespeare copied the remonstrance of the Friar, without reviewing the former part of this scene. He has in other places fallen into a similar inaccuracy, by sometimes following and sometimes deserting his original. The lines from *Why rail'st thou on thy birth*, &c. to *thy own defence*, are not in the first copy; they are formed on a passage in the poem.

<sup>13</sup> So in King Richard II. Act v. Sc. 3:—

“And thy abundant goodness shall excuse  
 This deadly blot in thy *digressing* son.”

And in Barnabe Riche's Farewell:—“Knowing that you should otherwise have used me than you have, you should have *digressed* and swarved from your kind.”

<sup>14</sup> To understand the force of this allusion, it should be remembered that the ancient English soldiers, using match-locks, instead of locks with flints, were obliged to carry a lighted *match* hanging at their belts, very near to the wooden *flask* in which they carried their powder. The same allusion occurs in Humor's Or-

Is set on fire by thine own ignorance,  
 And thou dismember'd with thine own defence<sup>15</sup>.  
 What! rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,  
 For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead;  
 There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,  
 But thou slew'st Tybalt; there art thou happy too:  
 The law, that threaten'd death, becomes thy friend,  
 And turns it to exile; there art thou happy:  
 A pack of blessings lights upon thy back;  
 Happiness courts thee in her best array;  
 But, like a misbehav'd and sullen wench,  
 Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love:  
 Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.  
 Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,  
 Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her;  
 But, look, thou stay not till the watch be set,  
 For then thou canst not pass to Mantua;  
 Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time  
 To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,  
 Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back  
 With twenty hundred thousand times more joy  
 Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.—  
 Go before, nurse: commend me to thy lady;  
 And bid her hasten all the house to bed,  
 Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto:  
 Romeo is coming<sup>16</sup>.

*Nurse.* O Lord, I could have staid here all the night,  
 To hear good counsel: O, what learning is!—  
 My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

*Rom.* Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

*Nurse.* Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir:

dinary, an old collection of English Epigrams:—

“When she his *flask* and touch-box set on fire,  
 And till this hour the burning is not out.”

<sup>15</sup> i. e. *And thou torn to pieces with thine own weapons.*

<sup>16</sup> Much of this speech has also been added since the first edition.

Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.

[*Exit Nurse.*

*Rom.* How well my comfort is reviv'd by this!

*Fri.* Go hence: Good night! and here stands all  
your state<sup>17</sup>;

Either be gone before the watch be set,

Or by the break of day disguis'd from hence:

Sojourn in Mantua; I'll find out your man,

And he shall signify from time to time

Every good hap to you, that chances here:

Give me thy hand; 'tis late: farewell; good night.

*Rom.* But that a joy past joy calls out on me,

It were a grief, so brief to part with thee:

Farewell!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A Room in Capulet's House.*

*Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and PARIS.*

*Cap.* Things have fallen out, sir, so unluckily,  
That we have had no time to move our daughter:

Look you, she lov'd her kinsman Tybalt dearly,

And so did I.—Well, we were born to die.—

'Tis very late, she'll not come down to-night:

I promise you, but for your company,

I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

*Par.* These times of woe afford no time to woo:

Madam, good night: commend me to your daughter.

*La. Cap.* I will, and know her mind early to-morrow:

To-night she's mew'd up to her heaviness.

*Cap.* Sir Paris, I will make a desperate<sup>1</sup> tender

Of my child's love: I think, she will be rul'd

In all respects by me; nay more, I doubt it not.

<sup>17</sup> i. e. *the whole of your fortune depends on this.*

<sup>1</sup> *Desperate* here means only *bold, adventurous.*

“Witness this *desperate tender* of mine honour.”

*Weakest goes to the Wall*, 1600.

Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed ;  
 Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love ;  
 And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next—  
 But, soft ; What day is this ?

*Par.* Monday, my lord.

*Cap.* Monday ? ha ! ha ! Well, Wednesday is too soon,

O' Thursday let it be ;—o' Thursday, tell her,  
 She shall be married to this noble earl.—  
 Will you be ready ? do you like this haste ?  
 We'll keep no great ado ;—a friend, or two :—  
 For hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,  
 It may be thought we held him carelessly,  
 Being our kinsman, if we revel much :  
 Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,  
 And there an end. But what say you to Thursday ?

*Par.* My lord, I would that Thursday were to-morrow.

*Cap.* Well, get you gone : O' Thursday be it then :  
 Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,  
 Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.—  
 Farewell, my lord.—Light to my chamber, ho !  
 Afore me ! it is so very late, that we  
 May call it early by and by.—Good night<sup>2</sup>. [*Exeunt.*

#### SCENE V. Juliet's Chamber<sup>1</sup>.

*Enter* ROMEO and JULIET.

*Jul.* Wilt thou be gone ? it is not yet near day :  
 It was the nightingale, and not the lark,  
 That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear ;

<sup>2</sup> The latter part of this scene is a good deal varied from the first quarto.

<sup>1</sup> The stage-direction in the first edition is, "*Enter Romeo and Juliet at a Window.*" In the second quarto, "*Enter Romeo and*

Nightly she sings on yond pomegranate tree<sup>2</sup> :  
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

*Rom.* It was the lark, the herald of the morn,  
No nightingale : look, love, what envious streaks  
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east :  
Night's candles are burnt out<sup>3</sup>, and jocund day  
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops ;  
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

*Jul.* Yond light is not daylight, I know it, I :  
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,  
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer<sup>4</sup>,  
And light thee on thy way to Mantua :  
Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone<sup>5</sup>.

*Juliet aloft.*" They appeared, probably, in the balcony which was erected on the old English stage. See Malone's Account of the Ancient Theatres, in vol. iii. of Boswell's edition of Shakespeare.

<sup>2</sup> Steevens observes that this is not merely a poetical supposition. Russell, in his account of Aleppo, says, "The nightingale sings from the pomegranate groves in the day-time." It is observable that the nightingale, if undisturbed, sits and sings upon the same tree for many weeks together. And what Eustathius has remarked relative to a *fig-tree* mentioned by Homer, in his twelfth Odyssey, may be applied to the passage before us:—"These particularities, which seem of no consequence, have a very good effect in poetry, as they give the relation an air of truth and probability. For what can induce a poet to mention such a tree, if the tree were not there in reality?"

<sup>3</sup> Thus Sophocles:—

“——— ἄκρας νυκτὸς, ἠνίχ' ἔσπεροι  
λαμπτήρες οὐκ ἔτ' ἦσθον.” *Ajax*, 286.

<sup>4</sup> Compare Sidney's *Arcadia*, 13th edition, p. 109:—"The moon, then full (not thinking scorn to be a *torch-bearer* to such beauty), guided her steps." And Sir John Davies's *Orchestra*, st. vii. of the Sun:—

"When the great *torch-bearer* of heaven was gone  
Downe in a maske unto the ocean's court."

And Drayton, *Eng. Heroic Epist.* p. 221, where the moon is described with the stars—

"Attending on her as her *torch-bearers*."

<sup>5</sup> The quarto, 1597, reads:—

"Then stay awhile, thou shalt not go [so] soon."

The succeeding speech, I think, (says Mr. Boswell) is better in the same copy:—

"Let me stay here, let me be ta'en, and die ;

*Rom.* Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death ;  
 I am content, so thou wilt have it so.  
 I'll say, yon gray is not the morning's eye,  
 'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow<sup>6</sup> ;  
 Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat  
 The vaulty heaven so high above our heads ;  
 I have more care to stay, than will to go ;  
 Come, death, and welcome ! Juliet wills it so.  
 How is't, my soul ? let's talk, it is not day.

*Jul.* It is, it is, hie hence, be gone, away :  
 It is the lark that sings so out of tune,  
 Straining harsh discords, and displeasing sharps.  
 Some say, the lark makes sweet division<sup>7</sup> ;  
 This doth not so, for she divideth us :  
 Some say, the lark and loathed toad chang'd eyes<sup>8</sup> ;

If thou wilt have it so, I am content.  
 I'll say yon gray is not the morning's eye,  
 It is the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow ;  
 I'll say it is the nightingale that beats  
 The vaulty heaven so far above our heads,  
 And not the lark, the messenger of morn :  
 Come, death, and welcome ! Juliet wills it so,—  
 What says my love ? let's talk 'tis not yet day."

<sup>6</sup> Thus the old copy. It has been proposed to read *bow*, and the *r* is deleted in my second folio.

<sup>7</sup> A *division*, in music, is a variation of melody upon some given fundamental harmony. See *K. Henry IV. Part 1. Act iii. Sc. 1* :—

" Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,  
 With ravishing *division* to her lute."

This verse Mr. Stephen Weston observes might serve for a translation of a line in *Horace* :—

" Grataque fœminis  
 Imbelli cithara carmina *divides*."

<sup>8</sup> The old copies have "*change eyes*." The toad having very fine eyes and the lark very ugly ones, was the occasion of a common saying that *the toad and the lark had changed eyes*. This tradition was expressed in a rustic rhyme :—

" To heav'n I'd fly,

But that the toad beguil'd me of mine eye."

The sense of the passage is, the lark, they say, has changed eyes with the toad, and now I would they had changed voices too, since the lark's *song* serves but to separate us. The *croak* of the

O, now I would they had chang'd voices too!  
 Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,  
 Hunting thee hence with hunts-up<sup>9</sup> to the day.  
 O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.

*Rom.* More light and light? more dark and dark  
 our woes.

*Enter Nurse.*

*Nurse.* Madam!

*Jul.* Nurse?

*Nurse.* Your lady mother's coming to your chamber:

The day is broke; be wary, look about.

[*Exit Nurse*

*Jul.* Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

*Rom.* Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll descend.

[*ROMEO descends.*

*Jul.* Art thou gone so? Love! Lord! ay Husband,  
 friend!

I must hear from thee every day i' the hour,

For in a minute there are many days:

O! by this count I shall be much in years<sup>10</sup>,

toad would have been no indication of the appearance of day, and consequently no signal for her lover's departure.

<sup>9</sup> The *hunt's up* was originally a tune played to wake sportsmen, and call them together. It was a common burthen of hunting ballads. Puttenham says that one Gray grew into good estimation with the Duke of Somerset for making certain merry ballads, whereof one chiefly was *the hunte is up, the hunte is up*. One of these ballads is given by Mr. Douce in his Illustrations of Shakespeare, vol. ii. p. 192. According to Cotgrave the *Reveille*, or morning song to a new married woman, was called the *hunt's up*. So Drayton, in his *Polyolbion*:—

“But *hunt's up* to the morn, the feather'd sylvans sing.”  
 And in his third *Eclogue*:—

“Time plays the *hunt's up* to thy sleepy head.”

See Chappell's *National Airs*, vol. ii. p. 147.

<sup>10</sup> “*Illa ego, quæ fueram te decedente puella,  
 Protinus ut redeas, facta videbor anus.*”

*Ovid, Epist. 1.*



Ere I again behold my Romeo.

*Rom.* Farewell! I will omit no opportunity  
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

*Jul.* O, think'st thou, we shall ever meet again?

*Rom.* I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve  
For sweet discourses in our time to come.

*Jul.* O God! I have an ill-divining soul<sup>11</sup>:  
Methinks, I see thee, now thou art below,  
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:  
Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.

*Rom.* And trust me, love, in my eye so do you:  
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu! adieu!

[*Exit* ROMEO.]

*Jul.* O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle:  
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him  
That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune;  
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,  
But send him back.

*La. Cap.* [*Within.*] Ho! daughter, are you up?

*Jul.* Who is't that calls? is it my lady mother?  
Is she not down so late, or up so early?  
What unaccustom'd cause procures<sup>12</sup> her hither?

*Enter* LADY CAPULET.

*La. Cap.* Why, how now, Juliet?

*Jul.* Madam, I am not well.

*La. Cap.* Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?

<sup>11</sup> Steevens says, "This miserable prescience of futurity I have always regarded as a circumstance peculiarly beautiful. The same kind of warning from the mind, Romeo seems to have been conscious of on his going to the entertainment at the house of Capulet:—

' My mind misgives me,  
Some consequence yet hanging in the stars,  
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date  
From this night's revels.'

<sup>12</sup> *Procures* for *brings*.

What ! wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?  
 An if thou could'st, thou could'st not make him live;  
 Therefore, have done. Some grief shows much of love:  
 But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

*Jul.* Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

*La. Cap.* So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend  
 Which you weep for.

*Jul.* Feeling so the loss,  
 I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

*La. Cap.* Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for  
 his death,

As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.

*Jul.* What villain, madam ?

*La. Cap.* That same villain, Romeo.

*Jul.* Villain and he are many miles asunder.  
 God pardon him ! I do with all my heart ;  
 And yet no man, like he, doth grieve my heart.

*La. Cap.* That is, because the traitor murderer lives<sup>a</sup>.

*Jul.* Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands.  
 'Would, none but I might venge my cousin's death !

*La. Cap.* We will have vengeance for it, fear thou  
 not :

Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,  
 Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,  
 Shall give him such an unaccustomed dram<sup>13</sup>,  
 That he shall soon keep Tybalt company :  
 And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

*Jul.* Indeed, I never shall be satisfied  
 With Romeo, till I behold him :—Dead—  
 Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vex'd :—  
 Madam, if you could find out but a man  
 To bear a poison, I would temper it ;  
 That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,  
 Soon sleep in quiet.—O, how my heart abhors

<sup>a</sup> So the 4to 1599. The other copies omit *murderer*."

<sup>13</sup> The first quarto, which Malone followed reads, "That should bestow on him so sure a draught."

To hear him nam'd, and cannot come to him,  
 To wreak the love I bore my cousin Tybalt<sup>14</sup>  
 Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him !

*La. Cap.* Find thou the means, and I'll find such  
 a man.

But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

*Jul.* And joy comes well in such a needful<sup>a</sup> time :  
 What are they, I beseech your ladyship ?

*La. Cap.* Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child ;  
 One, who, to put thee from thy heaviness,  
 Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,  
 That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.

*Jul.* Madam, in happy time<sup>15</sup>, what day is that ?

*La. Cap.* Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn,  
 The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,  
 The County<sup>16</sup> Paris, at Saint Peter's church,  
 Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

*Jul.* Now, by Saint Peter's church, and Peter too,  
 He shall not make me there a joyful bride.  
 I wonder at this haste ; that I must wed  
 Ere he, that should be husband, comes to woo.  
 I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,  
 I will not marry yet ; and when I do, I swear,  
 It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,  
 Rather than Paris.—These are news indeed !

<sup>14</sup> The word *Tybalt* was added in the second folio.

<sup>a</sup> Thus the first quarto. The other copies have *needy*.

<sup>15</sup> *A la bonne heure*. "This phrase," as Johnson observes, "was interjected when the hearer was not so well pleased as the speaker." Bishop Lowth uses it in his Letter to Warburton, p. 101 :—"And may I not hope then for the honour of your lordship's animadversions? *In good time* : when the candid examiner understands Latin a little better ; and when your lordship has a competent knowledge of Hebrew."

<sup>16</sup> *County*, or *countie*, was the usual term for an earl in Shakespeare's time. Paris is in this play first styled a *young earle*. So Baret, "a *countie* or an *earle*, comes un comte," and "a *countie* or *earldome*, comitatus." Fairfax very frequently uses the word. See vol. iii. p. 300, note 3.

*La. Cap.* Here comes your father ; tell him so  
yourself,  
And see how he will take it at your hands.

*Enter CAPULET and Nurse.*

*Cap.* When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew<sup>17</sup> ;  
But for the sunset of my brother's son,  
It rains downright.—

How now ! a conduit<sup>18</sup>, girl ? what ! still in tears ?  
Ever more showering ? In one little body  
Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind :  
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,  
Do ebb and flow with tears ; the bark thy body is,  
Sailing in this salt flood ; the winds, thy sighs ;  
Who, raging with thy tears, and they with them,  
Without a sudden calm, will overset  
Thy tempest-tossed body.—How now, wife !  
Have you deliver'd to her our decree ?

*La. Cap.* Ay, sir ; but she will none, she gives you  
thanks.

I would, the fool were married to her grave !

*Cap.* Soft, take me with you, take me with you, wife.

<sup>17</sup> Thus the undated quarto and that of 1637. The other quartos and the folio, read "the *earth* doth drizzle dew," and so perhaps the poet wrote, for in *The Rape of Lucrece* he says:—

"But as the *earth* doth weep, the sun being set."

Steevens says:—"When our author, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, says, 'And when she [i. e. the moon] weeps, weeps every little flower,' he only means that every little flower is moistened with dew, as if with tears ; and not that the flower itself *drizzles dew*. This passage sufficiently explains how the *earth* in the quotation from *The Rape of Lucrece*, may be said to weep." That Shakespeare thought it was the *air*, and not the *earth*, that *drizzled dew*, is evident from many passages in his works. So in *King John*:—

"Before the *dew* of evening fall."

<sup>18</sup> The same image, which was in frequent use with Shakespeare's cotemporaries, occurs in the poem of *Romeus and Juliet* more than once:—

"His sighs are stopt, and stopped in the *conduit* of his tears."

How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks?  
Is she not proud? doth she not count her bless'd,  
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought  
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

*Jul.* Not proud you have, but thankful that you have;  
Proud can I never be of what I hate;  
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

*Cap.* How now! how now, chop-logick<sup>19</sup>! What  
is this?

Proud,—and, I thank you,—and, I thank you not;  
And yet not proud:—Mistress minion, you,  
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,  
But settle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,  
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's church,  
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.  
Out, you green sickness carrion! out, you baggage!  
You tallow face<sup>20</sup>!

*La. Cap.* Fye, fye! what, are you mad?

*Jul.* Good father, I beseech you on my knees  
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

*Cap.* Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!  
I tell thee what,—get thee to church o' Thursday,  
Or never after look me in the face:  
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me:

<sup>19</sup> Thus the first quarto; the other old copies have erroneously "*chopt logic*." Capulet, as Steevens observes, uses this as a nickname. "Choplogyk is he that whan his mayster rebuketh his servaunt for his defawtes, he will give him xx wordes for one, or elles he will bydde the devylles paternoster in scyience."—*The xxiii Orders of Knaves*, blk. 1.

<sup>20</sup> Such was the indelicacy of the age of Shakespeare, that authors were not contented only to employ these terms of abuse in their own original performances, but even felt no reluctance to introduce them in their versions of the most chaste and elegant of the Greek or Roman poets. Stanyhurst, the translator of Virgil, in 1582, makes Dido call Æneas *hedge-brat*, *cullion*, and *tar-breech*, in the course of one speech. Nay, in the Interlude of The Repentance of Mary Magdalene, 1567, she says to one of her attendants:—

"*Horeson*, I beshrewe your heart, are you here?"

My fingers itch.—Wife, we scarce thought us bless'd,  
That God had sent us but this only child ;  
But now I see this one is one too much,  
And that we have a curse in having her :  
Out on her, hilding<sup>21</sup> !

*Nurse.* God in heaven bless her !—  
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

*Cap.* And why, my lady wisdom ? hold your tongue,  
Good prudence ; smatter with your gossips, go.

*Nurse.* I speak no treason.

*Cap.* O ! God ye good den !

*Nurse.* May not one speak ?

*Cap.* Peace, you mumbling fool !  
Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,  
For here we need it not.

*La. Cap.* You are too hot.

*Cap.* God's bread ! it makes me mad :  
Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,  
Alone, in company, still my care hath been  
To have her match'd<sup>a</sup> : and having now provided  
A gentleman of noble parentage,  
Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,  
Stuff'd (as they say,) with honourable parts,  
Proportion'd as one's heart<sup>b</sup> could wish a man,—  
And then to have a wretched puling fool,  
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,  
To answer—*I'll not wed,—I cannot love*<sup>22</sup>,

<sup>21</sup> *Hilding*, i. e. *base woman*. See *Taming of the Shrew*, Act ii. Sc. 1.

<sup>a</sup> The first quarto reads :

“ God's blessed mother ! wife, it mads me  
Day, night, early, late, at home, abroad,  
Alone, in company, waking, or sleeping,  
Still my care hath been to see her match'd.

<sup>b</sup> Thus the 4to 1597. The other old copies have “ one's *thought* would wish.”

<sup>22</sup> There is a passage in the old play of *Wily Beguiled*, pointed out by Malone, so nearly resembling this, that one poet must have copied from the other. *Wily Beguiled* was on the stage

*I am too young,—I pray you, pardon me ;—*  
 But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you :  
 Graze where you will, you shall not house with me ;  
 Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.  
 Thursday is near ; lay hand on heart, advise :  
 An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend ;  
 An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i' the streets,  
 For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,  
 Nor what is mine shall never do thee good :  
 Trust to't, bethink you ; I'll not be forsworn. [*Exit.*]

*Jul.* Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,  
 That sees into the bottom of my grief ?—  
 O, sweet my mother, cast me not away !  
 Delay this marriage for a month, a week ;  
 Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed  
 In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

*La. Cap.* Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word :  
 Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [*Exit.*]

*Jul.* O God !—O nurse ! how shall this be prevented ?  
 My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven ;  
 How shall that faith return again to earth,  
 Unless that husband send it me from heaven  
 By leaving earth ?—comfort me, counsel me.—  
 Alack, alack ! that heaven should practise stratagems  
 Upon so soft a subject as myself ?—  
 What say'st thou ? hast thou not a word of joy ?  
 Some comfort, nurse.

*Nurse.* 'Faith, here it is : Romeo  
 Is banished ; and all the world to nothing,  
 That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you ;  
 Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.  
 Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,

before 1596, being mentioned by Nashe in his *Have with You to Saffron Walden*, printed in that year.

*A whining mammet* in the preceding line, confirms the explanation of *mammets* given in vol. v. p. 47, note 14.

I think it best you married with the County.  
 O, he's a lovely gentleman<sup>23</sup> !  
 Romeo's a dishclout to him ; an eagle, madam,  
 Hath not so green<sup>24</sup>, so quick, so fair an eye,  
 As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,  
 I think you are happy in this second match,  
 For it excels your first : or if it did not,  
 Your first is dead : or 'twere as good he were,  
 As living here, and you no use of him.

*Jul.* Speakest thou from thy heart ?

*Nurse.* And from my soul too ;

Or else beshrew them both.

*Jul.*

Amen !

<sup>23</sup> The character of the Nurse exhibits a just picture of those whose actions have no principles for their foundation. She has been unfaithful to the trust reposed in her by Capulet, and is ready to embrace any expedient that offers, to avert the consequences of her first infidelity. The picture is not, however, an original, the nurse in the poem exhibits the same readiness to accommodate herself to the present conjuncture. Sir John Vanbrugh, in *The Relapse*, has copied, in this respect, the character of his nurse from Shakespeare.

<sup>24</sup> Perhaps Chaucer has given to Emetrius, in *The Knight's Tale*, eyes of the same colour :—

“ His nose was high, his eyin bright *citryn*.”

i. e. of the hue of an unripe lemon or citron. Again in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Fletcher and Shakespeare :—

“ Oh vouchsafe

With that thy rare *green eye*,” &c.

Arthur Hall (the most ignorant and absurd of all the translators of Homer) in the fourth Iliad (4to. 1581), calls Minerva—

“ The *greene eide goddesse*.”

The early French poets have frequent mention of *yeux vers*, which Le Grand has in vain attempted to convert into *yeux vairs*, or gray eyes. Plautus alludes to *green eyes* in his *Curculio* :—

“ Qui hic est homo

Cum collativo ventre atque oculis *herbeis*.”

And Lord Verulam says, “ Great eyes, with a *green circle* between the white and the white of the eye signify long life.”—*Hist. of Life and Death*, p. 124. Villareal, a Portuguese, has written a treatise in praise of *green eyes*, and they are even said to exist now among his countrymen. See Pinkerton's *Geography*, vol. i. p. 556.



*Nurse.*

What?

*Jul.* Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much.  
Go in; and tell my lady I am gone,  
Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence' cell,  
To make confession, and to be absolv'd.

*Nurse.* Marry, I will; and this is wisely done.

[*Exit.*

*Jul.* Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!  
Is it more sin—to wish me thus forsworn,  
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue  
Which she hath prais'd him with above compare  
So many thousand times?—Go, counsellor;  
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.—  
I'll to the friar, to know his remedy;  
If all else fail, myself have power to die. [Exit.

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I. Friar Laurence's Cell.

*Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and PARIS.*

*Friar.*

**O**N Thursday, sir? the time is very short.

*Par.* My father Capulet will have it so;  
And I am nothing slow, to slack his haste<sup>1</sup>.

*Fri.* You say, you do not know the lady's mind;  
Uneven is the course, I like it not.

*Par.* Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,  
And therefore have I little talk'd of love;

<sup>1</sup> The meaning of Paris is clear, he does not wish to restrain Capulet, or to delay his own marriage; *there is nothing of slowness in me, to induce me to slacken or abate his haste*: but the words the poet has given him import the reverse, and seem rather to mean *I am not backward in restraining his haste*. I endeavour to retard him as much as I can. The poet has hastily fallen into similar inadvertencies elsewhere. In the first edition the line ran:—

“And I am nothing *slack* to slow his haste.”

For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.  
 Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous,  
 That she doth give her sorrow so much sway ;  
 And, in his wisdom, hastes our marriage,  
 To stop the inundation of her tears ;  
 Which, too much minded by herself alone,  
 May be put from her by society :  
 Now do you know the reason of this haste.

*Fri.* I would I knew not why it should be slow'd<sup>2</sup>.

[*Aside.*

Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

*Enter JULIET.*

*Par.* Happily met, my lady, and my wife !

*Jul.* That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.

*Par.* That may be, must be, love, on Thursday next.

*Jul.* What must be shall be.

*Fri.* That's a certain text.

*Par.* Come you to make confession to this father ?

*Jul.* To answer that, were to confess to you.

*Par.* Do not deny to him, that you love me.

*Jul.* I will confess to you, that I love him.

*Par.* So will you, I am sure, that you love me.

*Jul.* If I do so, it will be of more price,

Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.

*Par.* Poor soul, thy face is much abus'd with tears.

*Jul.* The tears have got small victory by that ;

For it was bad enough before their spite.

*Par.* Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, with that report.

*Jul.* That is no slander, sir, that is a truth ;

And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

*Par.* Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.

*Jul.* It may be so, for it is not mine own.—

<sup>2</sup> To *slow* and to *foreslow* were anciently in common use as verbs :—

“Will you o'erflow

The fields, thereby my march to *slow*.”

Are you at leisure, holy father, now ;  
Or shall I come to you at evening mass<sup>3</sup> ?

*Fri.* My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.—  
My lord, we must entreat the time alone.

*Par.* God shield, I should disturb devotion !—  
Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse you :  
Till then, adieu ! and keep this holy kiss.

[*Exit* PARIS.]

*Jul.* O, shut the door ! and when thou hast done so,  
Come weep with me ; Past hope, past cure, past help !

*Fri.* Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief ;  
It strains me past the compass of my wits :  
I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,  
On Thursday next be married to this county.

*Jul.* Tell me not, Friar, that thou hear'st of this,  
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it :  
If, in thy wisdom, thou canst give no help,  
Do thou but call my resolution wise,  
And with this knife I'll help it presently.  
God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands ;  
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,  
Shall be the label to another deed<sup>4</sup>,  
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt  
Turn to another, this shall slay them both :  
Therefore, out of thy long-experienc'd time,  
Give me some present counsel ; or, behold  
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife  
Shall play the umpire<sup>5</sup> ; arbitrating that  
Which the commission<sup>6</sup> of thy years and art

<sup>3</sup> Juliet means *vespers*, there is no such thing as *evening mass*. *Masses* (as Fynes Moryson observes) are only sung in the morning, and when the priests are fasting.

<sup>4</sup> The seals of deeds formerly were appended on distinct slips or labels affixed to the deed. Hence in King Richard II. the Duke of York discovers a covenant which his son the Duke of Aumerle had entered into by the depending seal.

<sup>5</sup> i. e. shall decide the struggle between me and my distress.

<sup>6</sup> *Commission* may be here used for *authority* : but it is more probable that *commixtion* is the word intended.

Could to no issue of true honour bring.  
 Be not so long to speak ; I long to die,  
 If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

*Fri.* Hold, daughter ! I do spy a kind of hope,  
 Which craves as desperate an execution  
 As that is desperate which we would prevent.  
 If, rather than to marry County Paris,  
 Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself ;  
 Then is it likely, thou wilt undertake  
 A thing like death to chide away this shame,  
 That cop'st with death himself to scape from it ;  
 And, if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

*Jul.* O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,  
 From off the battlements of yonder<sup>a</sup> tower ;  
 Or walk in thievish ways ; or bid me lurk  
 Where serpents are ; chain me with roaring bears ;  
 Or shut me nightly<sup>7</sup> in a charnel-house,  
 O'er cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,  
 With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless-sculls ;  
 Or bid me go into a new made grave,  
 And hide me with a dead man in his shroud<sup>8</sup> ;  
 Things that, to hear them told, have made me tremble ;  
 And I will do it without fear or doubt,  
 To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love<sup>9</sup>.

*Fri.* Hold, then ; go home, be merry, give consent

<sup>a</sup> Thus the 4to 1597. The folio and later 4tos " any tower"

<sup>7</sup> The quarto, 1597, reads:—

" Or chain me to some steepy mountain's top,  
 Where roaring bears and savage lions roam."

In the text the quarto of 1599 is followed, except that it has " or hide me nightly."

<sup>8</sup> So the undated quarto and that of 1637. The quarto, 1597, has, " Or lay me in the tomb with one new dead." The folios have *grave* instead of *shroud*, probably caught from the end of the preceding line.

<sup>9</sup> Thus the quarto, 1599, and the folio ; the quarto, 1597, reads, I think, with more spirit:—

" To keep myself a faithful unstain'd wife  
 To my dear lord, my dearest Romeo."—*Boswell*.

To marry Paris. Wednesday is to-morrow ;  
 To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,  
 Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber :  
 Take thou this phial, being then in bed,  
 And this distilled liquor drink thou off ;  
 When presently, through all thy veins shall run  
 A cold and drowsy humour, which shall seize  
 Each vital spirit ; for no pulse shall keep  
 His natural progress, but surcease to beat<sup>a</sup> :  
 No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest ;  
 The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade  
 To paly ashes ; thy eyes' windows fall,  
 Like death, when he shuts up the day of life ;  
 Each part depriv'd of supple government,  
 Shall, stiff, and stark, and cold, appear like death :  
 And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death  
 Thou shalt remain full two and forty hours<sup>10</sup>,  
 And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.  
 Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes  
 To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead :  
 Then (as the manner of our country is)  
 In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier<sup>11</sup>,  
 Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,

<sup>a</sup> Thus the first quarto. The other copies read :

A cold and drowsy humour ; for no pulse

Shall keep his nature progress, but surcease ; &c.

<sup>10</sup> Instead of the remainder of this scene the quarto, 1597, has only these four lines :—

“ And when thou art laid in thy kindred's vault,  
 I'll send in haste to Mantua to thy lord ;  
 And he shall come and take thee from thy grave.

*Jul.* Friar, I go ; be sure thou send for my dear Romeo.”

<sup>11</sup> The Italian custom here alluded to, of carrying the dead body to the grave richly dressed, and with the face *uncovered* (which is not mentioned by Painter), Shakespeare found particularly described in *The Tragical History of Romeus and Juliet* :—

“ Another use there is, that whosoever dies,

Borne to the church, *with open face upon the bier he lies,*

*In wonted weed attir'd, not wrapt in winding sheet.*”

Thus also Ophelia's song in *Hamlet* :—

Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.  
 In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,  
 Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift ;  
 And hither shall he come ; and he and I  
 Will watch thy waking<sup>12</sup>, and that very night  
 Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.  
 And this shall free thee from this present shame ;  
 If no unconstant toy<sup>13</sup>, nor womanish fear,  
 Abate thy valour in the acting it.

*Jul.* Give me, give me ! O ! tell me not of fear.

*Fri.* Hold ; get you gone, be strong and prosperous  
 In this resolve. I'll send a friar with speed  
 To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

*Jul.* Love, give me strength ! and strength shall  
 help afford.

Farewell, dear father !

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II. *A Room in Capulet's House.*

*Enter* CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, Nurse, and  
 Servant.

*Cap.* So many guests invite as here are writ.—

[*Exit* Servant.]

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks<sup>1</sup>.

“ They bore him *bare-faced on the bier.*”

The old copies here insert :—

“ Be borne to burial in thy kindred's grave ;”

A line which from its very awkward tautology was no doubt intended to be expunged but neglected, the sense being repeated.

<sup>12</sup> The words, “ and he and I will watch thy waking,” are wanting in the folios.

<sup>13</sup> i. e. *If no fickle freak, no light caprice, no change of fancy, hinder the performance.* The expressions are from the poem.

<sup>1</sup> Capulet has in a former scene said :—

“ We'll keep no great ado :—

We'll have some half a dozen friends.”

The poet has made him alter his mind in this as in several other circumstances,—it is his weakness.—So he tells Paris his own

2 *Serv.* You shall have none ill, sir ; for I'll try if they can lick their fingers<sup>2</sup>.

*Cap.* How canst thou try them so ?

2 *Serv.* Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers : therefore he, that cannot lick his fingers, goes not with me.

*Cap.* Go, begone.— [Exit Servant.

We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time.—

What, is my daughter gone to friar Laurence ?

*Nurse.* Ay, forsooth.

*Cap.* Well, he may chance to do some good on her : A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

*Enter JULIET.*

*Nurse.* See, where she comes from shrift<sup>3</sup> with merry look.

*Cap.* How now, my headstrong ? where have you been gadding ?

*Jul.* Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin  
Of disobedient opposition  
To you, and your behests ; and am enjoin'd  
By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here,  
To beg your pardon.—Pardon, I beseech you !  
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

*Cap.* Send for the County : go tell him of this ;  
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

*Jul.* I met the youthful lord at Laurence' cell ;  
And gave him what becomed<sup>4</sup> love I might,  
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

wish respecting his daughter's marriage is dependent on her own, yet afterward pays no attention to her wishes, &c. &c.

<sup>2</sup> This adage is found in Puttenham's *Arte of English Poesie*, 1589 :—

“ As the olde cocke crowes so doeth the chicke :  
A bad cooke that cannot his owne fingers lick.”

<sup>3</sup> i. e. *confession*.

<sup>4</sup> *Becomed* for *becoming* : one participle for another, a frequent practice with Shakespeare.

*Cap.* Why, I am glad on't ; this is well ;—stand up :  
This is as't should be.—Let me see the County ;  
Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.—  
Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar,  
All our whole city is much bound to him<sup>5</sup>.

*Jul.* Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,  
To help me sort such needful ornaments  
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow ?

*La. Cap.* No, not till Thursday : there is time  
enough.

*Cap.* Go, nurse, go with her :—we'll to church to-  
morrow. [ *Exeunt JULIET and Nurse.*

*La. Cap.* We shall be short in our provision ;  
'Tis now near night.

*Cap.* Tush ! I will stir about,  
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife :  
Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her ;  
I'll not to bed to-night ;—let me alone ;  
I'll play the housewife for this once.—What, ho !  
They are all forth. Well, I will walk myself  
To County Paris, to prepare him up  
Against to-morrow : my heart is wondrous light,  
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd.

[ *Exeunt.*

### SCENE III. Juliet's Chamber.

*Enter JULIET and Nurse.*

*Jul.* Ay, those attires are best :—but, gentle nurse,  
I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night ;  
For I have need of many orisons  
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,  
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

<sup>5</sup> Thus the folio and the quartos, 1599 and 1609. The oldest quarto reads perhaps more grammatically :—

“ All our whole city is much bound unto.”



*Enter* LADY CAPULET.

*La. Cap.* What, are you busy? do you need my help?

*Jul.* No, madam; we have cull'd such necessaries  
As are behoveful for our state to-morrow;  
So please you, let me now be left alone,  
And let the nurse this night sit up with you;  
For, I am sure, you have your hands full all,  
In this so sudden business.

*La. Cap.* Good night!  
Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need.

[*Exeunt* LADY CAPULET and Nurse.

*Jul.* Farewell<sup>1</sup>! God knows, when we shall meet again.  
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,  
That almost freezes up the heat of life:  
I'll call them back again to comfort me.—  
Nurse!—What should she do here?  
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.—  
Come, phial.—  
What if this mixture do not work at all?  
Shall I be married, then, to-morrow morning?—  
No, no;—this shall forbid it:—lie thou there.

[*Laying down a Dagger*<sup>2</sup>.

What if it be a poison, which the friar  
Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead;  
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,  
Because he married me before to Romeo?  
I fear, it is: and yet, methinks, it should not,  
For he hath still been tried a holy man.  
I will not entertain so bad a thought<sup>a</sup>.—

<sup>1</sup> This speech received considerable additions after the first copy was published, in which it consists of only eighteen lines.

<sup>2</sup> This stage-direction has been supplied by the modern editors. The quarto of 1597 reads:—"Knife, lie thou there."

"Daggers, or, as they were more commonly called, knives (says Mr. Gifford), were worn at all times by every woman in England; whether they were so worn in Italy, Shakespeare, I believe, never inquired, and I cannot tell."—*Ben Jonson*, vol. v. p. 221.

<sup>a</sup> This line is only found in the first quarto.

How if, when I am laid into the tomb,  
 I wake before the time that Romeo  
 Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!  
 Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,  
 To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,  
 And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?  
 Or, if I live, is it not very like,  
 The horrible conceit of death and night,  
 Together with the terror of the place,—  
 As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,  
 Where, for these many hundred years, the bones  
 Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd<sup>3</sup>;  
 Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,  
 Lies fest'ring<sup>4</sup> in his shroud; where, as they say,  
 At some hours in the night spirits resort;—  
 Alack, alack! is it not like, that I,  
 So early waking,—what with loathsome smells,  
 And shrieks like mandrakes torn out of the earth,  
 That living mortals, hearing them, run mad<sup>5</sup>;—  
 O! if I wake, shall I not be distraught<sup>6</sup>,

<sup>3</sup> This idea was probably suggested to the poet by his native place. The charnel at Stratford-upon-Avon, now abolished, was a very large one, and perhaps contained a greater number of bones than are to be found in any other repository of the same kind in England.

<sup>4</sup> To *fester* is to *corrupt*. So in King Edward III. 1599:—

“Lilies that *fester* smell far worse than weeds.”

This line also occurs in the ninety-fourth Sonnet of Shakespeare. The play of Edward III. has been ascribed to him.

<sup>5</sup> See vol. v. p. 153, note 4; and vol. vi. p. 198, note 24. “The *mandrake*,” says Thomas Newton in his Herbal, “has been idly represented as ‘a creature having life, and engendered under the earth of the seed of some dead person that hath beene convicted and put to death for some felonie or murder, and that they had the same in such dampish and funerall places where the saide convicted persons were buried,’” &c. So in Webster's *Duchess of Malfy*, 1623:—

“I have this night digg'd up a *mandrake*,  
 And am grown mad with it.”

<sup>6</sup> *distraught*, i. e. *distracted*. All the old copies misprint *walk* instead of *wake* in this line.

Environed with all these hideous fears ?  
 And madly play with my forefathers' joints ?  
 And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud ?  
 And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,  
 As with a club, dash out my desperate brains ?  
 O, look ! methinks, I see my cousin's ghost  
 Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body  
 Upon a rapier's point :—Stay, Tybalt, stay !—  
 Romeo ! Romeo ! Romeo ! I drink to thee<sup>7</sup>.

[*She throws herself on the Bed.*]

SCENE IV. Capulet's Hall.

*Enter* LADY CAPULET and Nurse.

*La. Cap.* Hold, take these keys, and fetch more  
 spices, nurse.

*Nurse.* They call for dates and quinces in the  
 pastry<sup>1</sup>. [Exit Nurse.]

*Enter* CAPULET.

*Cap.* Come, stir, stir, stir ! the second cock hath  
 crow'd,  
 The curfew bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock :—  
 Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica :

<sup>7</sup> The folios and the later quartos give this line thus :—

“Romeo, Romeo, Romeo, *here's drink*, I drink to thee.”

It is evident that the words *here drink* were a stage-direction, which have crept into the text. The first quarto is sufficient evidence of this, in which the passage stands thus :—

“What if I should be stifled in the tomb !

Awake an hour before the appointed time !

Ah ! then, I fear, I shall be lunatick,

And playing with my dead forefathers' bones,

Dash out my frantick brains. Methinks I see

My cousin Tybalt weltering in his blood,

Seeking for Romeo :—Stay, Tybalt, stay !—

Romeo, I come ! this do I drink to thee.

[*She falls upon her bed, within the curtains.*”]

<sup>1</sup> i. e. the room where the pastry was made.

Spare not for cost.

*La. Cap.* Go, you cot-quean, go,  
Get you to bed ; 'faith, you'll be sick to-morrow  
For this night's watching<sup>2</sup>.

*Cap.* No, not a whit ; What ! I have watch'd ere now  
All night for a less cause, and ne'er been sick.

*La. Cap.* Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt<sup>3</sup> in your  
time ;  
But I will watch you from such watching now.

[*Exit* LADY CAPULET.

*Cap.* A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood !—Now, fellow,  
What's there ?

*Enter* Servants, with *Spits, Logs, and Baskets.*

1 *Serv.* Things for the cook, sir ; but I know not  
what.

*Cap.* Make haste, make haste. [*Exit* 1 *Serv.*]—  
Sirrah, fetch drier logs ;  
Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.

2 *Serv.* I have a head, sir, that will find out logs,  
And never trouble Peter for the matter. [*Exit.*

*Cap.* 'Mass, and well said ; A merry whoreson ! ha !  
Thou shalt be logger-head.—Good faith, 'tis day :

<sup>2</sup> This speech, which in the old copies is attributed to the Nurse, should surely be given to Lady Capulet. The Nurse would hardly call her lordly master a *cot-quean*, or reply to a speech addressed to her mistress. Beside that, she had been sent for spices, and is shortly after made to re-enter. I have therefore made the necessary change. That a *cot-quean* signified a man who troubled himself with female affairs, what has since been called a *molly-coddle*, as well as a henpecked husband, is quite certain. Thus Hall in his sixth Satire, b. iv.—

“ And make a drudge of their uxorious mate,  
Who like a *cot-quean* freezeth at the rock.”

It is probably derived from the Fr. *coquine*. The word Mr. Hunter has mistaken for it in Golding's Ovid is *cuc-queane*, i. e. a *female cuckold*.

<sup>3</sup> The animal called the *mouse-hunt* is the *martin*, which, being of the weasel tribe, prowls about in the night for its prey. “Cat after kinde, good *mouse-hunt*,” is one of Heywood's proverbs.

The County will be here with musick straight.

[*Musick within.*

For so he said he would.—I hear him near :—

Nurse !—Wife !—what ho !—what, nurse, I say !

*Enter Nurse.*

Go, waken Juliet, go, and trim her up ;

I'll go and chat with Paris.—Hie, make haste,

Make haste ! the bridegroom he is come already :

Make haste, I say !

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. Juliet's Chamber ; JULIET on the Bed.

*Enter Nurse.*

*Nurse.* Mistress !—what, mistress !—Juliet !—fast,

I warrant her, she :

Why, lamb !—why, lady !—fye, you slug-a-bed !—

Why, love, I say !—madam ! sweet-heart !—why,  
bride !

What, not a word ?—you take your pennyworths now ;

Sleep for a week ; for the next night, I warrant,

The county Paris hath set up his rest<sup>1</sup>,

That you shall rest but little.—God forgive me,

(Marry and amen !) how sound is she asleep !

I must needs wake her :—Madam, madam, madam !

Ay, let the county take you in your bed ;

He'll fright you up, i' faith.—Will it not be ?

What, drest ! and in your clothes ! and down again !

I must needs wake you : Lady ! lady ! lady !

Alas ! alas !—Help ! help ! my lady's dead !—

<sup>1</sup> Nashe, in his *Terrors of the Night*, quibbles in the same manner on this expression :—“ You that are married and have wives of your owne, and yet hold too nere friendship with your neighbours, *set up your rests*, that the night will be an ill neighbour to *your rest*, and that you shall have as little peace of minde as the rest.” The phrase is explained in vol. iii. p. 258, note 22.

O, well-a-day, that ever I was born !—  
Some aqua-vitæ, ho !—my lord ! my lady !

*Enter* LADY CAPULET.

*La. Cap.* What noise is here ?

*Nurse.* O lamentable day !

*La. Cap.* What is the matter ?

*Nurse.* Look, look ! O heavy day !

*La. Cap.* O me ! O me !—my child, my only life,  
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee !—  
Help, help !—call help.

*Enter* CAPULET.

*Cap.* For shame, bring Juliet forth ; her lord is come.

*Nurse.* She's dead, deceas'd, she's dead ; alack the  
day !

*La. Cap.* Alack the day ! she's dead, she's dead,  
she's dead.

*Cap.* Ha ! let me see her :—Out, alas ! she's cold ;  
Her blood is settled ; and her joints are stiff ;  
Life and these lips have long been separated :  
Death lies on her, like an untimely frost  
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field<sup>a</sup>.

*Nurse.* O lamentable day !

*La. Cap.* O woful time !

*Cap.* Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me  
wail,  
Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak<sup>2</sup>.

<sup>a</sup> In the first quarto this scene is much more brief, and Capulet there merely exclaims :—

“ Stay ! let me see : all pale and wan  
Accursed time ! unfortunate old man !

<sup>2</sup> Shakespeare has here followed the old poem closely, without recollecting that he had made Capulet in this scene clamorous in his grief. In the poem Juliet's mother makes a long speech, but the old man utters not a word.

“ But more than all the rest the father's heart was so  
Smit with the heavy news, and so shut up with sudden woe,

*Enter* FRIAR LAURENCE and PARIS, with Musicians.

*Fri.* Come, is the bride ready to go to church ?

*Cap.* Ready to go, but never to return :

O son ! the night before thy wedding-day  
Hath death lain with thy wife<sup>3</sup> :—there she lies,  
Flower as she was, deflowered by him.

Death is my son-in-law, death is my heir ;  
My daughter he hath wedded ! I will die,  
And leave him all ; life, living, all is death's.

*Par.* Have I thought long to see this morning's  
face<sup>5</sup>,

And doth it give me such a sight as this ?

*La. Cap.* Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hateful day !  
Most miserable hour, that e'er time saw  
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage !  
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,  
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,

That he ne had the power his daughter to beweepe,  
*Ne yet to speak*, but long is forc'd his tears and plaints to keep."

<sup>3</sup> Euripides has sported with this thought in the same manner.

Iphig. in Aulid. v. 460 :—

“ Τήνδ' αὖτάλαιναν παρθενον (τί παρθενον ;  
“ Ἀδης νιν, ὡς ἔοικε, νυμφεύσει τάχα.”

So in the Antigone of Sophocles :—

Ἀχέροντι νυμφεύσω.

Decker, in his *Satiromastix*, has the same thought more coarsely expressed :—

“ Dead : she's death's bride ; he hath her maidenhead.”

He has the same thought in his *Wonderful Year* :—“ Death rudely lay with her, and spoiled her of her maidenhead in spite of her husband.”

<sup>5</sup> The quarto of 1597 continues the speech of Paris thus :—

“ And doth it now present such prodigies ?

Accurst, unhappy, miserable man,

Forlorn, forsaken, destitute I am ;

Born to the world to be a slave in it :

Distrest, remediless, unfortunate.

Oh heavens ! Oh nature ! wherefore did you make me

To live so vile, so wretched as I shall ?”

In the text the edition of 1599 is here followed. The Nurse's exclamatory speech is not in the first quarto.

And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight.

*Nurse.* O woe! O woful, woful, woful day!  
 Most lamentable day! most woful day,  
 That ever, ever, I did yet behold!  
 O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!  
 Never was seen so black a day as this:  
 O woful day, O woful day!

*Par.* Beguil'd, divorc'd, wronged, spited, slain,  
 Most détestable death, by thee beguil'd,  
 By cruel, cruel thee quite overthrown!—  
 O love! O life!—not life, but love in death!

*Cap.* Despis'd, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd!—  
 Uncomfortable time! why cam'st thou now  
 To murder, murder our solemnity?—  
 O child! O child! my soul, and not my child!  
 Dead art thou,—alack! my child is dead;  
 And, with my child, my joys are buried!

*Fri.* Peace, ho, for shame! confusion's cure lives not  
 In these confusions. Heaven and yourself  
 Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all.  
 And all the better is it for the maid:  
 Your part in her you could not keep from death;  
 But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.  
 The most you sought was her promotion;  
 For 'twas your heaven, she should be advanc'd:  
 And weep ye now, seeing she is advanc'd  
 Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?  
 O, in this love, you love your child so ill,  
 That you run mad, seeing that she is well:  
 She's not well married, that lives married long;  
 But she's best married, that dies married young.  
 Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary  
 On this fair corse; and, as the custom is,  
 In all her best array bear her to church<sup>6</sup>:

<sup>6</sup> This was suggested by the poem. It was the custom in Italy to carry the corse upon a bier, in its best attire, with the



For though fond nature bids us all lament,  
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

*Cap.* All things, that we ordained festival<sup>7</sup>,  
Turn from their office to black funeral ;  
Our instruments, to melancholy bells ;  
Our wedding cheer, to a sad burial feast<sup>8</sup> ;  
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change ;  
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,  
And all things change them to the contrary.

*Fri.* Sir, go you in,—and, madam, go with him ;—  
And go, sir Paris ;—every one prepare  
To follow this fair corse unto her grave.  
The heavens do low'r upon you, for some ill ;  
Move them no more, by crossing their high will.

[*Exeunt* CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, PARIS,  
and Friar.

1 *Mus.* 'Faith, we may put up our pipes, and be gone:

*Nurse.* Honest good fellows, ah, put up ; put up ;  
For, well you know, this is a pitiful case.

[*Exit* Nurse.

1 *Mus.* Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

*Enter* PETER<sup>9</sup>.

*Pet.* Musicians, O, musicians ! *Heart's ease, heart's ease* ; O, an you will have me live, play *heart's ease*.

1 *Mus.* Why *heart's ease* ?

*Pet.* O, musicians, because my heart itself plays—

face, hands and feet uncovered. Rosemary, as well as other evergreens, were used at funerals as emblems of the soul's immortality.

<sup>7</sup> Instead of this and the following speeches the first quarto has only a couplet :—

“ Let it be so ; come, woeful sorrow-mates,  
Let us together taste this bitter fate.”

The enlarged text is formed upon the poem.

<sup>8</sup> See Hamlet, Act i. Sc. 2.

<sup>9</sup> From the quarto of 1599 and that of 1609 it appears that the part of Peter was originally performed by William Kempe.

*My heart is full of woe*<sup>10</sup>. O, play me some merry dump<sup>11</sup>, to comfort me.

2 *Mus.* Not a dump we ; 'tis no time to play now.

*Pet.* You will not then ?

*Mus.* No.

*Pet.* I will then give it you soundly.

1 *Mus.* What will you give us ?

*Pet.* No money, on my faith ; but the gleek<sup>12</sup> : I will give you the minstrel.

1 *Mus.* Then will I give you the serving-creature.

*Pet.* Then will I lay the serving-creature's dagger on your pate. I will carry no crotchets : I'll *re* you, I'll *fa* you ; Do you note me ?

1 *Mus.* An you *re* us, and *fa* us, you note us.

2 *Mus.* 'Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

*Pet.* Then have at you with my wit<sup>a</sup> ; I will dry-beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger. —Answer me like men<sup>13</sup> :

<sup>10</sup> This is the burthen of the first stanza of A Pleasant New Ballad of Two Lovers:—"Hey hoe! my heart is full of woe."

<sup>11</sup> A *dump* was formerly the received term for a grave or melancholy strain in music, vocal or instrumental. It also signified a kind of poetical elegy. See Two Gent. of Verona, Act iii. Sc. 2, note 9. A *merry dump* is no doubt a purposed absurdity put into the mouth of Master Peter. That it was a sad or dismal strain, perhaps sometimes for the sake of contrast and effect mixed up with livelier airs, appears from Cavendish's Metrical Visions, p. 17:—

"What is now left to helpe me in this case?

Nothing at all but *doſſe in the dance,*

Among deade men to tryppe on the trace."

The music of a dump of the sixteenth century is given in a note on the Two Gentlemen of Verona in the variorum editions of Shakespeare.

<sup>12</sup> A pun is here intended. A *gleekman*, or *gligman*, is a *minstrel*. To give the *gleek* meant also to pass a jest upon a person, to make him appear ridiculous ; a *gleek* being a *jest* or *scoff* ; from the Saxon *glerg*.

<sup>a</sup> *Then have at you with my wit,*" these words are given to the 2 *Mus.* in the old copies.

<sup>13</sup> "Dr. Percy thinks that the questions of Peter are designed

*When griping grief the heart doth wound,  
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,  
Then musick with her silver sound*<sup>14</sup>—

Why, *silver sound*? why, *musick with her silver sound*?  
What say you, Simon Catling<sup>15</sup>?

1 *Mus.* Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

*Pet.* Pretty<sup>16</sup>! What say you, Hugh Rebeck?

2 *Mus.* I say—*silver sound*, because musicians sound for silver.

*Pet.* Pretty too!—What say you, James Soundpost?

3 *Mus.* 'Faith, I know not what to say.

*Pet.* O, I cry you mercy! you are the singer: I will say for you. It is—*musick with her silver sound*, because such fellows as you have seldom gold for sounding:—

*Then musick with her silver sound,  
With speedy help doth lend redress.*

[*Exit, singing.*]

1 *Mus.* What a pestilent knave is this same!

2 *Mus.* Hang him, Jack! Come, we'll in here; tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner. [*Exeunt.*]

as a ridicule on the forced and unnatural explanations given by us painful editors of ancient authors."—*Steevens.*

<sup>14</sup> This is part of a song by Richard Edwards, in the *Paradise of Dainty Devices*, fol. 31, b. Another copy is to be found in *Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry.*

<sup>15</sup> This worthy takes his name from a small lutestring made of catgut. His companion the fiddler from an instrument of the same name mentioned by many of our old writers, and recorded by Milton as an instrument of mirth:—

“When the merry bells ring round,  
And the joyful *rebecks* sound.”

<sup>16</sup> Here and below, the first quarto has *pretty*. The undated quarto and that of 1637 *pratee*, and all the other copies *prates* or *pratest*.

## ACT V.

SCENE I. Mantua. *A Street.**Enter* ROMEO.*Romeo.*

**I**F I may trust the flattering truth of sleep<sup>1</sup>,  
 My dreams presage some joyful news at  
 hand :

My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne ;  
 And, all this day, an unaccustom'd spirit  
 Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts<sup>2</sup>.  
 I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead  
 (Strange dream! that gives a dead man leave to think) ;  
 And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips<sup>3</sup>,  
 That I reviv'd, and was an emperour.  
 Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,  
 When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!

*Enter* BALTHASAR.

News from Verona!—How now, Balthasar?

<sup>1</sup> The first quarto has "the flattering *eye* of sleep." The other copies all have "the flattering *truth of* sleep." Otway reads "the *flattery* of sleep," and Pope followed him. I propose to read "the flattering *soother* sleep," which the poet elsewhere calls "*balm* of hurt minds," and "Nature's soft nurse." The similarity of sound in recitation of the words *truth of* and *soother*, may have occasioned the error. The poetical beauty of the passage is much heightened by the personification of Sleep.

<sup>2</sup> The poet has explained this passage a little further on:—  
 "How oft, when men are at the point of death,  
 Have they been merry? which their keepers call  
 A lightning before death."

<sup>3</sup> Shakespeare seems to have remembered Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, a poem that he has quoted in *As You Like It*:—

"By this sad Hero—  
 Viewing Leander's face, fell down and fainted;  
 He kiss'd her, and breath'd life into her lips," &c.

Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?  
 How doth my lady? Is my father well?  
 How fares my Juliet<sup>4</sup>? That I ask again;  
 For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

*Bal.* Then she is well, and nothing can be ill;  
 Her body sleeps in Capels' monument<sup>5</sup>,  
 And her immortal part with angels lives;  
 I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,  
 And presently took post to tell it you;  
 O pardon me for bringing these ill news,  
 Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

*Rom.* Is it even so? then I defy you, stars!—  
 Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper,  
 And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.

*Bal.* I do beseech you, sir, have patience<sup>6</sup>:  
 Your looks are pale and wild, and do import  
 Some misadventure.

*Rom.* 'Tush! thou art deceiv'd;  
 Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do:  
 Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

*Bal.* No, my good lord.

*Rom.* No matter: get thee gone,  
 And hire those horses; I'll be with thee straight.

[*Exit* BALTHASAR.

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.  
 Let's see for means:—O, mischief! thou art swift  
 To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!  
 I do remember an apothecary,  
 And hereabouts he dwells, whom late I noted  
 In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,  
 Culling of simples: meagre were his looks,

<sup>4</sup> Thus the quarto, 1597. The other copies repeat "How doth my lady Juliet."

<sup>5</sup> Shakespeare found *Capel* and *Capulet* used indiscriminately in the poem which was the groundwork of this tragedy.

<sup>6</sup> The quarto 1597 reads:—

"Pardon me, sir, I will not leave you thus."

Sharp misery had worn him to the bones<sup>7</sup> :  
 And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,  
 An alligator stuff'd, and other skins<sup>8</sup>  
 Of ill shap'd fishes ; and about his shelves  
 A beggarly account of empty boxes,  
 Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,  
 Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,  
 Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a show.  
 Noting this penury, to myself I said—  
 And if a man did need a poison now,  
 Whose sale is present death in Mantua,  
 Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.  
 O ! this same thought did but forerun my need ;  
 And this same needy man must sell it me.  
 As I remember, this should be the house ;  
 Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.—  
 What, ho ! apothecary !

*Enter Apothecary.*

*Ap.* Who calls so loud ?

*Rom.* Come hither, man. I see that thou art poor ;  
 Hold, there is forty ducats ; let me have

<sup>7</sup> See Sackville's description of misery in the Induction to the *Mirror of Magistrates* :—

“ His *face was leane* and some deal pinde away,  
 And eke *his hands consumed to the bones.*”

<sup>8</sup> We learn from Nashe's *Have with You to Saffron Walden*, 1596, that a stuffed alligator then made part of the furniture of an apothecary's shop :—“ He made an anatomie of a rat, and after hanged her over his head, instead of an *apothecary's crocodile* or *dried alligator.*” Steevens was informed that formerly when an apothecary first engaged with his druggist, he was gratuitously furnished by him with these articles of show, which were then imported for that use only ; and had met with the alligator, tortoise, &c. hanging up in the shop of an ancient apothecary at Limehouse, as well as in places more remote from the metropolis. See Hogarth's *Marriage à la Mode*, plate iii. It seems that the apothecaries dismissed their alligators, &c. some time before the physicians parted with their amber-headed canes and solemn periwigs.

A dram of poison ; such soon-speeding gear  
 As will disperse itself through all the veins,  
 That the life-weary taker may fall dead ;  
 And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath  
 As violently, as hasty powder fir'd  
 Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

*Ap.* Such mortal drugs I have ; but Mantua's law  
 Is death, to any he that utters them.

*Rom.* Art thou so bare, and full of wretchedness,  
 And fear'st to die ? famine is in thy cheeks,  
 Need and oppression stareth in thine eyes<sup>9</sup>,  
 Contempt and beggary hang upon thy back,  
 The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law :  
 The world affords no law to make thee rich ;  
 Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

*Ap.* My poverty, but not my will, consents.

*Rom.* I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

*Ap.* Put this in any liquid thing you will,  
 And drink it off ; and, if you had the strength  
 Of twenty men, it would despatch you straight<sup>10</sup>.

<sup>9</sup> The quarto of 1597 reads :—

“ Upon thy back hangs ragged miserie,  
 And starved famine dwelleth in thy cheeks.”

The quartos of 1599 and 1609 :—

“ Need and oppression *starveth* in thy eyes.”

Otway exhibited the line as it is in the text in his *Caius Marius*, and the alteration is so slight that it well merits adoption. Ritson has justly observed that *need* and *oppression* could not properly be said to *starve* in the eyes of the Apothecary, though they may be supposed to be manifest in his *haggard looks*. To avoid the grammatical error Pope reads :—

“ Need and oppression *stare within* thy eyes.”

<sup>10</sup> Steevens thinks that Shakespeare may have remembered the following passage in The Pardoner's Tale of Chaucer, v. 12794 :—

“ The Potecary answered, thou shalt have  
 A thing, as wisly God my soule save,  
 In all this world thir n'is no creature,  
 That ete or dronke hath of this confecture,  
 Not but the mountance of a corne of whete  
 That he ne shall his lif anon forlete :

*Rom.* There is thy gold, worse poison to men's souls,  
 Doing more murders in this loathsome world,  
 Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not sell:  
 I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.  
 Farewell; buy food, and get thyself in flesh.—  
 Come, cordial, and not poison; go with me  
 To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Friar Laurence's Cell.

*Enter* FRIAR JOHN.

*John.* Holy Franciscan friar! brother! ho!

*Enter* FRIAR LAURENCE.

*Lau.* This sameshould be the voice of Friar John.—  
 Welcome from Mantua; What says Romeo?  
 Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

*John.* Going to find a barefoot brother out,  
 One of our order to associate me<sup>1</sup>,

Ye, sterve he shall, and that in lesse while  
 Than thou wolt gon a pas not but a mile:  
 This poison is so strong and violent."

<sup>1</sup> Each friar had always a companion assigned him by the superior, when he asked leave to go out. In the *Visitatio Notabilis de Seleborne*, a curious record printed in White's *Natural History of Selborne*, Wykeham enjoins the canons not to go abroad without leave from the prior, who is ordered on such occasions to assign the brother a companion, "ne suspicio sinistra vel scandalum oriatur." There is a similar regulation in the statutes of Trinity College, Cambridge. So in *The Tragical History of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:—

"Apace our friar John to Mantua him hies,  
 And, for because in Italy it is a wonted guise  
 That friars in the town should seldom walk alone,  
 But of their convent aye *should be accompanied with one*  
*Of his profession*, straight a house he findeth out,  
 In mind to take some friar with him to walk the town about."

Shakespeare, having occasion for Friar John, has departed from the poem, and supposed the pestilence to rage at Verona instead of Mantua.



Here in this city visiting the sick,  
 And finding him, the searchers of the town,  
 Suspecting that we both were in a house  
 Where the infectious pestilence did reign,  
 Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth ;  
 So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

*Lau.* Who bare my letter then to Romeo ?

*John.* I could not send it,—here it is again,—  
 Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,  
 So fearful were they of infection.

*Lau.* Unhappy fortune ! by my brotherhood,  
 The letter was not nice<sup>2</sup>, but full of charge,  
 Of dear import ; and the neglecting it  
 May do much danger : Friar John, go hence ;  
 Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight  
 Unto my cell.

*John.* Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. [Exit.

*Lau.* Now must I to the monument alone ;  
 Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake<sup>3</sup> ;  
 She will beshrew me much, that Romeo  
 Hath had no notice of these accidents :  
 But I will write again to Mantua,  
 And keep her at my cell till Romeo come  
 Poor living corse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb !

[Exit.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. was not wantonly written on a trivial or idle matter, but on a subject of importance. See Act iii. Sc. 1, note 16.

<sup>3</sup> Instead of this line and the concluding part of the speech, the first quarto reads only :—

“Lest that the lady should before I come  
 Be wak'd from sleep, I will hye  
 To free her from that tomb of miserie.”

SCENE III. *A Church Yard: in it a Monument belonging to the Capulets*<sup>1</sup>.

*Enter PARIS, and his Page, bearing Flowers and a Torch.*

*Par.* Give me thy torch, boy: Hence, and stand aloof;—

Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.  
Under yond' yew-trees<sup>a</sup> lay thee all along,  
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground;  
So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread  
(Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves),  
But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me,  
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.  
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee; go.

*Page.* I am almost afraid to stand alone  
Here in the churchyard; yet I will adventure.

[*Retires*

*Par.* Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I  
strew;

O woe! thy canopy is dust and stones,  
Which with sweet water nightly I will dew;  
Or, wanting that, with tears distill'd by moans:  
The obsequies that I for thee will keep  
Nightly shall be, to strew thy grave and weep<sup>2</sup>.

[*The Boy whistles.*

<sup>1</sup> It is probable that the writer Shakespeare followed had in mind the churchyard of St. Mary the Old in Verona, and the monument of the Scaligers, of which Mr. Knight has given an engraving. The Lovers are said to have been buried in the Soterranè of Fermo Maggiore, belonging to an order of Franciscans. The monastery was burnt down some years since and a sarcophagus, said to be that of Juliet, was removed from the ruins, and is still shown at Verona. Mr. Duppa has given a neat representation of it in his *Miscellaneous Observations and Opinions on the Continent*, 1825, which is copied in Mr. Knight's edition.

<sup>2</sup> The 4to, 1597, has "Under *this* yew tree:" all the other copies "yond' *young* trees."

<sup>2</sup> The quarto, 1597, has these lines:—

The boy gives warning, something doth approach.  
 What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,  
 To cross my obsequies, and true-love's rite?  
 What! with a torch!—muffle me, night, a while<sup>3</sup>.

[Retires.

*Enter ROMEO and BALTHASAR, with a Torch,  
 Mattock, &c.*

*Rom.* Give me that mattock, and the wrenching iron.  
 Hold, take this letter; early in the morning  
 See thou deliver it to my lord and father.  
 Give me the light. Upon thy life I charge thee,  
 Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,  
 And do not interrupt me in my course.  
 Why I descend into this bed of death,  
 Is, partly, to behold my lady's face:  
 But, chiefly, to take thence from her dead finger  
 A precious ring; a ring that I must use  
 In dear<sup>4</sup> employment: therefore hence, be gone:—  
 But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry  
 In what I further shall intend to do,  
 By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,

“ Sweet flower, with flowers I strew thy bridal bed:  
 Sweet tomb, that in thy circuit dost contain  
 The perfect model of eternity;  
 Fair Juliet, that with angels dost remain,  
 Accept this latest favour at my hands;  
 That living honour'd thee, and, being dead,  
 With funeral praises do adorn thy tomb!”

<sup>3</sup> Thus in Drayton's *Polyolbion*:—

“ But suddenly the clouds which on the winds do fly  
 Do muffle him again.”

The word was not deemed unpoetical by Milton; the Elder Brother in *Comus* uses it:—

“ *Unmuffle, ye faint stars,*” &c.

A *muffler* was a part of female dress, described in vol. i. p. 265.

<sup>4</sup> That is, *In action of importance*. The sense of the word *dear* has been explained in vol. iii. p. 437. So Ben Jonson, in *Catiline*, Act i.—

“ Put your known talents on so *dear* a business.”

And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs.  
The time and my intents are savage-wild ;  
More fierce, and more inexorable far,  
Than empty tigers, or the roaring sea.

*Bal.* I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

*Rom.* So shalt thou show me friendship. Take  
thou that :

Live, and be prosperous ; and farewell, good fellow.

*Bal.* For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout ;  
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [*Retires.*]

*Rom.* 'Thou détestable<sup>5</sup> maw, thou womb of death,  
Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,  
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,

[*Breaking open the Door of the Monument.*]

And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food !

*Par.* This is that banish'd haughty Montague,  
That murder'd my love's cousin,—with which grief,  
It is supposed the fair creature died,—

And here is come to do some villainous shame  
To the dead bodies : I will apprehend him.—

[*Advances.*]

Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague.

Can vengeance be pursu'd further than death ?

Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee :

Obey, and go with me ; for thou must die.

*Rom.* I must, indeed ; and therefore came I hither.

Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man ;

Fly hence and leave me ;—think upon these gone ;

Let them affright thee.—I beseech thee, youth,

Put not another sin upon my head,

By urging me to fury :—O, be gone !

By heaven, I love thee better than myself :

For I come hither arm'd against myself :

<sup>5</sup> *Detestable* was formerly accented on the first syllable, as in the present instance. So Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, b. i. can. i. st. 26 :—

“ That *détestable* sight him much amaz'd.”

Stay not ;—be gone ;—live, and hereafter say,  
A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

*Par.* I do defy thy conjurations<sup>6</sup>,  
And do attach thee as a felon here.

*Rom.* Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee,  
boy. [*They fight.*]

*Page.* O lord! they fight: I will go call the watch.  
[*Exit Page.*]

*Par.* O! I am slain! [*Falls.*] If thou be merciful,  
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [*Dies.*]

*Rom.* In faith, I will.—Let me peruse this face;  
Mercutio's kinsman, noble county Paris:  
What said my man, when my betossed soul  
Did not attend him as we rode? I think,  
He told me, Paris should have married Juliet:  
Said he not so?—or did I dream it so?  
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,  
To think it was so?—O! give me thy hand,  
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!  
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave,—  
A grave? O, no! a lantern<sup>7</sup>, slaughter'd youth,

<sup>6</sup> Thus the quarto, 1597. That of 1599 has *commiration*, and hence all subsequent editions took this misprint for *commiseration*. The sense is, I *refuse* to do as thou *conjurest* me to do, i. e. *depart*. The word is elsewhere used by the poet in this sense. Constance, in King John, says:—

“No, I *defy* all counsel, all redress.”

<sup>7</sup> A *lantern* may not, in this instance, signify an enclosure for a lighted candle, but a *louvre*, or what in ancient records is styled *lanternium*, i. e. a spacious round or octagonal turret full of windows, by means of which cathedrals and sometimes halls are illuminated. See the beautiful *lantern* at Ely Minster.

The same word, with the same sense, occurs in Churchyard's Siege of Edinbrough Castle:—

“This lofty seat and *lantern* of that land  
Like lodestarre stode, and lokte o'er ev'ry streete.”

And in Holland's translation of Pliny's Nat. Hist. b. xxxv.—  
“Hence came the *louver*s and *lanternes* reared over the roofes of temples.”

This thought is borrowed by Middleton in his Blurt Master Constable:—

For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes  
 This vault a feasting presence<sup>8</sup> full of light.  
 Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.

[*Laying PARIS in the Monument*

How oft when men are at the point of death  
 Have they been merry? which their keepers call  
 A lightning before death: O! how may I<sup>9</sup>  
 Call this a lightning?—O, my love! my wife!  
 Death that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,  
 Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty<sup>10</sup>:  
 Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet  
 Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,  
 And death's pale flag is not advanced there.—  
 Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?  
 O, what more favour can I do to thee,

“The darkest dungeon which spite can devise  
 To throw this carcase in, her glorious eyes  
 Can make as lightsome as the fairest chamber  
 In Paris Louvre.”

<sup>8</sup> i. e. a *presence chamber*, the most splendid apartment of a royal palace.

<sup>9</sup> The first quarto reads, “*But how,*” &c. This idea very frequently occurs in our old dramas. So in the Second Part of The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntingdon, 1601:—

“I thought it was a *lightning before death,*  
 Too sudden to be certain.”

<sup>10</sup> So in Sidney's *Arcadia*, b. iii.—“Death being able to divide the soule, but not the beauty from her body.” And in Daniel's *Complaint of Rosamond*, 1594:—

“Decayed roses of discoloured cheeks

Do yet retain some notes of former grace,  
 And ugly death sits fair within her face.”

*Death's pale flag*, in the subsequent line, has also its prototype in Daniel's *Complaint of Rosamond*, 1594:—

“And nought respecting death (the last of paines)  
 Plac'd his *pale colours* (th' *ensign* of his might)  
 Upon his new-got spoil,” &c.

A passage in Marini's *Rime Lugubri*, 1604, p. 149, bears a very strong resemblance to this; but Daniel could not have borrowed it, as Malone suggests:—

“*Morte la'nsegna sua, pallida e bianca,*  
 Vincitrice spiegò su'l volto mio.”

Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain,  
 To sunder his that was thine enemy?  
 Forgive me, cousin!—Ah, dear Juliet,  
 Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe  
 That unsubstantial death is amorous<sup>12</sup>;  
 And that the lean abhorred monster keeps  
 Thee here in dark to be his paramour?  
 For fear of that, I will still stay with thee;  
 And never from this palace of dim night<sup>13</sup>  
 Depart again; here, here will I remain<sup>14</sup>

<sup>12</sup> Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, ed. 1632, p. 463, speaking of the power of beauty, tells us:—"But of all the tales in this kinde, that is most memorable of Death himselfe, when he should have stroken a sweet young virgin with his dart he fell in love with the object." Burton refers to the *Ερωτοπαιγνιον* of Angerianus; but Steevens had met with the same fable in some other ancient book. So in Daniel's *Complaint of Rosamond*:—

"Ah, now methinks I see *death dallying seeks*  
*To entertain itselfe in love's sweete place.*"

In the quarto of 1597 the above passage appears thus:—

"Ah, dear Juliet,

How well thy beauty doth become this grave!  
 O, I believe that unsubstantial death  
 Is amorous, and doth court my love.  
 Therefore will I, O here, O ever here,  
 Set up my everlasting rest  
 With worms, that are thy chamber-maids.  
 Come, desperate pilot, now at once run on  
 The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary barge:  
 Here's to my love.—O, true apothecary,  
 Thy drugs are swift: thus with a kiss I die."

The text follows the quarto of 1599, which corresponds with the folio; except that the superfluous words *I will believe*, which were repeated by the carelessness of the transcriber or printer, are here omitted.

<sup>13</sup> In *The Second Maiden's Tragedy*, printed from a MS. in the Lansdown collection, monuments are styled the "*palaces of death.*"

<sup>14</sup> In the quartos, 1599 and 1609, and all the folios, the following lines by some strange confusion are inserted; but in the excellent dateless quarto and that of 1637 they are omitted:—

"Depart again; come lie thou in my arms,  
 Here's to thy health, where'er thou tumblest in,  
 O true Apothecary!

With worms that are thy chambermaids ; O ! here  
 Will I set up my everlasting rest<sup>15</sup> ;  
 And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars  
 From this world-wearied flesh.—Eyes, look your last !  
 Arms, take your last embrace ! and lips, O ! you  
 'The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss  
 A dateless bargain to engrossing death !—  
 Come, bitter conduct<sup>16</sup>, come, unsavoury guide !  
 'Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on  
 'The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark !  
 Here's to my love ! [*Drinks.* ]—O, true apothecary !  
 Thy drugs are quick.—Thus with a kiss I die.

[*Dies.*

*Enter at the other end of the Churchyard, FRIAR LAURENCE, with a Lantern, Crow, and Spade.*

*Fri.* Saint Francis be my speed ! how oft to-night  
 Have my old feet stumbled at graves<sup>17</sup> !—Who's  
 there<sup>18</sup> ?

*Bal.* Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you  
 well.

*Fri.* Bliss be upon you ! Tell me, good my friend,  
 What torch is yond' that vainly lends his light  
 'To grubs and eyeless skulls ? as I discern,  
 It burneth in the Capels' monument.

Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die.  
 Depart again," &c.

<sup>15</sup> See note 1, on Act iv. Sc. 5.

<sup>16</sup> *Conduct for conductor.* So in a former scene :—  
 "And fire-eyed fury be my *conduct* now."

<sup>17</sup> This accident was reckoned ominous. So in King Henry VI.  
 Part III.—

"For many men that *stumble* at the threshold  
 Are well foretold that danger lurks within."

And in King Richard III. Hastings, going to execution, says :—

"Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did *stumble*."

<sup>18</sup> Steevens and Malone here insert a line taken from the first  
 quarto :—

"Who is it that consorts, so late, the dead ?"



*Bal.* It doth so, holy sir; and there's my master,  
One that you love.

*Fri.* Who is it?

*Bal.* Romeo.

*Fri.* How long hath he been there?

*Bal.* Full half an hour.

*Fri.* Go with me to the vault.

*Bal.* I dare not, sir:

My master knows not, but I am gone hence;  
And fearfully did menace me with death,  
If I did stay to look on his intents.

*Fri.* Stay then, I'll go alone:—Fear comes upon  
me:

O! much I fear some ill unlucky<sup>a</sup> thing.

*Bal.* As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,  
I dreamt my master and another fought<sup>10</sup>,  
And that my master slew him.

*Fri.* Romeo! [*Advances.*

Alack, alack! what blood is this, which stains  
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?—  
What mean these masterless and gory swords  
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?

[*Enters the Monument.*

Romeo! O, pale!—Who else? what, Paris too?  
And steep'd in blood?—Ah, what an unkind hour

<sup>a</sup> The quarto 1609 reads *unthrifty*. In the next line the old copies have here misprinted again "*young tree*."

<sup>10</sup> "This is one of the touches of nature that would have escaped the hand of any painter less attentive to it than Shakespeare. What happens to a person while he is under the manifest influence of fear, will seem to him, when he is recovered from it, like a dream. Homer (book viii.) represents Rhesus dying, fast asleep, and, as it were, beholding his enemy in a dream, plunging a sword into his bosom. Eustathius and Dacier both applaud this image as very natural; for a man in such a condition, says Mr. Pope, awakes no further than to see confusedly what environs him, and to think it not a reality, but a vision. Let me add, that this passage appears to have been imitated by Quintus Calaber, xiii. 125:—Πότμον ὁμως ορόωντες δνειρασιον." *Stevens.*

Is guilty of this lamentable chance!—

The lady stirs<sup>20</sup>. [JULIET wakes and stirs.

*Jul.* O, comfortable friar! where is my lord?

I do remember well where I should be,

And there I am:—Where is my Romeo?

[Noise within.

*Fri.* I hear some noise.—Lady, come from that nest

Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep;

A greater Power than we can contradict

Hath thwarted our intents; come, come away:

Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;

And Paris too: come, I'll dispose of thee

Among a sisterhood of holy nuns:

Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;

Come, go, good Juliet,—[Noise again.] I dare no

longer stay.

[Exit.

*Jul.* Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.—

What's here? a cup, clos'd in my true love's hand?

Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end.—

O churl! drink all; and leave<sup>a</sup> no friendly drop

To help me after?—I will kiss thy lips;

Haply, some poison yet doth hang on them,

To make me die with a restorative. [Kisses him.

Thy lips are warm<sup>21</sup>!

<sup>20</sup> In the alteration of this play, now exhibited on the stage, Garrick appears to have been indebted to Otway, who perhaps, without any knowledge of the story as told by Da Porto and Bandello, does not permit his hero to die before his wife awakes.

<sup>a</sup> Thus the quarto, 1597. The other copies *left*.

<sup>21</sup> Shakespeare has been arraigned for making Romeo die before Juliet awakes from her trance, and thus losing a happy opportunity of introducing an affecting scene between these unfortunate lovers. He had undoubtedly never read the Italian novel, or any *literal* translation of it; and has in this particular followed the old poem or an older drama on the subject. Be this as it may, Augustus Schlegel remarks, that "the poet seems to have hit upon what was best. There is a measure of agitation, beyond which all that is superadded becomes torture, or glides off ineffectually from the already saturated mind. In case of the cruel reunion

1 *Watch*. [*Within.*] Lead, boy :—Which way ?

*Jul.* Yea, noise ?—then I'll be brief.—O happy dagger !  
*Snatching ROMEO's Dagger.*

This is thy sheath [*Stabs herself*] ; there rest, and let me die<sup>22</sup>. [*Falls on ROMEO's Body, and dies*

*Enter Watch, with the Page of PARIS.*

*Page.* This is the place ; there, where the torch doth burn.

1 *Watch.* The ground is bloody ; Search about the churchyard :

Go, some of you, whoe'er you find, attach.

[*Exeunt some.*

Pitiful sight ! here lies the county slain ;—  
And Juliet bleeding ; warm, and newly dead,  
Who here hath lain these two days buried.

Go, tell the prince,—run to the Capulets,—  
Raise up the Montagues,—some others search ;—

[*Exeunt other Watchmen.*

of the lovers for an instant, Romeo's remorse for his overhasty self-murder, Juliet's despair over her deceitful hope, at first cherished, then annihilated, that she was at the goal of her wishes, must have deviated into caricatures. Nobody surely doubts that Shakespeare was able to represent these with suitable force ; but here every thing soothing was welcome, in order that we may not be frightened out of the melancholy, to which we willingly resign ourselves, by too painful discords. Why should we heap still more upon accident, that is already so guilty ? Wherefore shall not the tortured Romeo quietly

' Shake his yoke of inauspicious stars  
From his world-wearied flesh ?'

He holds his beloved in his arms, and, dying, cheers himself with a vision of everlasting marriage. She also seeks death, in a kiss, upon his lips. These last moments must belong unparticipated to tenderness, that we may hold fast to the thought, that love lives, although the lovers perish."

<sup>22</sup> The quarto of 1599, and the folios, have "there *rust.*" That of 1597 reads :—

" Ay, noise ? then must I be resolute.  
Oh, happy dagger ! thou shalt end my fear ;  
*Rest* in my bosom ; thus I come to thee."

We see the ground whereon these woes do lie ;  
 But the true ground of all these piteous woes,  
 We cannot without circumstance descry.

*Enter some of the Watch, with BALTHASAR.*

2 *Watch.* Here's Romeo's man, we found him in  
 the churchyard.

1 *Watch.* Hold him in safety, till the prince come  
 hither.

*Enter another Watchman, with FRIAR LAURENCE.*

3 *Watch.* Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs, and  
 weeps :

We took this mattock and this spade from him,  
 As he was coming from this churchyard side.

1 *Watch.* A great suspicion ; Stay the friar too.

*Enter the Prince and Attendants.*

*Prince.* What misadventure is so early up,  
 That calls our person from our morning's rest ?

*Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and Others.*

*Cap.* What should it be, that they so shriek abroad ?

*La. Cap.* O ! the people in the street cry—Romeo,  
 Some—Juliet, and some—Paris ; and all run,  
 With open outcry toward our monument.

*Prince.* What fear is this, which startles in our <sup>23</sup>  
 ears ?

1 *Watch.* Sovereign, here lies the county Paris slain ;  
 And Romeo dead ; and Juliet, dead before,  
 Warm and new kill'd.

*Prince.* Search, seek, and know how this foul mur-  
 der comes.

1 *Watch.* Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's  
 man ;

<sup>23</sup> The old copies have "your ears." Johnson corrected it.

With instruments upon them, fit to open  
These dead men's tombs.

*Cap.* O heaven!—O, wife! look how our daughter bleeds!

This dagger hath mista'en,—for lo! his house  
Is empty on the back of Montague,  
And is missheathed in my daughter's bosom<sup>24</sup>.

*La. Cap.* O me! this sight of death is as a bell,  
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

*Enter MONTAGUE and Others.*

*Prince.* Come, Montague; for thou art early up,  
To see thy son and heir more early down.

*Mon.* Alas! my liege, my wife is dead to-night<sup>25</sup>;  
Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath;  
What further woe conspires against mine age?

*Prince.* Look, and thou shalt see.

*Mon.* O thou untaught! what manners is in this,  
To press before thy father to a grave<sup>26</sup>?

*Prince.* Seal up the mouth of outrage<sup>27</sup> for a while,  
Till we can clear these ambiguities,

<sup>24</sup> The words, "for lo! his house is empty on the back of Montague," are to be considered parenthetical. It appears that the *dagger* was anciently worn *behind the back*. So in Humors Ordinary:—

"See you yon huge bum *dagger at his back?*"

And in The Longer Thou Livest the More Fool Thou Art, 1570:

"Thou must wear thy sword by thy side,  
And thy *dagger* handsumly *at thy backe.*"

<sup>25</sup> After this line the quarto of 1597 adds:—

"And young Benvolio is deceased too."

<sup>26</sup> So in the Tragedy of Darius, 1603:—

"Ah me! malicious fates have done me wrong:  
Who came first to the world, should first depart.  
It not becomes the old t' o'er-live the young;  
This dealing is preposterous and over-thwart."

Thus also in Shakespeare's Rape of Lucrece:—

"If children pre-decease progenitors,  
We are their offspring, and they none of ours."

<sup>27</sup> Mr. Collier's folio substitutes "*outcry.*" A plausible conjecture, but change seems hardly necessary.

And know their spring, their head, their true descent ;  
 And then will I be general of your woes,  
 And lead you even to death. Mean time forbear,  
 And let mischance be slave to patience.—  
 Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

*Fri.* I am the greatest, able to do least,  
 Yet most suspected, as the time and place  
 Doth make against me, of this direful murder ;  
 And here I stand, both to impeach and purge  
 Myself condemned and myself excus'd.

*Prince.* Then say at once what thou dost know in this.

*Fri.* I will be brief<sup>28</sup>, for my short date of breath  
 Is not so long as is a tedious tale.

Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet :  
 And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife :  
 I married them ; and their stolen marriage-day  
 Was Tybalt's doomsday, whose untimely death  
 Banish'd the new made bridegroom from this city ;  
 For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pin'd.  
 You—to remove that siege of grief from her,—  
 Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce,  
 To County Paris. Then comes she to me ;  
 And, with wild looks, bid me devise some means  
 To rid her from this second marriage,  
 Or, in my cell there would she kill herself.  
 Then gave I her, so tutor'd by my art,  
 A sleeping potion ; which so took effect  
 As I intended, for it wrought on her  
 The form of death : meantime I writ to Romeo,  
 That he should hither come as this dire night,  
 To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,  
 Being the time the potion's force should cease.

<sup>28</sup> Shakespeare has here followed closely *The Tragicall Hystory of Romeus and Juliet*. In this poem the bodies of the dead are removed to a public scaffold ; and from that elevation is the Friar's narrative delivered. The same circumstance is introduced in *Hamlet* near the conclusion.

But he which bore my letter, Friar John,  
 Was staid by accident ; and yesternight  
 Return'd my letter back. Then all alone,  
 At the prefixed hour of her waking,  
 Came I to take her from her kindred's vault ;  
 Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,  
 Till I conveniently could send to Romeo :  
 But, when I came (some minute ere the time  
 Of her awakening), here untimely lay  
 The noble Paris, and true Romeo, dead.  
 She wakes ; and I entreated her come forth,  
 And bear this work of heaven with patience :  
 But then a noise did scare me from the tomb ;  
 And she, too desperate, would not go with me,  
 But (as it seems) did violence on herself.  
 All this I know : and to the marriage  
 Her nurse is privy : And, if aught in this  
 Miscarried by my fault, let my old life  
 Be sacrific'd, some hour before his time,  
 Unto the rigour of severest law.

*Prince.* We still have known thee for a holy man.—  
 Where's Romeo's man ? what can he say in this ?

*Bal.* I brought my master news of Juliet's death ;  
 And then in post he came from Mantua,  
 To this same place, to this same monument.  
 This letter he early bid me give his father ;  
 And threaten'd me with death, going in the vault,  
 If I departed not, and left him there.

*Prince.* Give me the letter, I will look on it.—  
 Where is the County's page, that rais'd the watch ?—  
 Sirrah, what made your master in this place ?

*Page.* He came with flowers to strew his lady's  
 grave ;

And bid me stand aloof, and so I did :  
 Anon, comes one with light to ope the tomb ;  
 And, by and by, my master drew on him ;

And then I ran away to call the watch.

*Prince.* This letter doth make good the friar's words,  
Their course of love, the tidings of her death :  
And here he writes—that he did buy a poison  
Of a poor 'pothecary ; and therewithal  
Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.—  
Where be these enemies ? Capulet ! Montague !—  
See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,  
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love !  
And I, for winking at your discords too,  
Have lost a brace of kinsmen<sup>29</sup> :—all are punish'd.

*Cap.* O, brother Montague ! give me thy hand :  
This is my daughter's jointure, for no more  
Can I demand.

*Mon.* But I can give thee more :  
For I will raise her statue in pure gold ;  
That, while Verona by that name is known,  
There shall no figure at such rate be set,  
As that of true and faithful Juliet.

*Cap.* As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie ;  
Poor sacrifices of our enmity !

*Prince.* A glooming<sup>30</sup> peace this morning with it  
brings ;  
The sun for sorrow will not show his head :  
Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things ;  
Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished<sup>31</sup> :

<sup>29</sup> *Mercutio and Paris.* Mercutio is expressly called the Prince's kinsman in Act iii. Sc. 4 ; and that Paris was also the Prince's kinsman, may be inferred from the following passages. Capulet, speaking of the count in the fourth act, describes him as " a gentleman of princely parentage ;" and after he is killed, Romeo says :—

" Let me peruse this face ;

*Mercutio's kinsman, noble county Paris.*"

<sup>30</sup> The quarto of 1597 reads, " A gloomy peace." To *gloom* is an ancient verb, used by Spenser and other old writers.

<sup>31</sup> This line has reference to the poem from which the fable is taken ; in which the Nurse is banished for concealing the mar-



For never was a story of more woe,  
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo<sup>32</sup>. [Exeunt.

riage; Romeo's servant set at liberty, because he had only acted in obedience to his master's orders; the Apothecary is hanged; while Friar Laurence was permitted to retire to a hermitage near Verona, where he ended his life in penitence and tranquillity.

<sup>32</sup> Shakespeare in his revision of this play has not effected the alteration by introducing any new incidents, but merely by adding to the length of the scenes. The piece appears to have been always a very popular one. Marston, in his *Satires*, 1598, says:—

“Luscus, what's play'd to-day? faith, now I know;  
I set thy lips abroach, from whence doth flow  
Nought but pure Juliet and Romeo.”

The concluding lines may have been formed on the last couplet of the old poem:—

“Among the monuments that in Verona been,  
There is no monument more worthy of the sight  
Than is the tombe of Juliet and Romeus her knight.”

Johnson having spoken harshly of the conceits which are found in some of the serious scenes of this play, A. W. Schlegel has answered his remark at length, and, as I think, satisfactorily, in a detailed criticism upon this tragedy, published in the *Horen*, a journal conducted by Schiller in 1794-1795, and made accessible to the English reader in Ollier's *Literary Miscellany*, Part I. In his *Lectures on Dramatic Literature* (vol. ii. p. 135, Eng. translation), will be found some further sensible observations upon the “conceits” here stigmatized. It should be remembered that *playing on words* was a very favourite species of wit combat with our ancestors. “With children, as well as nations of the most simple manners, a great inclination to playing on words is often displayed; [they cannot therefore be both *puerile* and *unnatural*: If the first charge is founded, the second cannot be so.] In *Homer* we find several examples; the *Books of Moses*, the oldest written memorial of the primitive world, are, it is well known, full of them. On the other hand, poets of a very cultivated taste, or orators like Cicero, have delighted in them. Whoever, in Richard the Second, is disgusted with the affecting play of words of the dying John of Gaunt on his own name, let him remember that the same thing occurs in the Ajax of Sophocles.”





TIMON OF ATHENS.







## TIMON OF ATHENS.

### PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

**T**HE story of the Misanthrope is told in almost every collection of the time, and particularly in two books, with which Shakespeare was intimately acquainted—The Palace of Pleasure, and the Translation of Plutarch, by Sir Thomas North. The latter furnished the poet with the following hint to work upon:—“Antonius forsook the city and companie of his friendes, saying that he would lead Timon’s life, because he had the like wrong offered him that was offered unto Timon; and for the unthankfulness of those he had done good unto, and whom he tooke to be his friendes, he was angry with all men, and would trust no man.”

Mr. Strutt, the engraver, was in possession of a MS. play on this subject, apparently written, or transcribed, about the year 1600. This has been recently printed by the Shakespeare Society, under the editorial care of Mr. Dyce. There is a scene in it resembling Shakespeare’s banquet, given by Timon to his flatterers. Instead of *warm water* he sets before them *stones painted like artichokes*, and afterwards beats them out of the room. He then retires to the woods, attended by his faithful steward, who (like Kent in King Lear) has disguised himself to continue his services to his master. Timon, in the last act, is followed by his fickle mistress, &c. after he was reported to have discovered a hidden treasure by digging. The piece itself (though it appears to be the work of an academic) is a wretched one. The *personæ dramatis* are as follow:—*Timon*; *Laches*, his faithful servant. *Eutrapelus*, a dissolute young man. *Gelasimus*, a cittie heyre. *Pseudocheus*, a lying traveller. *Demeas*, an orator. *Philargurus*, a covetous, churlish old man. *Hermogenes*, a fiddler. *Abyssus*, a usurer. *Lollo*, a country clowne, *Philargurus*’ sonne. *Stilpo*, and *Speusippus*, two lying philosophers. *Grunnio*, a lean servant of *Philargurus*. *Obba*, *Tymon*’s butler. *Pædio*, *Gelasimus*’ page. Two serjeants. A sailor. *Callimela*, *Philargurus*’ daughter. *Blutte*, her prattling nurse.—Scene, ATHENS.

Mr. Dyce doubts whether Shakespeare was indebted to it for

any part of his plot, as it was only circulated in MS. Yet here he might have found the faithful steward, the banquet scene, and the story of Timon's being possessed of great sums of gold, which he had dug up in the wood; a circumstance which it is not likely he had from Lucian, there being then apparently no translation of the dialogue that relates to that subject. There seems to be no doubt, however, that the subject was familiar to the stage before the appearance of Shakespeare's play, and it may indeed be doubted whether the whole of it is from his hand, although the earlier performance which he is supposed to have remodelled has not come down to us.

Schlegel says:—"Of all the works of Shakespeare, *Timon of Athens* possesses most the character of a satire:—a laughing satire in the picture of the parasites and flatterers, and a Juvenalian in the bitterness and the imprecations of Timon against the ingratitude of a false world. The story is treated in a very simple manner, and is definitely divided into large masses: in the first act, the joyous life of Timon, his noble and hospitable extravagance, and the throng of every description of suitors to him; in the second and third acts, his embarrassment, and the trial which he is thereby reduced to make of his supposed friends, who all desert him in the hour of need;—in the fourth and fifth acts, Timon's flight to the woods, his misanthropical melancholy, and his death. The only thing which may be called an episode is the banishment of Alcibiades, and his return by force of arms. However, they are both examples of ingratitude,—the one of a state towards its defender, and the other of private friends to their benefactor. As the merits of the general towards his fellow-citizens suppose more strength of character than those of the generous prodigal, their respective behaviours are no less different: Timon frets himself to death; Alcibiades regains his lost dignity by violence. If the poet very properly sides with Timon against the common practice of the world, he is, on the other hand, by no means disposed to spare Timon. Timon was a fool in his generosity; he is a madman in his discontent; he is every where wanting in the wisdom which enables man in all things to observe the due measure. Although the truth of his extravagant feelings is proved by his death, and though when he digs up a treasure he spurns at the wealth which seems to solicit him, we yet see distinctly enough that the vanity of wishing to be singular, in both parts of the plays, had some share in his liberal self-forgetfulness, as well as his anchoretical seclusion. This is particularly evident in the incomparable scene where the cynic Apemantus visits Timon in the wilderness. They have a sort of competition with each other in their trade of misanthropy; the cynic reproaches the impoverished Timon with having been merely driven by necessity to take to the way of living which he had been long following of his free choice, and Timon cannot bear the

thought of being merely an imitator of the cynic. As in this subject the effect could only be produced by an accumulation of similar features, in the variety of the shades an amazing degree of understanding has been displayed by Shakespeare. What a powerfully diversified concert of flatteries and empty testimonies of devotedness! It is highly amusing to see the suitors, whom the ruined circumstances of their patron had dispersed, immediately flock to him again when they learn that he had been revisited by fortune. In the speeches of Timon, after he is undeceived, all the hostile figures of language are exhausted,—it is a dictionary of eloquent imprecations.”

It appears to me that Schlegel and Professor Richardson have taken a more unfavourable view of the character of Timon than our great poet intended to convey. Timon had not only been a benefactor to his private unworthy friends, but he had rendered the state service, which ought not to have been forgotten. He himself expresses his consciousness of this when he sends one of his servants to request a thousand talents at the hands of the senators:—

“Of whom, *even to the state's best health*, I have  
Deserv'd this hearing.”

And Alcibiades afterwards confirms this:—

“I have heard, and griev'd  
How curs'd Athens, mindless of thy worth,  
Forgetting *thy great deeds*, when neighbour states,  
But for *thy sword and fortune*, trod upon them.”

Surely then he suffered as much mentally from the ingratitude of the state as from that of his faithless friends. Shakespeare seems to have entered entirely into the feelings of bitterness which such conduct was likely to awaken in a good and susceptible nature, and has expressed it with vehemence and force. The virtues of Timon too may be inferred from the absence of anything which could imply dissoluteness or intemperance in his conduct: as Richardson observes, “He is convivial, but his enjoyment of the banquet is in the pleasure of his guests; Phrynia and Timandra are not in the train of Timon, but of Alcibiades. He is not so desirous of being distinguished for magnificence, as of being eminent for courteous and beneficent actions: he solicits distinction, but it is by doing good.” Johnson has remarked that the attachment of his servants in his declining fortunes could be produced by nothing but *real virtue* and disinterested kindness. I cannot therefore think that Shakespeare meant to stigmatize the generosity of Timon as that of a *fool*, or that he meant his misanthropy to convey to us any notion of “the vanity of wishing to be singular.”

The date when this play was produced remains doubtful. Chalmers placed it in 1601, because he thought Essex's rebellion was alluded to in what the Senator says in persuading the return

of Timon; but this is very loose ground upon which to build. Malone attributes it to the year 1610, as well as Coriolanus, because that year is vacant, and because he thinks that the Roman plays were written in succession, as the subjects are found in North's Plutarch. These it must be confessed are very unsatisfactory reasons. It was first printed in the folio of 1623.

### PERSONS REPRESENTED.

TIMON, *a noble Athenian.*

LUCIUS,

LUCULLUS,

SEMPRONIUS,

VENTIDIUS, *one of Timon's false Friends.*

APEMANTUS, *a churlish Philosopher.*

ALCIBIADES, *an Athenian General.*

FLAVIUS, *Steward to Timon.*

FLAMINIUS,

LUCILIUS,

SERVILIUS,

CAPHIS,

PHILOTUS,

TITUS,

LUCIUS,

HORTENSIUS,

*Two Servants of Varro, and the Servant of Isidore; two of Timon's Creditors.*

CUPID and Maskers. *Three Strangers.*

Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant.

*An old Athenian. A Page. A Fool.*

PHRYNIA,

TIMANDRA,

*Mistresses to Alcibiades.*

*Other Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers, Thieves, and Attendants.*

SCENE—Athens; and the Woods adjoining.





## TIMON OF ATHENS.

### ACT I.

SCENE I. Athens. *A Hall in Timon's House.*

*Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and  
Others, at several Doors.*

*Poet.*

**G**OOD day, sir.

*Pain.* I am glad you are well.

*Poet.* I have not seen you long ; How goes the world ?

*Pain.* It wears, sir, as it grows.

*Poet.* Ay, that's well known :  
But what particular rarity ? what strange,  
Which manifold record not matches<sup>1</sup> ? See,  
Magick of bounty ! all these spirits thy power  
Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the merchant.

*Pain.* I know them both ; th'other's a jeweller.

*Mer.* O, 'tis a worthy lord !

*Jew.* Nay, that's most fix'd.

<sup>1</sup> The poet merely means to ask if anything extraordinary or out of the common course of things has lately happened ; and is prevented from waiting for an answer by observing so many con-  
jured by Timon's bounty to attend.

*Mer.* A most incomparable man ; breath'd, as it were,  
To an untirable and continueate goodness :  
He passes<sup>2</sup>.

*Jew.* I have a jewel here.

*Mer.* O, pray, let's see't :—For the Lord Timon, sir ?

*Jew.* If he will touch the estimate<sup>3</sup> : But, for that—

*Poet*<sup>4</sup>. *When we for recompense have prais'd the vile,  
It stains the glory in that happy verse  
Which aptly sings the good.*

*Mer.* 'Tis a good form.

[*Looking at the Jewel.*]

*Jew.* And rich : here is a water, look ye.

*Pain.* You are rapt, sir, in some work, some dedication

To the great lord.

*Poet.* A thing slipp'd idly from me.  
Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes<sup>5</sup>  
From whence 'tis nourish'd : The fire i' the flint  
Shows not, till it be struck ; our gentle flame  
Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies  
Each bound it chafes<sup>6</sup>. What have you there ?

<sup>2</sup> "*Breath'd*, as it were,

To an untirable and *continueate* goodness :

He *passes*."

*Breath'd* is *exercised*, inured by constant practice, so trained as not to be wearied. To *breathe* a horse is to exercise him for the course : *continueate* for *continued course*. He *passes*, i. e. *exceeds*, or *goes beyond common bounds*.

"Why this *passes*, Master Ford."—*Merry Wives of Windsor*.

<sup>3</sup> *Touch the estimate*, that is, *come up to the price*.

<sup>4</sup> We must here suppose the poet busy in reciting part of his own work ; and that these three lines are the introduction of the poem addressed to Timon.

<sup>5</sup> The old copies read :—"Our poesie is as a *gowne*, which *uses*." Johnson made the correction. Pope reads : "which *issues*."

<sup>6</sup> It is not certain whether this word is *chafes* or *chases* in the folio. I think the former is the true reading. The poetaster means that the vein of a poet flows spontaneously, like the current of a river, and flies from each bound that chafes it in its course, as

*Pain.* A picture, sir.—When comes your book forth?

*Poet.* Upon the heels of my presentment<sup>7</sup>, sir.

Let's see your piece.

*Pain.* 'Tis a good piece.

*Poet.* So 'tis: this comes off well<sup>8</sup> and excellent.

*Pain.* Indifferent.

*Poet.* Admirable! How this grace  
Speaks his own standing<sup>9</sup>! what a mental power  
This eye shoots forth! how big imagination  
Moves in this lip! to the dumbness of the gesture  
One might interpret<sup>10</sup>.

*Pain.* It is a pretty mocking of the life.  
Here is a touch; Is't good?

*Poet.* I will say of it,  
It tutors nature: artificial strife<sup>11</sup>  
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

*Enter certain Senators, and pass over.*

*Pain.* How this lord is follow'd!

*Poet.* The senators of Athens:—Happy men!

*Pain.* Look, more!

scorning all impediment, and requiring no excitement. In Julius Cæsar we have:—

“The troubled Tiber *chafing* with her shores.”

<sup>7</sup> i. e. *As soon as my book has been presented to Timon.*

<sup>8</sup> *This comes off well* apparently means *this is cleverly done*, or *this piece is well executed*. The phrase is used in *Measure for Measure* ironically. See *Measure for Measure*, Act i. Sc. 1, note 8.

<sup>9</sup> i. e. *How the graceful attitude of this figure proclaims that it stands firm on its centre, or gives evidence in favour of its own fixure*. *Grace* is introduced as bearing witness to propriety.

<sup>10</sup> i. e. *one might venture to supply words to such intelligible action*. *Such significant gesture ascertains the sentiments that should accompany it*. So in *Cymbeline*, Act ii. Sc. 4:—

“Never saw I pictures

So likely to report themselves.”

<sup>11</sup> i. e. *the contest of art with nature*. This was a very common mode of expressing the excellence of a painter. Shakespeare has it again more clearly expressed in his *Venus and Adonis*:—

“His *art with nature's workmanship at strife*.”

*Poet.* You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors<sup>12</sup>.

I have, in this rough work, shap'd out a man,  
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug  
With amplest entertainment: My free drift  
Halts not particularly<sup>13</sup>, but moves itself  
In a wide sea of wax<sup>14</sup>: no levell'd malice  
Infects one comma in the course I hold;  
But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,  
Leaving no tract behind.

*Pain.* How shall I understand you?

*Poet.* I'll unbolt<sup>15</sup> to you.

You see how all conditions, how all minds  
(As well of glib and slippery creatures, as  
Of grave and austere quality), tender down  
Their services to Lord Timon: his large fortune,  
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,  
Subdues and properties<sup>16</sup> to his love and tendance  
All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glass-fac'd flatterer<sup>17</sup>  
To Apemantus, that few things loves better  
Than to abhor himself: even he drops down  
The knee before him, and returns in peace  
Most rich in Timon's nod.

*Pain.* I saw them speak together.

*Poet.* Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill,

<sup>12</sup> "Mane salutantùm totis vomit ædibus undam."

<sup>13</sup> i. e. *My design does not stop at any particular character.*

<sup>14</sup> It has been said that this is an allusion to the Roman practice of writing with a style on tablets, covered with wax: a custom which also prevailed in England until about the close of the fourteenth century; but *wax* is a type of the flexibility of the poet's matter; the theme easily moulded to any drift, not rigidly fixed to one.

<sup>15</sup> i. e. *open, explain.*

<sup>16</sup> i. e. *Subjects and appropriates.*

<sup>17</sup> i. e. *one who shows by reflection the looks of his patron.* The poet was mistaken in the character of Apemantus; but seeing that he paid frequent visits to Timon, he naturally concluded that he was equally courteous with his other guests.

Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd. The base o' the mount  
 Is rank'd with all deserts, all kind of natures,  
 That labour on the bosom of this sphere  
 To propagate their states<sup>18</sup>: amongst them all,  
 Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd,  
 One do I personate of Lord Timon's frame,  
 Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her:  
 Whose present grace to present slaves and servants  
 Translates his rivals.

*Pain.* 'Tis conceiv'd to scope<sup>19</sup>.  
 This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,  
 With one man beckon'd from the rest below,  
 Bowing his head against the steepy mount  
 To climb his happiness, would be well express'd  
 In our condition<sup>20</sup>.

*Poet.* Nay, sir, but hear me on:  
 All those which were his fellows but of late  
 (Some better than his value), on the moment  
 Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,  
 Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear<sup>21</sup>,  
 Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him  
 Drink the free air<sup>22</sup>.

*Pain.* Ay, marry, what of these?

<sup>18</sup> i. e. to improve or promote their conditions. See Measure for Measure, Act i. Sc. 3, note 5.

<sup>19</sup> i. e. extensively imagined, largely conceived.

<sup>20</sup> i. e. In our art, in painting. Condition was used for profession, quality; façon de faire. See Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act iii. Sc. 1, note 20.

<sup>21</sup> i. e. whisperings of officious servility, the incense of the worshipping parasite to the patron as a god. Gray has excellently expressed in his Elegy these sacrificial offerings to the great from the poetic tribe:—

“To heap the shrine of luxury and pride  
 With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.”

<sup>22</sup> To drink the air, like the *haustos aetherios* of Virgil, is merely a poetic phrase for draw the air, or breathe. To drink the free air, therefore, through another, is to breathe freely at his will only, so as to depend on him for the privilege of life; not even to breathe freely without his permission.

*Poet.* When Fortune, in her shift and change of mood,  
Spurns down her late belov'd, all his dependants,  
Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top,  
Even on their knees and hands, let him slip<sup>a</sup> down,  
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

*Pain.* 'Tis common :  
A thousand moral paintings I can show,  
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of Fortune's  
More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well,  
To show Lord Timon, that mean eyes<sup>23</sup> have seen  
The foot above the head.

*Trumpets sound.* Enter TIMON, attended ; the Servant of VENTIDIUS talking with him.

*Tim.* Imprison'd is he, say you ?

*Ven. Serv.* Ay, my good lord : five talents is his debt ;

His means most short, his creditors most strait :  
Your honourable letter he desires  
To those have shut him up ; which failing to him,  
Periods<sup>24</sup> his comfort.

*Tim.* Noble Ventidius ! Well ;  
I am not of that feather, to shake off  
My friend when he must need me<sup>25</sup>. I do know him  
A gentleman, that well deserves a help,  
Which he shall have : I'll pay the debt, and free him.

*Ven. Serv.* Your lordship ever binds him.

*Tim.* Commend me to him : I will send his ransome ;  
And, being enfranchis'd, bid him come to me :—

<sup>a</sup> The folios have *sit*.

<sup>23</sup> i. e. *inferior spectators*.

<sup>24</sup> To *period* is used by Heywood, in *A Maidenhead Well Lost*, 1634 :—“How easy could I *period* all my care.”  
And in *The Country Girl*, by T. B. 1647 :—

“To *period* our vain grieving.”

<sup>25</sup> Should we not read “When he *most needs* me ?”

'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,  
But to support him after.—Fare you well.

*Ven. Serv.* All happiness to your honour<sup>26</sup>! [*Exit.*

*Enter an old Athenian.*

*Old Ath.* Lord Timon, hear me speak.

*Tim.* Freely, good father.

*Old Ath.* Thou hast a servant nam'd Lucilius.

*Tim.* I have so : what of him ?

*Old Ath.* Most noble Timon, call the man before  
thee.

*Tim.* Attends he here, or no ?—Lucilius !

*Enter LUCILIUS.*

*Luc.* Here, at your lordship's service.

*Old Ath.* This fellow here, Lord Timon, this thy  
creature,

By night frequents my house. I am a man  
That from my first have been inclin'd to thrift ;  
And my estate deserves an heir more rais'd,  
Than one which holds a trencher.

*Tim.* Well ; what further ?

*Old Ath.* One only daughter have I, no kin else,  
On whom I may confer what I have got :  
The maid is fair, o' the youngest for a bride,  
And I have bred her at my dearest cost,  
In qualities of the best. This man of thine  
Attempts her love : I pr'ythee, noble lord,  
Join with me to forbid him her resort ;  
Myself have spoke in vain.

*Tim.* The man is honest.

*Old Ath.* Therefore he will be, Timon<sup>27</sup> :

<sup>26</sup> See note on King Richard III. Act iii. Sc. 2, note 4, p. 457.

<sup>27</sup> Perhaps we should read :—

“Therefore he will be *rewarded*, Timon.”

The recurrence of rewards in the next line may have occasioned

His honesty rewards him in itself,  
It must not bear my daughter.

*Tim.* Does she love him?

*Old Ath.* She is young, and apt :  
Our own precedent passions do instruct us  
What levity's in youth.

*Tim.* [*To LUCILIUS.*] Love you the maid?

*Luc.* Ay, my good lord, and she accepts of it.

*Old Ath.* If in her marriage my consent be missing,  
I call the gods to witness, I will choose  
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,  
And dispossess her all.

*Tim.* How shall she be endow'd,  
If she be mated with an equal husband?

*Old Ath.* Three talents, on the present; in future, all.

*Tim.* This gentleman of mine hath serv'd me long;  
To build his fortune, I will strain a little,  
For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter :  
What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,  
And make him weigh with her.

*Old Ath.* Most noble lord,  
Pawn me to this your honour, she is his.

*Tim.* My hand to thee; mine honour on my promise.

*Luc.* Humbly I thank your lordship: Never may  
That state or fortune fall into my keeping,  
Which is not ow'd to you<sup>28</sup>!

[*Exeunt LUCILIUS and old Athenian.*]

the omission. But Shakespeare often uses elliptical phrases, and this has been thought to mean:—"You say the man is honest; therefore he will continue to be so, and is sure of being sufficiently rewarded by the consciousness of virtue; he does not need the additional blessing of a beautiful and accomplished wife." But "it must not *bear* my daughter" means "His honesty is its own reward, it must not *carry* my daughter." A similar expression occurs in Othello:—

"What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe  
If he can *carry* her thus."

<sup>28</sup> i. e. *Let me never henceforth consider anything that I possess*



*Poet.* Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your lordship!

*Tim.* I thank you; you shall hear from me anon; Go not away.—What have you there, my friend?

*Pain.* A piece of painting, which I do beseech Your lordship to accept.

*Tim.* Painting is welcome.  
The painting is almost the natural man;  
For since dishonour trafficks with man's nature,  
He is but outside: these pencil'd figures are  
Even such as they give out. I like your work;  
And you shall find, I like it: wait attendance  
Till you hear further from me.

*Pain.* The gods preserve you!

*Tim.* Well fare you, gentlemen: Give me your hand;

We must needs dine together.—Sir, your jewel  
Hath suffer'd under praise.

*Jew.* What, my lord! dispraise?

*Tim.* A mere satiety of commendations.  
If I should pay you for't as 'tis extoll'd,  
It would unclaw<sup>29</sup> me quite.

*Jew.* My lord, 'tis rated  
As those, which sell, would give: but you well know,  
Things of like value, differing in the owners,  
Are prized by their masters<sup>30</sup>: believe't, dear lord,  
You mend the jewel by the wearing it.

*Tim.* Well mock'd.

*but as owed or due to you; held for your service, and at your disposal.* So Lady Macbeth says to Duncan:—

“Your servants ever

Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs in compt,

To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,

Still to return *your own*.”

<sup>29</sup> To unclaw a man is to draw out the whole mass of his fortunes.  
To unclaw being to unwind a ball of thread.

<sup>30</sup> i. e. Are rated according to the esteem in which their possessor is held.

*Mer.* No, my good lord ; he speaks the common tongue,  
Which all men speak with him.

*Tim.* Look, who comes here. Will you be chid ?

*Enter APEMANTUS*<sup>31</sup>.

*Jew.* We'll bear it, with your lordship.

*Mer.* He'll spare none.

*Tim.* Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus !

*Apem.* Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good morrow ;

When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves honest.

*Tim.* Why dost thou call them knaves ? thou know'st them not.

*Apem.* Are they not Athenians ?

*Tim.* Yes.

*Apem.* Then I repent not.

*Jew.* You know me, Apemantus.

*Apem.* Thou knowest I do ; I call'd thee by thy name.

*Tim.* Thou art proud, Apemantus.

*Apem.* Of nothing so much, as that I am not like Timon.

*Tim.* Whither art going ?

*Apem.* To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.

*Tim.* That's a deed thou'lt die for.

*Apem.* Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

*Tim.* How likest thou this picture, Apemantus ?

*Apem.* The best for the innocence.

*Tim.* Wrought he not well, that painted it ?

*Apem.* He wrought better, that made the painter ; and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.

*Pain.* You are a dog.

<sup>31</sup> See this character of a cynic finely drawn by Lucian, in his Auction of the Philosophers : how well Shakespeare has developed it, yet it is doubtful if Lucian was known to him.

*Apem.* Thy mother's of my generation; What's she, if I be a dog?

*Tim.* Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?

*Apem.* No; I eat not lords.

*Tim.* An thou shouldst, thou'dst anger ladies.

*Apem.* O! they eat lords; so they come by great bellies.

*Tim.* That's a lascivious apprehension.

*Apem.* So thou apprehend'st it: Take it for thy labour.

*Tim.* How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?

*Apem.* Not so well as plain dealing<sup>32</sup>, which will not cost a man a doit.

*Tim.* What dost thou think 'tis worth?

*Apem.* Not worth my thinking.—How now, poet?

*Poet.* How now, philosopher?

*Apem.* Thou liest.

*Poet.* Art not one?

*Apem.* Yes.

*Poet.* Then I lie not.

*Apem.* Art not a poet?

*Poet.* Yes.

*Apem.* Then thou liest: look in thy last work, where thou hast feign'd him a worthy fellow.

*Poet.* That's not feign'd; he is so.

*Apem.* Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour: he, that loves to be flattered, is worthy o' the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!

*Tim.* What would'st do then, Apemantus?

*Apem.* Even as Apemantus does now, hate a lord with my heart.

*Tim.* What! thyself?

*Apem.* Ay.

*Tim.* Wherefore?

<sup>32</sup> Alluding to the proverb: Plain dealing is a jewel, but they who use it die beggars.

*Apem.* That I had an empty wit to be a lord<sup>33</sup>.—  
Art not thou a merchant?

*Mer.* Ay, Apemantus.

*Apem.* Traffick confound thee, if the gods will not!

*Mer.* If traffick do it, the gods do it.

*Apem.* Traffick's thy god, and thy god confound thee!

*Trumpets sound. Enter a Servant.*

*Tim.* What trumpet's that?

*Serv.* 'Tis Alcibiades, and some twenty horse,  
All of companionship<sup>34</sup>.

*Tim.* Pray, entertain them; give them guide to  
us.— [Exeunt some Attendants.

You must needs dine with me.—Go not you hence,  
Till I have thank'd you; and, when dinner's done,  
Show me this piece. I am joyful of your sights.—

*Enter ALCIBIADES, with his Company.*

Most welcome, sir! [They salute.

*Apem.* So, so; there!

Aches<sup>35</sup> contract and sterve your supple joints!

That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet  
knaves,

And all this courtesy! The strain of man's bred out  
Into baboon and monkey<sup>36</sup>.

*Alcib.* Sir, you have sav'd my longing, and I feed  
Most hungrily on your sight.

*Tim.* Right welcome, sir:

<sup>33</sup> The old copy has, "That I had *no angry wit*." The correction is from my second folio.

<sup>34</sup> i. e. *Alcibiades' companions, or such as he consorts with and sets on a level with himself.*

<sup>35</sup> *Aches* is here a dissyllable, as in *The Tempest*, Act i. Sc. 1. To *sterve* is to *perish*.

<sup>36</sup> i. e. *man is degenerated; his strain or lineage is worn down into a monkey.* This is very expressive; the bowing courtiers remind us of the habitual bend of the back and lower extremities natural to these creatures, that are never quite erect long together

Ere we depart<sup>37</sup>, we'll share a bounteous time  
In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.

[*Exeunt all but APEMANTUS.*

*Enter two Lords.*

1 *Lord.* What time a day is't, Apemantus?

*Apem.* Time to be honest.

1 *Lord.* That time serves still.

*Apem.* The most accursed thou<sup>38</sup>, that still omit'st it.

2 *Lord.* Thou art going to Lord Timon's feast.

*Apem.* Ay; to see meat fill knaves, and wine heat  
fools.

2 *Lord.* Fare thee well, fare thee well.

*Apem.* Thou art a fool, to bid me farewell twice.

2 *Lord.* Why, Apemantus?

*Apem.* Shouldst have kept one to thyself, for I mean  
to give thee none.

1 *Lord.* Hang thyself.

*Apem.* No, I will do nothing at thy bidding; make  
thy requests to thy friend.

2 *Lord.* Away, unpeaceable dog, or I'll spurn thee  
hence.

*Apem.* I will fly, like a dog, the heels of the ass.

[*Exit.*

1 *Lord.* He's opposite to humanity. Come, shall  
we in,

And taste Lord Timon's bounty? he outgoes  
The very heart of kindness.

2 *Lord.* He pours it out; Plutus, the god of gold<sup>39</sup>,

<sup>37</sup> It has been before observed that to *depart* and to *part* were anciently synonymous. Thus in the old marriage ceremony, "till death us *depart*." See *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act ii. Sc. 1, note 9. So in *King John*, Act ii. Sc. 2:—

"Hath willingly *departed* with a part."

<sup>38</sup> Ritson says we should read:—

"The *more* accursed thou."

So in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:—

"The *more* degenerate and base art thou."

<sup>39</sup> *Plutus, the god of gold, is but his steward.* See *Lucian in Timon*.

Is but his steward : no meed<sup>40</sup>, but he repays  
 Sevenfold above itself ; no gift to him,  
 But breeds the giver a return exceeding  
 All use of quittance.

1 *Lord.* The noblest mind he carries,  
 That ever govern'd man.

2 *Lord.* Long may he live in fortunes ! Shall we in ?

1 *Lord.* I'll keep you company. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. A Room of State in  
 Timon's House.*

*Hautboys playing loud musick. A great banquet served  
 in ; FLAVIUS and others attending ; then enter TI-  
 MON, ALCIBIADES, LUCIUS, LUCULLUS, SEMPRO-  
 NIUS, and other Athenian Senators, with VENTI-  
 DIUS, and Attendants. Then comes dropping after  
 all, APEMANTUS, discontentedly like himself.*

*Ven.* Most honour'd Timon,  
 It hath pleas'd the gods to remember my father's age,  
 And call him to long peace.  
 He is gone happy, and has left me rich :  
 Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound  
 To your free heart, I do return those talents,  
 Doubled, with thanks, and service, from whose help  
 I deriv'd liberty.

*Tim.* O, by no means,  
 Honest Ventidius : you mistake my love ;  
 I gave it freely ever ; and there's none  
 Can truly say, he gives, if he receives :  
 If our betters play at that game, we must not dare  
 To imitate them ; faults that are rich, are fair.

<sup>40</sup> *Meed* here means *desert*. It is often used for *merit* or *desert* by old writers.

*Ven.* A noble spirit. [*They all stand ceremoniously looking on TIMON.*]

*Tim* Nay, my lords,

Ceremony was but devis'd at first,  
To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,  
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown ;  
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.  
Pray, sit ; more welcome are ye to my fortunes,  
Than my fortunes to me. [*They sit.*]

*1 Lord.* My lord, we always have confess'd it.

*Apem.* Ho, ho, confess'd it ! hang'd it<sup>1</sup>, have you not ?

*Tim.* O, Apemantus ! you are welcome.

*Apem.* No, you shall not make me welcome :  
I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

*Tim.* Fye, thou'rt a churl : you've got a humour there  
Does not become a man, 'tis much to blame.—  
They say, my lords, *ira furor brevis est*,  
But yond' man's ever angry<sup>2</sup>.  
Go, let him have a table by himself ;  
For he does neither affect company,  
Nor is he fit for't, indeed.

*Apem.* Let me stay at thine apperil<sup>3</sup>, Timon ;  
I come to observe ; I give thee warning on't.

*Tim.* I take no heed of thee ; thou art an Athe-  
nian ; therefore welcome : I myself would have no  
power : pr'ythee, let my meat make thee silent.

<sup>1</sup> There seems to be some allusion to a common proverbial saying of Shakespeare's time, "Confess and be hanged." See *Othello*, Act iv. Sc. 1.

<sup>2</sup> The old copy reads "Yond' man's *very* angry." Rowe made the correction.

<sup>3</sup> Steevens and Malone dismissed *apperil* from the text, and inserted *own peril* ; but Mr. Gifford has shown that the word occurs several times in Ben Jonson :—

"Sir, I will bail you at mine own *apperil*."

*Devil is an Ass.*

See Ben Jonson, vol. v p. 137 ; vol vi. p. 117, and p. 159.

*Apem.* I scorn thy meat ; 'twould choke me, for<sup>4</sup>  
I should

Ne'er flatter thee.—O you gods ! what a number  
Of men eat Timon, and he sees them not !

It grieves me, to see so many dip their meat  
In one man's blood ; and all the madness is,  
He cheers them up too.

I wonder, men dare trust themselves with men :  
Methinks they should invite them without knives<sup>5</sup> ;  
Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.  
There's much example for't ; the fellow, that  
Sits next him now, parts bread with him, and pledges  
The breath of him in a divided draught,  
Is the readiest man to kill him : it has been prov'd.  
If I were a huge man, I should fear to drink at meals ;  
Lest they should spy my windpipe's dangerous notes<sup>6</sup> :  
Great men should drink with harness<sup>7</sup> on their throats.

*Tim.* Mylord, in heart<sup>8</sup> ; and let the health go round.

*2 Lord.* Let it flow this way, my good lord.

*Apem.* Flow this way ! A brave fellow ! he keeps  
his tides well. Those healths will make thee, and thy  
state, look ill, Timon<sup>9</sup>.

<sup>4</sup> *For* in the sense of *cause* or *because*.

<sup>5</sup> It was the custom in old times for every guest to bring his own knife, which he occasionally whetted on a stone that hung behind the door. One of these whetstones was formerly to be seen in Parkinson's Museum. It is scarcely necessary to observe that they were strangers to the use of *forks*.

<sup>6</sup> *The windpipe's notes* were the indications in the throat of its situation when in the act of drinking ; it should be remembered that our ancestors' throats were uncovered. Perhaps, as Steevens observes, a quibble is intended on *windpipe* and *notes*.

<sup>7</sup> *Harness*, i. e. *armour*.

<sup>8</sup> i. e. *My lord's health in sincerity*. So in Chaucer's *Knights Tale* :—

“ And was all his in chere, as his *in herte*.”

<sup>9</sup> This speech, except the concluding couplet, is printed as prose in the old copy, nor could it be exhibited as verse without transposing the word *Timon*, which follows *look ill*, to the preceding



Here's that, which is too weak to be a sinner<sup>10</sup>,  
 Honest water, which ne'er left man i' the mire :  
 This, and my food, are equals ; there's no odds.  
 Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

APEMANTUS'S GRACE.

*Immortal gods, I crave no pelf ;  
 I pray for no man, but myself :  
 Grant I may never prove so fond<sup>11</sup>,  
 To trust man on his oath or bond ;  
 Or a harlot, for her weeping ;  
 Or a dog, that seems a sleeping :  
 Or a keeper, with my freedom ;  
 Or my friends, if I should need 'em.  
 Amen. So fall to't :  
 Rich men sin<sup>a</sup>, and I eat root.*

[*Eats and drinks.*

Much good dich<sup>12</sup> thy good heart, Apemantus !

*Tim.* Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field now.

*Alcib.* My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

*Tim.* You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies, than a dinner of friends.

*Alcib.* So they were bleeding new, my lord, there's no meat like 'em ; I could wish my best friend at such a feast.

*Apem.* 'Would all those flatterers were thine enemies then ; that then thou might'st kill 'em, and bid me to 'em.

line. I think with Malone that many of the speeches in this play, which are now exhibited in a loose and imperfect kind of metre, were intended by Shakespeare for prose, in which form they are exhibited in the old copy.

<sup>10</sup> Thus the old copy ; but the rhyme requires a word of similar ending to *liar*, which contrasts properly with *honest* in the next line.

<sup>11</sup> i. e. *foolish*.

<sup>a</sup> We should probably read : " Rich men *dine*."

<sup>12</sup> *Dich* is probably an error for *do it*.

1 *Lord*. Might we but have that happiness, my lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think ourselves for ever perfect.

*Tim*. O! no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you: How had you been my friends else? why have you that charitable<sup>13</sup> title from thousands, did not you chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more of you to myself, than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf; and thus far I confirm you. O, you gods! think I, what need we have any friends, if we should ne'er have need of 'em? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for 'em: and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wished myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits: and what better or properer can we call our own, than the riches of our friends? O! what a precious comfort 'tis to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! O joy, e'en made away ere it can be born<sup>14</sup>! Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks: to forget their faults, I drink to you.

*Apem*. Thou weep'st to make them drink, Timon.

2 *Lord*. Joy had the like conception in our eyes, And, at that instant, like a babe sprung up.

*Apem*. Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

3 *Lord*. I promise you, my lord, you mov'd me much.

<sup>13</sup> Thus Milton:—

“Relations dear, and all the *charities*  
Of father, son, and brother.”

<sup>14</sup> *O joy! e'en made away* [i. e. *destroyed, turned to tears*] *ere it can be born*. So in *Romeo and Juliet*:—

“These violent delights have violent ends,  
And in their triumphs die.”

*Apem.* Much<sup>15</sup>!

[*Tucket sounded.*

*Tim.* What means that trump?—How now!

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.

*Tim.* Ladies! what are their wills?

*Serv.* There comes with them a forerunner, my lord, which bears that office, to signify their pleasures.

*Tim.* I pray, let them be admitted.

*Enter CUPID.*

*Cup.* Hail to thee, worthy Timon; and to all That of his bounties taste! The five best senses Acknowledge thee their patron; and come freely To gratulate thy plenteous bosom: The ear, taste, touch, smell, pleas'd from thy table rise<sup>16</sup>; They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

*Tim.* They are welcome all; let them have kind admittance:

*Musick,* make their welcome. [*Exit CUPID.*

1 *Lord.* You see, my lord, how ample you are beloved.

*Musick.* *Re-enter CUPID, with a masque of Ladies as Amazons, with lutes in their hands, dancing and playing.*

*Apem.* Hey day, what a sweep of vanity comes this way!

They dance! they are mad women<sup>17</sup>.

<sup>15</sup> *Much!* was a common ironical expression of doubt or suspicion. See vol. iii. p. 88, note 1.

<sup>16</sup> The old copies read:—

“*There taste, touch, all pleas'd from thy table rise.*”

This excellent emendation is by Warburton. Four senses have been gratified at Timon's table, the fifth will be by the mask of ladies.

<sup>17</sup> Shakespeare probably borrowed this idea from the puri-

Like madness is the glory of this life,  
 As this pomp shows to a little oil, and root.  
 We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves;  
 And spend our flatteries, to drink those men,  
 Upon whose age we void it up again,  
 With poisonous spite, and envy.  
 Who lives, that's not depraved, or depraves?  
 Who dies, that bears not one spurn to their graves  
 Of their friends' gift?  
 I should fear, those, that dance before me now,  
 Would one day stamp upon me: It has been done;  
 Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

*The Lords rise from table, with much adoring of TIMON;  
 and, to show their loves, each singles out an Amazon,  
 and all dance, men with women, a lofty strain or two  
 to the hautboys, and cease.*

*Tim.* You have done our pleasures much grace, fair  
 ladies,  
 Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,  
 Which was not half so beautiful and kind;  
 You have added worth unto't, and lively<sup>18</sup> lustre,  
 And entertain'd me with mine own device;  
 I am to thank you for it.

*1 Lady.* My lord, you take us even at the best.

*Apem.* 'Faith, for the worst is filthy; and would  
 not hold taking, I doubt me.

tanical writers of his time. Thus Stubbes, in his *Anatomic of Abuses*, 8vo., 1583, "*Dauncers* thought to be *madmen*." "And as in all feasts and pastimes dauncing is the last, so it is the extrem of all other vice." And again, "There were (saith Ludovicus Vives) from far countries certain men brought into our parts of the world, who when they saw men daunce, ran away marvellously affraid, crying out and thinking them mad," &c. Perhaps the thought originated from the following passage in Cicero, *Pro Murena* 6, "Nemo enim ferè *saltat* sobrius, nisi fortè *insanit*."

<sup>18</sup> *Lively* is from the folio 1632.

*Tim.* Ladies, there is an idle banquet  
Attends you : Please you to dispose yourselves.

*All Lad.* Most thankfully, my lord.

[*Exeunt CUPID, and Ladies.*]

*Tim.* Flavius !—

*Flav.* My lord.

*Tim.* The little casket bring me hither.

*Flav.* Yes, my lord.—More jewels yet !

There is no crossing him in his humour ; [ *Aside.*  
Else I should tell him,—Well,—’faith, I should,  
When all’s spent, he’d be cross’d<sup>19</sup> then, an he could.  
’Tis pity, bounty had not eyes behind ;  
That man might ne’er be wretched for his mind.

[*Exit, and returns with the casket.*]

1 *Lord.* Where be our men ?

*Serv.* Here, my lord, in readiness.

2 *Lord.* Our horses !

*Tim.* O, my friends !

I have one word to say to you : Look you, my good lord,  
I must entreat you honour me so much,  
As to advance<sup>20</sup> this jewel ; accept and wear it,  
Kind my lord.

1 *Lord.* I am so far already in your gifts,—

*All.* So are we all.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* My lord, there are certain nobles of the senate  
Newly alighted, and come to visit you.

<sup>19</sup> An equivoque is here intended, in which *cross’d* means *have his hand crossed with money, or have money in his possession, and to be cross’d or thwarted.* So in *As You Like It* :—

“ Yet I should bear no *cross*, if I did bear you.”

Many coins being marked with a *cross* on the reverse. See *Love’s Labour’s Lost*, Act i. Sc. 2, note 3.

<sup>20</sup> i. e. *prefer it, raise it to honour by wearing it.* The Jeweller says to Timon in the preceding scene, “ You mend the jewel by wearing it.”

*Tim.* They are fairly welcome.

*Flav.* I beseech your honour,  
Vouchsafe me a word ; it does concern you near.

*Tim.* Near ? why then another time I'll hear thee :  
I pr'ythee, let's be provided to show them entertain-  
ment.

*Flav.* I scarce know how. [*Aside.*

*Enter another Servant.*

*2 Serv.* May it please your honour, Lord Lucius,  
Out of his free love, hath presented to you  
Four milk-white horses, trapp'd in silver.

*Tim.* I shall accept them fairly : let the presents

*Enter a third Servant.*

Be worthily entertain'd.—How now ! what news ?

*3 Serv.* Please you, my lord, that honourable gen-  
tleman, Lord Lucullus, entreats your company to-  
morrow to hunt with him ; and has sent your honour  
two brace of greyhounds.

*Tim.* I'll hunt with him ; And let them be receiv'd,  
Not without fair reward.

*Flav.* [*Aside.*] What will this come to ?  
He commands us to provide, and give great gifts,  
And all out of an empty coffer.—  
Nor will he know his purse ; or yield me this,  
To show him what a beggar his heart is,  
Being of no power to make his wishes good ;  
His promises fly so beyond his state,  
That what he speaks is all in debt ; he owes  
For every word ; he is so kind, that he now  
Pays interest for't ; his land's put to their books.  
Well, 'would I were gently put out of office,  
Before I were forc'd out !  
Happier is he that has no friend to feed,  
Than such that do e'en enemies exceed.

I bleed inwardly for my lord. [Exit.

*Tim.*

You do yourselves

Much wrong, you bate too much of your own merits :—  
Here, my lord, a trifle of our love.

*2 Lord.* With more than common thanks I will receive it.

*3 Lord.* O, he is the very soul of bounty !

*Tim.* And now I remember, my lord, you gave  
Good words the other day of a bay courser  
I rode on : it is yours, because you lik'd it.

*2 Lord.* O ! I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, in that.

*Tim.* You may take my word, my lord ; I know,  
no man

Can justly praise, but what he does affect :

I weigh my friend's affection with mine own ;

I'll tell you true. I'll call to you.

*All Lords.*

O ! none so welcome.

*Tim.* I take all, and your several visitations  
So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give ;  
Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,  
And ne'er be weary.—Alcibiades,  
Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich,  
It comes in charity to thee : for all thy living  
Is 'mongst the dead : and all the lands thou hast  
Lie in a pitch'd field.

*Alcib.*

Ay, defiled land, my lord.

*1 Lord.* We are so virtuously bound,——

*Tim.*

And so

Am I to you.

*2 Lord.* So infinitely endear'd,——

*Tim.* All to you<sup>21</sup>.—Lights ! more lights !

*1 Lord.*

The best of happiness,

Honour, and fortunes, keep with you, Lord Timon !

*Tim.* Ready for his friends.

[*Exeunt* ALCIBIADES, Lords, &c.

<sup>21</sup> That is, all good wishes to you, or all happiness attend you.

*Apem.* What a coil's here!  
 Serving of becks<sup>22</sup>, and jutting out of bums!  
 I doubt whether their legs<sup>23</sup> be worth the sums  
 That are given for 'em. Friendship's full of dregs:  
 Methinks, false hearts should never have sound legs.  
 Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'sies.

*Tim.* Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not sullen,  
 I would be good to thee.

*Apem.* No, I'll nothing: for, if I should be brib'd  
 too, there would be none left to rail upon thee; and  
 then thou would'st sin the faster. Thou giv'st so  
 long, Timon, I fear me, thou wilt give away thyself  
 in paper<sup>24</sup> shortly: What need these feasts, pomps,  
 and vain glories?

*Tim.* Nay, an you begin to rail on society once, I  
 am sworn, not to give regard to you. Farewell! and  
 come with better musick. [*Exit.*

*Apem.* So; thou'lt not hear me now, thou shalt  
 not then, I'll lock thy heaven<sup>25</sup> from thee.

O, that men's ears should be  
 To counsel deaf, but not to flattery! [*Exit.*

<sup>22</sup> A *beck* is a *nod* or *salutation with the head*. *Signa capitis voluntatem ostendens*. This last may be either a nod of salutation, of assent or dissent, or finally of command.

<sup>23</sup> He plays upon the word *leg*, as it signifies a *limb*, and a *bow* or *act of obeisance*.

<sup>24</sup> Warburton explained this "be ruined by his securities entered into." Dr. Farmer would read *proper*, i. e. I suppose, *in propria persona*. Steevens supports this reading by a quotation from Roy's Satire on Cardinal Wolsey:—

"Their order

Is to have nothing in *proper*,


But to use all thynges in commune."

<sup>25</sup> By his *heaven* he means *good advice*; the only thing by which he could be saved.



## ACT II.

SCENE I. Athens. *A Room in a Senator's House.**Enter a Senator, with papers in his hand.**Senator.*

ND late, five thousand : to Varro and to Isidore  
He owes nine thousand ; besides my former sum,

Which makes it five and twenty. Still in motion  
Of raging waste ? It cannot hold ; it will not.  
If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog,  
And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold :  
If I would sell my horse, and buy two more  
Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon,  
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me<sup>1</sup>, straight,  
And able horses : No porter at his gate<sup>2</sup> ;  
But rather one that smiles, and still invites  
All that pass by. It cannot hold ; no reason

<sup>1</sup> The commentators have made difficulties about this passage, which appears to me quite plain and intelligible without a comment. *If I give my horse to Timon it immediately foals, i. e. produces me several able horses.* We have, as Malone observes, the same sentiment, differently expressed, before :—

“ No meed but he repays  
Sevenfold above itself ; no gift to him  
But *breeds* the giver a return exceeding  
All use of quittance.”

<sup>2</sup> *Sternness* was the characteristic of a porter. There appeared at Kenilworth Castle [1575] “ a porter tall of parson, big of lim, and *stearn of countinauns.*” And in Decker's play of *A Knight's Conjuring*, &c. “ You mistake, if you imagine that Plutoe's *porter* is like one of those big fellows that stand like gyants at lordes gates, &c.—Yet hee's *surlly* as those key-turners are.” The word *one*, in the second line, does not refer to porter, but means a person. “ He has no stern forbidding porter at his gate to keep people out, but a person who smiles and invites them in.”

Can sound his state in safety<sup>3</sup>. Caphis, ho!  
Caphis, I say!

*Enter CAPHIS.*

*Caph.* Here, sir; What is your pleasure?

*Sen.* Get on your cloak, and haste you to Lord Timon;  
Impórtune him for my monies; be not ceas'd<sup>4</sup>  
With slight denial; nor then silenc'd, when—  
*Commend me to your master*—and the cap  
Plays in the right hand, thus:—but tell him, sirrah<sup>5</sup>,  
My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn  
Out of mine own; his days and times are past,  
And my reliances on his fracted dates  
Have smit my credit. I love, and honour him;  
But must not break my back, to heal his finger:  
Immediate are my needs; and my relief  
Must not be toss'd and turn'd to me in words,  
But find supply immediate. Get you gone:  
Put on a most importunate aspéct,  
A visage of demand; for, I do fear,  
When every feather sticks in his own wing,  
Lord Timon will be left a naked gull<sup>6</sup>,

<sup>3</sup> Johnson altered this to “*found* his state in safety.” But the reading of the folio is evidently *sound*, which I think will bear explanation thus:—“No reason can *fathom* or *discover* his state in safety, or not dangerous.” So in King Henry VIII. Act v. Sc. 2:—

“Pray heaven he *sound* not my disgrace!”

Again in Julius Cæsar, Act i. Sc. 2:—

“Why should that name be *sounded* more than yours?”

<sup>4</sup> Be not *stayed* or *stopped*:—

“Why should Tiberius’ liberty be *ceased*?”

*Claudius Tiberius Nero*, 1607.

<sup>5</sup> *Sirrah* was added in the second folio.

<sup>6</sup> This word is now familiar. It is thus explained by Roger Wilbraham, Esq. in his Glossary of words used in Cheshire:—“*Gull*, s. a *naked gull*; so are called all nestling birds in quite an unfledged state. They have a yellowish cast; and the word is, I believe, derived from the A. S. *geole*, or the Sui. Got. *gul*, yellow, Somn. and Ihre. Mr. Boswell observes that in the Blacke Booke,

Which<sup>7</sup> flashes now a phoenix. Get you gone.

*Caph.* I go, sir.

*Sen.* Ay go, sir?—take the bonds along with you,  
And have the dates in compt<sup>8</sup>.

*Caph.*

I will, sir.

*Sen.*

Go.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. A Hall in Timon's House.*

*Enter FLAVIUS, with many Bills in his hand.*

*Flav.* No care, no stop! so senseless of expense,  
That he will neither know how to maintain it,  
Nor cease his flow of riot: takes no account  
How things go from him; nor resumes no care  
Of what is to continue; Never mind  
Was to be so unwise, to be so kind<sup>1</sup>.  
What shall be done? He will not hear, till feel:  
I must be round with him now he comes from hunting.  
Fye, fye, fye, fye!

1604, sig. C. 3. a young heir is termed a *gull-finch*; and that it is probably used with the same meaning in *When You See Me You Know Me*, by Sam. Rowley, 1633, sig. E. 2. verso, "The angels has flown about to night, and two *gulls* are light into my hands."

<sup>7</sup> *Which* for *who*. The pronoun relative applied to *things* is frequently used for the pronoun relative applied to *persons* by old writers, and does not seem to have been thought a grammatical error. It is still preserved in the Lord's prayer.

<sup>8</sup> i. e. *take account of the dates*. The old copies have, "the dates in *come*." Theobald made the correction. *Compt* is of course *account*.

<sup>1</sup> This is elliptically expressed:—

*Never mind*

*Was* [made] *to be unwise* [in order] *to be so kind*.

Conversation, as Johnson observes, affords many examples of similar lax expression. But perhaps we should read *truly* instead of *to be*.

*Enter CAPHIS, and the Servants of ISIDORE and  
VARRO.*

*Caph.* Good even<sup>2</sup>, Varro : What !  
You come for money ?

*Var. Serv.* Is't not your business too ?

*Caph.* It is ;—And yours too, Isidore ?

*Isid. Serv.* It is so.

*Caph.* 'Would we were all discharg'd !

*Var. Serv.* I fear it.

*Caph.* Here comes the lord.

*Enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, and Lords, &c.*

*Tim.* So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth again<sup>3</sup>,  
My Alcibiades.—With me ! What's your will ?

*Caph.* My lord, here is a note of certain dues.

*Tim.* Dues ! Whence are you ?

*Caph.* Of Athens, here, my lord.

*Tim.* Go to my steward.

*Caph.* Please it your lordship, he hath put me off  
To the succession of new days this month :  
My master is awak'd by great occasion,  
To call upon his own ; and humbly prays you,  
That with your other noble parts you'll suit,  
In giving him his right.

*Tim.* Mine honest friend,  
I pr'ythee, but repair to me next morning.

*Caph.* Nay, good my lord,——

*Tim.* Contain thyself, good friend.

<sup>2</sup> *Good even*, or *good den*, was the usual salutation from noon, the moment that good morrow became improper. See *Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii. Sc. 4. The servants in this scene take the names of their masters, like those in *High Life below Stairs*.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. *to hunting*; in our author's time it was the custom to hunt as well after dinner as before. Thus in *Tancred and Gismunda*, 1592, "He means this *evening* in the park to hunt." Queen Elizabeth, during her stay at Kenilworth Castle, always hunted in the afternoon.

*Var. Serv.* One Varro's servant, my good lord,—

*Isid. Serv.* From Isidore ;

He humbly prays your speedy payment,——

*Caph.* If you did know, my lord, my master's wants,—

*Var. Ser.* 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord, six weeks,  
And past,——

*Isid. Serv.* Your steward puts me off, my lord ;  
And I am sent expressly to your lordship.

*Tim.* Give me breath,——

I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on ;

[*Exeunt* ALCIBIADES and Lords.

I'll wait upon you instantly.—Come hither : pray you,  
[*To* FLAVIUS.

How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd  
With clamorous demands of date-broke bonds<sup>4</sup>,  
And the detention of long-since-due debts,  
Against my honour ?

*Flav.* Please you, gentlemen,  
The time is unagreeable to this business :  
Your importunacy cease, till after dinner ;  
That I may make his lordship understand  
Wherefore you are not paid.

*Tim.* Do so, my friends :  
See them well entertain'd. [Exit TIMON.

*Flav.* Pray, draw near.  
[Exit FLAVIUS.

*Enter* APEMANTUS and a Fool<sup>5</sup>.

*Caph.* Stay, stay, here comes the fool with Ape-  
mantus ; let's have some sport with 'em.

<sup>4</sup> The old copy reads, "of debt, broken bonds." The emen-  
dation, which was made by Malone, is well supported by cor-  
responding passages in the poet. Thus at p. 278, ante:—

"And my reliances on his *fracted dates*."

<sup>5</sup> Johnson thought that a scene or passage had been here lost,  
in which the audience were informed that the fool and the page  
that follows him belonged to Phrynia, Timandra, or some other

*Var. Serv.* Hang him, he'll abuse us.

*Isid. Serv.* A plague upon him, dog!

*Var. Serv.* How dost, fool?

*Apem.* Dost dialogue with thy shadow?

*Var. Serv.* I speak not to thee.

*Apem.* No; 'tis to thyself,—Come away.

[*To the Fool.*

*Isid. Serv.* [*To VAR. SERV.*] There's the fool hangs on your back already.

*Apem.* No, thou stand'st single, thou art not on him yet.

*Caph.* Where's the fool now?

*Apem.* He last ask'd the question.—Poor rogues, and usurers' men! bawds between gold and want!

*All Serv.* What are we, Apemantus?

*Apem.* Asses.

*All Serv.* Why?

*Apem.* That you ask me what you are, and do not know yourselves.—Speak to 'em, fool.

*Fool.* How do you, gentlemen?

*All Serv.* Gramercies, good fool: How does your mistress?

*Fool.* She's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens as you are. 'Would, we could see you at Corinth<sup>6</sup>!

*Apem.* Good! gramercy.

courtesan; upon the knowledge of which depends the greater part of the ensuing jocularly.

<sup>6</sup> The celebrity of the ancient worship of Venus at Corinth caused the term to be anciently used for a house of ill repute. See Goethe's *Braut von Corinth*, and Pindar, *Fragments*, &c. The *scalding*, to which the fool alludes, was by means of a *tub*, (according to Randle Holme, *Storehouse of Armory*, b. iii. p. 441), "which persons were put into, not to boyl up to an heighth, but to *parboyl*." In the frontispiece to the *Old Latin Comedy of Cornelianum Dolium* this sweating tub is represented. It was anciently the practice to scald the feathers off poultry instead of plucking them.

*Enter Page.*

*Fool.* Look you, here comes my mistress'<sup>7</sup> page.

*Page.* [*To the Fool.*] Why, how now, captain? what do you in this wise company?—How dost thou, Apemantus?

*Apem.* Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

*Page.* Pr'ythee, Apemantus, read me the superscription of these letters; I know not which is which.

*Apem.* Canst not read?

*Page.* No.

*Apem.* There will little learning die then, that day thou art hanged. This is to Lord Timon; this to Alcibiades. Go: thou wast born a bastard, and thou'lt die a bawd.

*Page.* Thou wast whelped a dog; and thou shalt famish, a dog's death. Answer not, I am gone.

[*Exit Page.*]

*Apem.* Even so thou out-runn'st grace. Fool, I will go with you to Lord Timon's.

*Fool.* Will you leave me there?

*Apem.* If Timon stay at home. You three serve three usurers?

*All Serv.* Ay; 'would they served us!

*Apem.* So would I,—as good a trick as ever hangman served thief.

*Fool.* Are you three usurers' men?

*All Serv.* Ay, fool.

*Fool.* I think, no usurer but has a fool to his servant: My mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly, and go away merry; but they enter my mis-

<sup>7</sup> The old copy has *master's* here and below, but it was an evident error, arising from *M* only being found in the MS. copy. A fool seems to have been a recognized attendant upon courtezans.

dress' house merrily, and go away sadly : The reason of this ?

*Var. Serv.* I could render one.

*Apem.* Do it then, that we may account thee a whoremaster, and a knave ; which notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteemed.

*Var. Serv.* What is a whoremaster, fool ?

*Fool.* A fool in good clothes, and something like thee. 'Tis a spirit: sometime, it appears like a lord; sometime, like a lawyer; sometime, like a philosopher, with two stones more than his artificial one<sup>8</sup>. He is very often like a knight ; and, generally in all shapes, that man goes up and down in, from fourscore to thirteen, this spirit walks in.

*Var. Serv.* Thou art not altogether a fool.

*Fool.* Nor thou altogether a wise man : as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lack'st.

*Apem.* That answer might have become Apemantus.

*All Serv.* Aside, aside ; here comes Lord Timon.

*Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.*

*Apem.* Come with me, fool, come.

*Fool.* I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman ; sometime, the philosopher.

[*Exeunt APEMANTUS and Fool.*

*Flav.* 'Pray you, walk near ; I'll speak with you anon.

[*Exeunt Serv.*

*Tim.* You make me marvel : Wherefore, ere this time,

Had you not fully laid my state before me ;  
That I might so have rated my expense,

<sup>8</sup> Meaning the celebrated object of all alchymical research, the philosopher's stone, at that time much talked of. Sir Thomas Smith was one of those who lost considerable sums in seeking of it. Sir Richard Steele was one of the last eminent men who entertained hopes of being successful in this pursuit. His laboratory was at Poplar.



As I had leave of means ?

*Flav.* You would not hear me,  
At many leisures I propos'd.

*Tim.* Go to :  
Perchance, some single vantages you took,  
When my indisposition put you back ;  
And that unaptness made your minister<sup>9</sup>,  
Thus to excuse yourself.

*Flav.* O my good lord !  
At many times I brought in my accounts,  
Laid them before you ; you would throw them off,  
And say, you found them in mine honesty.  
When, for some trifling present, you have bid me  
Return so much, I have shook my head, and wept ;  
Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners, pray'd you  
To hold your hand more close : I did endure  
Not seldom, nor no slight checks ; when I have  
Prompted you, in the ebb of your estate,  
And your great flow of debts. My lov'd lord,  
Though you hear now (too late !) yet now's a time,  
The greatest of your having lacks a half  
To pay your present debts.

*Tim.* Let all my land be sold.

*Flav.* 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeited and gone ;  
And what remains will hardly stop the mouth  
Of present dues : the future comes apace :  
What shall defend the interim ? and at length  
How goes our reckoning ?

*Tim.* To Lacedæmon did my land extend.

*Flav.* O my good lord, the world is but a word !  
Were it all yours to give it in a breath,  
How quickly were it gone !

*Tim.* You tell me true.

*Flav.* If you suspect my husbandry, or falsehood,  
Call me before the exactest auditors,

<sup>9</sup> The construction is, *And made that unaptness your minister.*

And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,  
 When all our offices<sup>10</sup> have been oppress'd  
 With riotous feeders ; when our vaults have wept  
 With drunken spilth of wine ; when every room  
 Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsy ;  
 I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock<sup>11</sup>,  
 And set mine eyes at flow.

*Tim.* Pr'ythee, no more.

*Flav.* Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this lord !  
 How many prodigal bits have slaves, and peasants,  
 This night engluttet ! Who is not Timon's ?  
 What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is Lord  
 Timon's ?

Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon ?  
 Ah ! when the means are gone that buy this praise,  
 The breath is gone whereof this praise is made :  
 Feast-won, fast-lost ; one cloud of winter showers,  
 These flies are couch'd.

*Tim.* Come, sermon me no further :  
 No villainous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart ;  
 Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given<sup>12</sup>.  
 Why dost thou weep ? Canst thou the conscience lack,  
 To think I shall lack friends ? Secure thy heart ;  
 If I would broach the vessels of my love,

<sup>10</sup> *Offices* here means *apartments allotted to culinary purposes, the reception of domestics, &c.*; and *feeders* means *servants*. So in *Othello*, "All *offices* are open, and there is full liberty of feasting from this present hour of five until the bell has told eleven." Thus in *Shirley's* *Opportunities* :—

"Let all the *offices* of entertainment  
 Be free and open."

The *cellar* and the *buttery* are probably meant.

<sup>11</sup> I (like the rest) have retired me to a *wasteful cock* (but not one of drunken spilth of wine, I have) set mine eyes aflow (with water in weeping vainly.

<sup>12</sup> "Every reader must rejoice in this circumstance of comfort which presents itself to Timon, who, although beggared through want of prudence, consoles himself with reflection that his ruin was not brought on by the pursuit of guilty pleasures."—*Steevens*.

And try the argument<sup>13</sup> of hearts by borrowing,  
Men, and men's fortunes, could I frankly use,  
As I can bid thee speak.

*Flav.* Assurance bless your thoughts!

*Tim.* And, in some sort, these wants of mine are  
crown'd<sup>14</sup>,

That I account them blessings; for by these  
Shall I try friends: You shall perceive, how you  
Mistake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my friends.  
Within there!—Flaminius! Servilius!

*Enter FLAMINIUS, SERVILIUS, and other Servants.*

*Serv.* My lord, my lord,—

*Tim.* I will despatch you severally.—You, to Lord  
Lucius,—To Lord Lucullus you; I hunted with his  
honour to-day;—You to Sempronius; Commend me  
to their loves; and, I am proud, say, that my occa-  
sions have found time to use 'em toward a supply of  
money: let the request be fifty talents.

*Flam.* As you have said, my lord.

*Flav.* Lord Lucius, and Lucullus? humph!

[*Aside.*

*Tim.* Go you, sir, [*To another Serv.*] to the senators  
(Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have  
Deserv'd this hearing), bid 'em send o' the instant  
A thousand talents to me.

*Flav.* I have been bold  
(For that I knew it the most general way),  
To them to use your signet, and your name;  
But they do shake their heads, and I am here

<sup>13</sup> i. e. *the contents of them.* The argument of a book was a brief sum of the whole matter contained in it. So in Hamlet the king asks concerning the play:—

“Have you heard the argument? is there no offence in it?”

<sup>14</sup> i. e. *dignified, adorned, made gracious.*

“And yet no day without a deed to crown it.”

*King Henry VIII.*

No richer in return.

*Tim.* Is't true? can't be?

*Flav.* They answer, in a joint and corporate voice,  
That now they are at fall<sup>15</sup>, want treasure, cannot  
Do what they would; are sorry—you are honourable,  
But yet they could have wish'd—they know not—  
Something hath been amiss—a noble nature  
May catch a wrench—would all were well—'tis pity—  
And so, intending<sup>16</sup> other serious matters,  
After distasteful looks, and these hard fractions,  
With certain half-caps<sup>17</sup>, and cold-moving nods,  
They froze me into silence.

*Tim.* You gods, reward them!—  
'Pr'ythee, man, look cheerly; these old fellows  
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:  
Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it seldom flows;  
'Tis lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind;  
And nature, as it grows again toward earth,  
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull, and heavy.—  
Go to Ventidius, [*To a Serv.*]—'Pr'ythee, [*To FLA-*  
VIUS] be not sad,  
Thou art true, and honest; ingeniously<sup>18</sup> I speak,  
No blame belongs to thee;—[*To Serv.*] Ventidius  
lately  
Buried his father; by whose death, he's stepp'd  
Into a great estate: when he was poor,  
Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,  
I clear'd him with five talents: Greet him from me;

<sup>15</sup> i. e. *at an ebb*.

<sup>16</sup> Johnson, Steevens, and Malone have explained *intending* here regarding, turning their notice, or attending to, &c.; but it certainly means *pretending*. See King Richard III. Act iii. Sc. 5, note 1. Shakespeare uses *intend* in many places for *pretend*; and I have shown that he also uses *pretend* for *intend* in several instances.

<sup>17</sup> *Fractions* are broken hints, abrupt remarks. A *half-cap* is a cap slightly moved, not put off.

<sup>18</sup> i. e. *ingenuously*. Ingenious was frequently used for ingenious.

Bid him suppose, some good necessity  
Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd  
With those five talents :—that had, — [To FLAV.]  
give't these fellows

To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak, or think,  
That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.

*Flav.* I would, I could not think it; that thought  
is bounty's foe;

Being free<sup>19</sup> itself, it thinks all others so. [*Exeunt.*]

### ACT III.

SCENE I. Athens. *A Room in Lucullus's House.*

FLAMINIUS *waiting.* *Enter a Servant to him.*

*Servant.*



HAVE told my lord of you, he is coming  
down to you.

*Flam.* I thank you, sir.

*Enter LUCULLUS.*

*Serv.* Here's my lord.

*Lucul.* [*Aside.*] One of Lord Timon's men? a gift,  
I warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt of a silver  
bason and ewer to-night. Flaminius, honest Fla-  
minius; you are very respectively<sup>1</sup> welcome, sir.—  
Fill me some wine. [*Exit Servant.*]—And how does  
that honourable, complete, free-hearted gentleman of  
Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and master?

*Flam.* His health is well, sir.

*Lucul.* I am right glad that his health is well, sir:

<sup>19</sup> i. e. liberal, not parsimonious.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. consideratively, regardfully. See vol. ii. p. 493, note 16.

And what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flaminius ?

*Flam.* 'Faith, nothing but an empty box, sir ; which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your honour to supply ; who, having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship to furnish him ; nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

*Lucul.* La, la, la, la,—nothing doubting, says he ? alas, good lord ! a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I have dined with him, and told him on't ; and come again to supper to him, of purpose to have him spend less : and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming. Every man has his fault, and honesty<sup>2</sup> is his ; I have told him on't, but I could ne'er get him from it.

*Re-enter* Servant, *with wine.*

*Serv.* Please your lordship, here is the wine.

*Lucul.* Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise. Here's to thee.

*Flam.* Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

*Lucul.* I have observed thee always for a towardly prompt spirit, give thee thy due, and one that knows what belongs to reason : and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well : good parts in thee.—Get you gone, sirrah. [*To the Servant, who goes out.*]—Draw nearer, honest Flaminius. Thy lord's a bountiful gentleman : but thou art wise ; and thou know'st well enough, although thou com'st to me, that this is no time to lend money ; especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here's three solidares<sup>3</sup> for

<sup>2</sup> *Honesty* here means *liberality*. "That nobleness of spirit or *honesty* that free-born men have."—*Baret*.

<sup>3</sup> Steevens says, "I believe this coin is from the mint of the poet." We are not to look for the name of a Greek coin here ;

thee ; good boy, wink at me, and say, thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

*Flam.* Is't possible, the world should so much differ ;  
And we alive, that liv'd<sup>4</sup>? Fly, damned baseness,  
To him that worships thee.

[*Throwing the money away.*

*Lucul.* Ha ! Now I see, thou art a fool, and fit for thy master.

[*Exit LUCULLUS.*

*Flam.* May these add to the number that may scald thee !

Let molten coin be thy damnation<sup>5</sup>,  
Thou disease of a friend, and not himself<sup>6</sup> !  
Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,  
It turns in less than two nights ? O you gods,  
I feel my master's passion<sup>7</sup> ! This slave, unto this  
hour<sup>8</sup>,

Has my lord's meat in him :

but he probably formed it from *solidari*, or *soldi*, a small coin, which Florio makes equal to shillings in value.

<sup>4</sup> i. e. *And we alive now who lived then.* As much as to say, *in so short a time.*

<sup>5</sup> One of the punishments invented for the covetous and avaricious in hell of old was to have melted gold poured down their throats. In the old Shepherd's Calendar Lazarus declares himself to have seen covetous men and women in hell dipped in caldrons of molten metal. And in the old black letter ballad of The Dead Man's Song :—

“Ladles full of melted gold  
Were poured down their throats.”

Crassus was so punished by the Parthians.

<sup>6</sup> So in King Lear :—

“My daughter,  
Or rather a disease,” &c.

<sup>7</sup> i. e. *suffering, grief.* Othello, when Desdemona weeps, says :—  
“O well dissembled passion.”

<sup>8</sup> The old copies read, “This slave unto *his honour.*” I unhesitatingly adopt the emendation, which once had a place in the text, “unto *this hour.*” Lucullus is anything but a slave to his honour, and that this was never intended by the poet is evident from what Lucius says in the next scene, when informed of the conduct of Lucullus :—“I am ashamed on't. Denied that honourable man? there was very little *honour* showed in't.”

Why should it thrive, and turn to nutriment,  
When he is turn'd to poison ?

O, may diseases only work upon't !

And, when he's sick to death, let not that part of  
nature

Which my lord paid for, be of any power

To expel sickness, but prolong his hour<sup>9</sup> ! [Exit.]

SCENE II. *The same. A public Place.*

*Enter LUCIUS, with three Strangers.*

*Luc.* Who? the Lord Timon? he is my very good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

*1 Stran.* We know<sup>1</sup> him for no less, though we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumours; now Lord Timon's happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

*Luc.* Fye! no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money.

*2 Stran.* But believe you this, my lord, that, not long ago, one of his men was with the Lord Lucullus, to borrow so many talents<sup>2</sup>; nay, urged extremely for't, and showed what necessity belonged to't, and yet was denied.

*Luc.* How?

*2 Stran.* I tell you, denied, my lord.

<sup>9</sup> i. e. *prolong his hour of suffering*. Thus Timon, in a future passage, says, "Live loath'd, and *long!*" And in Coriolanus, Menenius says to the Roman sentinel, "Be that you are *long*; and your misery increase with your age."

<sup>1</sup> i. e. *acknowledge*.

<sup>2</sup> *So many talents*, a common colloquial phrase for an indefinite number: the stranger apparently did not know the exact sum; and yet some editors have arbitrarily substituted "*fifty talents*."



*Luc.* What a strange case was that? now, before the gods, I am ashamed on't. Denied that honourable man? there was very little honour show'd in't. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have received some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet had he mistook him<sup>3</sup>, and sent to me, I should ne'er have denied his occasion so many talents.

*Enter SERVILIUS.*

*Ser.* See, by good hap, yonder's my lord; I have sweat to see his honour.—My honour'd lord,—

[*To LUCIUS.*

*Luc.* Servilius! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well: Commend me to thy honourable-virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

*Ser.* May it please your honour, my lord hath sent—

*Luc.* Ha! what has he sent? I am so much endeared to that lord; he's ever sending: How shall I thank him, think'st thou? And what has he sent now?

*Ser.* He has only sent his present occasion now, my lord; requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents<sup>4</sup>.

*Luc.* I know, his lordship is but merry with me; He cannot want fifty-five hundred talents.

*Ser.* But in the mean time he wants less, my lord. If his occasion were not virtuous,

<sup>3</sup> Lucius means to insinuate that it would have been a kind of mistake in Timon to apply to him, who had received but few favours from him in comparison to those bestowed on Lucullus.

<sup>4</sup> Such is again the reading the old copy supplies; some modern editors have here again substituted "fifty talents." But this was the phraseology of the poet's age. In Julius Cæsar Lucilius says to his adversary:—

"There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight."

I should not urge it half so faithfully.

*Luc.* Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

*Ser.* Upon my soul, 'tis true, sir.

*Luc.* What a wicked beast was I, to disfurnish myself against such a good time, when I might have shown myself honourable! how unluckily it happened, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour<sup>5</sup>! Servilius, now before the gods, I am not able to do't; the more beast, I say: I was sending to use Lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done't now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship: and I hope, his honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind: And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far, as to use mine own words to him?

*Ser.* Yes, sir, I shall.

*Luc.* I will look you out a good turn, Servilius.—

[*Exit* SERVILIUS.

True, as you said, Timon is shrunk, indeed;  
And he, that's once denied, will hardly speed.

[*Exit* LUCIUS.

1 *Stran.* Do you observe this, Hostilius?

2 *Stran.* Ay, too well.

1 *Stran.* Why this is the world's soul;

And just of the same piece

Is every flatterer's spirit<sup>6</sup>. Who can call him his friend,  
That dips in the same dish? for, in my knowing,

<sup>5</sup> i. e. by purchasing what brought me but little honour, I have lost the more honourable opportunity of supplying the wants of my friend.

<sup>6</sup> The old copy reads:—"Is every flatterer's sport." The emendation is Theobald's.

Timon has been this lord's father,  
 And kept his credit with his purse ;  
 Supported his estate ; nay, Timon's money  
 Has paid his men their wages : He ne'er drinks,  
 But Timon's silver treads upon his lip ;  
 And yet (O, see the monstrousness of man  
 When he looks out in an ungrateful shape !)  
 He does deny him, in respect of his<sup>7</sup>,  
 What charitable men afford to beggars.

3 *Stran.* Religion groans at it.

1 *Stran.*

For mine own part,

I never tasted Timon in my life,  
 Nor came any of his bounties over me,  
 To mark me for his friend ; yet, I protest,  
 For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,  
 And honourable carriage,  
 Had his necessity made use of me,  
 I would have put my wealth into donation<sup>8</sup>,  
 And the best half should have return'd to him,  
 So much I love his heart : But, I perceive,  
 Men must learn now with pity to dispense :  
 For policy sits above conscience. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. A Room in Sempronius's House.*

*Enter SEMPRONIUS, and a Servant of Timon's.*

*Sem.* Must he needs trouble me in't? Humph!

'Bove all others?

He might have tried Lord Lucius, or Lucullus ;

<sup>7</sup> i. e. *in respect of his fortune.* What Lucius denies to Timon is in proportion to his fortune less than the usual alms given by good men to beggars.

<sup>8</sup> The commentators have made difficulties about this passage, of which the meaning appears to be—"Had he applied to me, I would have put my wealth into the form of a gift, and have sent

And now Ventidius is wealthy too,  
Whom he redeem'd from prison : All these  
Owe their estates unto him.

*Serv.* My lord,  
They have all been touch'd <sup>1</sup>, and found base metal ;  
For they have all denied him.

*Sem.* How ! have they denied him ?  
Has Ventidius and Lucullus denied him ?  
And does he send to me ? Three ? humph !  
It shows but little love or judgment in him.  
Must I be his last refuge ? His friends, like phy-  
sicians,  
Thrice<sup>2</sup> give him over ; Must I take the cure upon  
me ?—

He has much disgrac'd me in't ; I am angry at him,  
That might have known my place : I see no sense  
for't,

But his occasions might have woo'd me first ;  
For, in my conscience, I was the first man  
That e'er received gift from him :  
And does he think so backwardly of me now,  
That I'll requite it last ? No :  
So it may prove an argument of laughter  
To the rest, and 'mongst lords I be thought a fool.  
I'd rather than the worth of thrice the sum,  
He had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake ;  
I'd such a courage to do him good. But now return,

him the best half of it." The Stranger could not mean that he  
" would have treated his wealth as a present originally received  
from Timon," because he expressly declares that he never tasted  
his bounties.

<sup>1</sup> Alluding to the trial of metals by the *touchstone*. Thus in  
King Richard III.—

" O Buckingham, now do I play the *touch*,  
To try if thou be current gold indeed."

<sup>2</sup> The old copies read, "*Thrive* give him over." The emen-  
dation is Johnson's. Timon had been *thrice* abandoned by his  
friends, i. e. by Ventidius, Lucullus, and Lucius.

And with their faint reply this answer join ;  
Who bates mine honour, shall not know my coin.

[*Exit.*

*Serv.* Excellent ! Your iordship's a goodly villain.  
The devil knew not what he did, when he made man  
politick ; he crossed himself by't : and I cannot think,  
but, in the end, the villainies of man will set him  
clear<sup>3</sup>. How fairly this lord strives to appear foul !  
takes virtuous copies to be wicked ; like those that,  
under hot ardent zeal, would set whole realms on  
fire<sup>4</sup>. Of such a nature is his politick love.

This was my lord's best hope ; now all are fled,  
Save the gods only<sup>5</sup> : Now his friends are dead,  
Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards  
Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd  
Now to guard sure their master.

And this is all a liberal course allows ;

Who cannot keep his wealth, must keep his house<sup>6</sup>.

[*Exit.*

<sup>3</sup> I take the sense of this passage to be, "The devil knew not what he did when he made man *politick* (i. e. *crafty*, or *full of cunning shifts*) ; he *thwarted* himself by so doing, overreached himself : and I cannot think but in the end the villainies of man will (make the devil appear in comparison innocent) set him clear, and that they will change places ; man becoming the tempter, not the tempted." So in *Cymbeline*, Posthumus says :—

"It is I

That all the abhorred things o' the earth *amend*,  
By being worse than they."

And in *Lear* :—

"Those wicked creatures yet do look well favour'd,  
When others are more wicked."

<sup>4</sup> Warburton thinks that this is levelled at the Puritans. "Sempronius, like them, takes a virtuous semblance to be wicked, pretending that warm affection and generous jealousy of friendship, that is affronted if any other be applied to before it."

<sup>5</sup> The old copy reads "Save only the gods," thus destroying the rhythm of the line. Sir T. Hanmer made the transposition.

<sup>6</sup> i. e. *keep within doors for fear of duns*. Thus in *Measure for Measure*, Act iii. Sc. 2 :—"You will turn good husband now, Pompey, you will *keep the house*."

SCENE IV. *The same. A Hall in Timon's House.*

*Enter two Servants of VARRO, and the Servant of LUCIUS, meeting TITUS, HORTENSIUS, and other Servants to TIMON'S Creditors, waiting his coming out.*

*Var. Serv.* Well met ; good-morrow, Titus and Hortensius.

*Tit.* The like to you, kind Varro.

*Hor.* Lucius !

What, do we meet together ?

*Luc. Serv.* Ay, and, I think,  
One business does command us all ; for mine  
Is money.

*Tit.* So is theirs and ours.

*Enter PHILOTUS.*

*Luc. Serv.* And sir  
Philotus too !

*Phi.* Good day at once.

*Luc. Serv.* Welcome, good brother  
What do you think the hour ?

*Phi.* Labouring for nine.

*Luc. Serv.* So much ?

*Phi.* Is not my lord seen yet ?

*Luc. Serv.* Not yet

*Phi.* I wonder on't ; he was wont to shine at seven.

*Luc. Serv.* Ay, but the days are wax'd shorter with  
him :

You must consider, that a prodigal course  
Is like the sun's<sup>1</sup> ; but not, like his, recoverable.  
I fear,

'Tis deepest winter in Lord Timon's purse ;

<sup>1</sup> i. e. *like him in blaze and splendour.*

"Soles occidere et redire possunt." *Catull.*

That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet  
Find little<sup>2</sup>.

*Phi.* I am of your fear for that.

*Tit.* I'll show you how t'observe a strange event :  
Your lord sends now for money.

*Hor.* Most true, he does.

*Tit.* And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,  
For which I wait for money.

*Hor.* It is against my heart.

*Luc. Serv.* Mark, how strange it shows,  
Timon in this should pay more than he owes :  
And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,  
And send for money for 'em.

*Hor.* I am weary of this charge<sup>4</sup>, the gods can wit-  
ness :

I know, my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,  
And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.

1 *Var. Serv.* Yes, mine's three thousand crowns :  
What's yours ?

*Luc. Serv.* Five thousand mine.

1 *Var. Serv.* 'Tis much deep : and it should seem  
by the sum,  
Your master's confidence was above mine ;  
Else, surely, his had equall'd<sup>5</sup>.

<sup>2</sup> Still perhaps alluding to the effects of winter, during which some animals are obliged to seek their scanty provision through a depth of snow.

<sup>4</sup> i. e. *this office or employment.*

<sup>5</sup> It has been thought that this simple passage required a comment ; and the reader will be surprised to hear that it bears several constructions. It is obvious that the meaning is, "it should seem by the sum your master lent, his confidence in Timon was greater than that of my master, else surely *my master's* loan had equalled his." If there be any obscurity, it is because the relative pronoun *his* does not quite clearly refer to its immediate antecedent *mine*.

*Enter* FLAMINIUS.

*Tit.* One of Lord Timon's men.

*Luc. Serv.* Flaminius! sir, a word: 'Pray, is my lord ready to come forth?

*Flam.* No, indeed, he is not.

*Tit.* We attend his lordship; 'pray, signify so much.

*Flam.* I need not tell him that; he knows, you are too diligent. [*Exit* FLAMINIUS.

*Enter* FLAVIUS *in a cloak, muffled.*

*Luc. Serv.* Ha! is not that his steward muffled so? He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.

*Tit.* Do your hear, sir?

1 *Var. Serv.* By your leave, sir,—

*Flav.* What do you ask of me, my friend?

*Tit.* We wait for certain money here, sir.

*Flav.* Ay, if money were as certain as your waiting, 'Twere sure enough.

Why then prefer'd you not your sums and bills,  
When your false masters ate of my lord's meat?  
Then they could smile, and fawn upon his debts.  
And take down th'interest into their gluttonous maws.  
You do yourselves but wrong, to stir me up;  
Let me pass quietly:  
Believe't, my lord and I have made an end;  
I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

*Luc. Serv.* Ay, but this answer will not serve.

*Flav.* If 'twill not serve, 'tis not so base as you;  
For you serve knaves. [*Exit.*

1 *Var. Serv.* How! what does his cashier'd worship mutter?

2 *Var. Serv.* No matter what; he's poor, and that's revenge enough. Who can speak broader than he that has no house to put his head in? such may rain against great buildings.



*Enter SERVILIUS.*

*Tit.* O, here's Servilius; now we shall know some answer.

*Ser.* If I might beseech you, gentlemen, to repair some other hour, I should derive much from't: for, take't of my soul, my lord leans wondrously to discontent. His comfortable temper has forsook him; he's much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

*Luc. Serv.* Many do keep their chambers, are not sick:

And, if it be so far beyond his health,  
Methinks, he should the sooner pay his debts,  
And make a clear way to the gods.

*Ser.* Good gods!

*Tit.* We cannot take this for answer, sir.

*Flam.* [*Within.*] Servilius, help!—my lord! my lord!—

*Enter TIMON, in a rage; FLAMINIUS following.*

*Tim.* What, are my doors oppos'd against my passage?

Have I been ever free, and must my house  
Be my retentive enemy, my gaol?  
The place, which I have feasted, does it now,  
Like all mankind, show me an iron heart?

*Luc. Serv.* Put in now, Titus.

*Tit.* My lord, here is my bill.

*Luc. Serv.* Here's mine.

*Hor. Serv.* And mine, my lord.

*Both Var. Ser.* And ours, my lord.

*Phi.* All our bills.

*Tim.* Knock me down with 'em<sup>6</sup>: cleave me to the girdle.

<sup>6</sup> Timon quibbles. They present their written *bills*; he catches at the word, and alludes to *bills* or battle-axes. The word is so played upon in *As You Like It*. See vol. iii. p. 15, note 8.

*Luc. Serv.* Alas! my lord,——

*Tim.* Cut my heart in sums.

*Tit.* Mine fifty talents.

*Tim.* Tell out my blood.

*Luc. Serv.* Five thousand crowns, my lord.

*Tim.* Five thousand drops pays that.—

What yours?—and yours?

1 *Var. Serv.* My lord,——

2 *Var. Serv.* My lord,——

*Tim.* Tear me, take me, and the gods fall upon you!  
[*Exit.*]

*Hor.* 'Faith, I perceive our masters may throw their caps at their money; these debts may well be called desperate ones, for a madman owes 'em. [*Exeunt.*]

*Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.*

*Tim.* They have e'en put my breath from me, the slaves:

Creditors?—devils!

*Flav.* My dear lord,——

*Tim.* What if it should be so?

*Flav.* My lord,——

*Tim.* I'll have it so.—My steward!

*Flav.* Here, my lord.

*Tim.* So fitly.—Go, bid all my friends again, Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius Ullorxa; all<sup>7</sup>: I'll once more feast the rascals.

*Flav.* O, my lord,

You only speak from your distracted soul;  
There is not so much left, to furnish out  
A moderate table.

*Tim.* Be't not in thy care; go,  
I charge thee; invite them all: let in the tide  
Of knaves once more; my cook and I'll provide.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>7</sup> What is meant by this strange corruption it is perhaps now

SCENE V. *The same. The Senate-House.*

*The Senate sitting. Enter ALCIBIADES, attended.*

1 *Sen.* My lord, you have my voice to it ;  
The fault's bloody ; 'tis necessary he should die :  
Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

2 *Sen.* Most true ; the law shall bruise him.

*Alcib.* Honour, health, and compassion to the senate !

1 *Sen.* Now, captain ?

*Alcib.* I am an humble suitor to your virtues ;  
For pity is the virtue of the law,  
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.  
It pleases time, and fortune, to lie heavy  
Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood,  
Hath stepp'd into the law, which is past depth  
To those that, without heed, do plunge into't.  
He is a man, setting his fate aside<sup>1</sup>,  
Of comely virtues :  
Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice,  
(An honour in him which buys out his fault,)  
But with a noble fury and fair spirit,  
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,  
He did oppose his foe :  
And with such sober and unnoted passion  
He did behood<sup>2</sup> his anger, ere 'twas spent,

vain to conjecture. That it is a corruption of some name is apparent. The second folio omits it.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. *putting this action of his, which was predetermined by fate, out of the question.*

<sup>2</sup> The folios read :—

“ And with such sober and unnoted passion

He did *behoove* his anger ere 'twas spent.”

This Warburton changed for the strange expression “*behave* his anger,” which he explains *govern, manage* his anger. In adopting it neither Mr. Knight nor Mr. Collier have noticed this variation from the old copies. Shakespeare uses to *hood* for to

As if he had but prov'd an argument.

1 *Sen.* You undergo too strict a paradox,  
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair :  
Your words have took such pains, as if they labour'd  
To bring manslaughter into form, and set quarrelling  
Upon the head of valour ; which, indeed,  
Is valour misbegot, and came into the world  
When sects and factions were newly born.  
He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer  
The worst that man can breathe ;  
And make his wrongs his outsides ;  
To wear them like his raiment, carelessly ;  
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,  
To bring it into danger.

If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,  
What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill !

*Alcib.* My lord,——

1 *Sen.* You cannot make gross sins look clear  
To revenge is no valour, but to bear.

*Alcib.* My lords, then, under favour, pardon me,  
If I speak like a captain.—

Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,  
And not endure all threats ? sleep upon't,  
And let the foes quietly cut their throats,  
Without repugnancy ? If there be  
Such valour in the bearing, what make we  
Abroad<sup>3</sup> ? why then, women are more valiant,  
That stay at home, if bearing carry it ;  
And th' ass more captain than the lion ;

*hide, or conceal as with a hood, in Romeo and Juliet, and in King Henry V. He delights in expressions from falconry. I find this reading was proposed by Jackson, and as it suggested itself to me without knowing it had been previously proposed, I have less doubt in adopting it.*

<sup>3</sup> i. e. *what do we, or what have we to do in the field?* See *Merry Wives of Windsor, Act iv. Sc. 2, note 4.* ; and *Love's Labour's Lost, Act iv. Sc. 3, note 25.*

The felon<sup>4</sup>, loaden with irons, wiser than the judge,  
 If wisdom be in suffering. O! my lords,  
 As you are great, be pitifully good :  
 Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood ?  
 To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust<sup>5</sup> ;  
 But, in defence, by mercy<sup>6</sup>, 'tis most just.  
 To be in anger is impiety ;  
 But who is man, that is not angry ?  
 Weigh but the crime with this.

2 *Sen.* You breathe in vain.

*Alcib.* In vain ! his service done  
 At Lacedæmon, and Byzantium,  
 Were a sufficient briber for his life.

1 *Sen.* What's that ?

*Alcib.* Why, say, my lords, he has done fair service,  
 And slain in fight many of your enemies :  
 How full of valour did he bear himself  
 In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds ?

2 *Sen.* He has made too much plenty with 'em,  
 He's a sworn rioter, he has a sin  
 That often drowns him, and takes his valour prisoner :  
 If there were no foes, that were enough  
 To overcome him : in that beastly fury  
 He has been known to commit outrages,  
 And cherish factions : 'Tis inferr'd to us,  
 His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.

1 *Sen.* He dies.

*Alcib.* Hard fate ! he might have died in war.  
 My lords, if not for any parts in him  
 (Though his right arm might purchase his own time,  
 And be in debt to none), yet, more to move you,

<sup>4</sup> The old copy reads "*fellow.*" The alteration was made at Johnson's suggestion.

<sup>5</sup> *Gust* here means *rashness*. We still say, "it was done in a *gust* of passion."

<sup>6</sup> i. e., *I call mercy herself to witness.*

Take my deserts to his, and join them both :  
 And, for I know your reverend ages love security,  
 I'll pawn my victories, all<sup>8</sup> my honour to you,  
 Upon his good returns.

If by this crime he owes the law his life,  
 Why, let the war receive't in valiant gore ;  
 For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

1 *Sen.* We are for law, he dies ; urge it no more,  
 On height of our displeasure : Friend or brother,  
 He forfeits his own blood, that spills another.

*Alcib.* Must it be so ? it must not be. My lords, I  
 do beseech you, know me.

2 *Sen.* How !

*Alcib.* Call me to your remembrances.

3 *Sen.* What !

*Alcib.* I cannot think, but your age has forgot me ;  
 It could not else be, I should prove so base<sup>10</sup>,  
 To sue, and be denied such common grace :  
 My wounds ache at you.

1 *Sen.* Do you dare our anger ?  
 'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect ;  
 We banish thee for ever.

*Alcib.* Banish me !  
 Banish your dotage ; banish usury,  
 That makes the senate ugly.

1 *Sen.* If, after two days' shine, Athens contain thee,  
 Attend our weightier judgment. And, not to swell  
 our spirit<sup>11</sup>,

<sup>8</sup> He charges them obliquely with being usurers. Thus in a subsequent passage :—" Banish *usury*,  
 That makes the senate ugly."

<sup>10</sup> *Base* for *dishonoured*.

<sup>11</sup> This, says Steevens, I believe, means " not to put ourselves into any tumour of rage, take our definitive resolution." So in King Henry VIII. Act iii. Sc. 1 :—

"The hearts of princes kiss obedience,  
 So much they love it ; but to stubborn spirits  
 They *swell* and grow as terrible as storms."

He shall be executed presently. [*Exeunt* Senators.

*Alcib.* Now the gods keep you old enough ; that you  
may live

Only in bone, that none may look on you !  
I'm worse than mad : I have kept back their foes,  
While they have told their money, and let out  
Their coin upon large interest ; I myself,  
Rich only in large hurts :—All those, for this ?  
Is this the balsam, that the usuring senate  
Pours into captains' wounds ? Banishment !  
It comes not ill ; I hate not to be banish'd ;  
It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,  
That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up  
My discontented troops, and lay for hearts.  
'Tis honour, with most lands to be at odds<sup>12</sup> ;  
Soldiers should brook as little wrongs, as gods.

[*Exit.*

SCENE VI. *A magnificent Room in Timon's House.*

*Musick. Tables set out : Servants attending.*

*Enter divers Lords, at several doors.*

1 *Lord.* The good time of day to you, sir.

2 *Lord.* I also wish it to you. I think, this honourable lord did but try us this other day.

1 *Lord.* Upon that were my thoughts tiring<sup>1</sup>, when

I think we might read with advantage :—

“ And not to *quell* our spirit.”

i. e. *not to repress or humble it, or perhaps your favour.*

<sup>12</sup> To *lay for hearts* is to endeavour to win the affections of the people. “ To *laie* for a thing before it come : *pretendo.*”—*Baret.* “ *Lay* for some pretty principality.”—*Devil is an Ass.* By “ 'Tis honour, with most lands to be at odds,” Alcibiades means, “ as *states* are now constituted, 'tis more honourable to be at odds with them, than to fight in their service.”

<sup>1</sup> i. e. *Upon that were my thoughts feeding or most anxiously employed.* To *tire*, from the Saxon *Tiran*, to tear, is to *feed* as a

we encountered: I hope, it is not so low with him, as he made it seem in the trial of his several friends.

2 *Lord.* It should not be, by the persuasion of his new feasting.

1 *Lord.* I should think so: He hath sent me an earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did urge me to put off; but he hath conjured me beyond them, and I must needs appear.

2 *Lord.* In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business, but he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my provision was out.

1 *Lord.* I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go.

2 *Lord.* Every man here's so. What would he have borrowed of you?

1 *Lord.* A thousand pieces.

2 *Lord.* A thousand pieces!

1 *Lord.* What of you?

3 *Lord.* He sent to me, sir,—Here he comes.

*Enter TIMON, and Attendants.*

*Tim.* With all my heart, gentlemen both:—And how fare you?

1 *Lord.* Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship.

2 *Lord.* The swallow follows not summer more willingly, than we your lordship.

*Tim.* [*Aside.*] Nor more willingly leaves winter; such summer-birds are men. [*To them.*] Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompense this long stay: feast your ears with the musick awhile; if they will fare so harshly o'the trumpet's sound: we shall to't presently.

bird of prey does by tearing its food with its beak. So in Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*:—

“Like as an empty eagle sharp by fast

*Tires* with her beak on feathers, flesh, and bone.”



1 *Lord.* I hope, it remains not unkindly with your lordship, that I return'd you an empty messenger.

*Tim.* O, sir, let it not trouble you.

2 *Lord.* My noble lord,—

*Tim.* Ah, my good friend! what cheer?

[*The Banquet brought in.*]

2 *Lord.* My most honourable lord, I am e'en sick of shame, that, when your lordship this other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

*Tim.* Think not on't, sir.

2 *Lord.* If you had sent but two hours before,—

*Tim.* Let it not cumber your better remembrance<sup>2</sup>.  
—Come, bring in all together.

2 *Lord.* All cover'd dishes!

1 *Lord.* Royal cheer, I warrant you.

3 *Lord.* Doubt not that, if money, and the season can yield it.

1 *Lord.* How do you? What's the news?

3 *Lord.* Alcibiades is banish'd: Hear you of it?

1 & 2 *Lord.* Alcibiades banish'd!

3 *Lord.* 'Tis so, be sure of it.

1 *Lord.* How? how?

2 *Lord.* I pray you, upon what?

*Tim.* My worthy friends, will you draw near?

3 *Lord.* I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble feast toward<sup>3</sup>.

2 *Lord.* This is the old man still.

3 *Lord.* Will't hold? will't hold?

<sup>2</sup> i. e. *your good memory.* Shakespeare and his contemporaries often use the comparative for the positive or superlative. Thus in *King John* :—

“Nay, but make haste the *better* foot before.”

And in *Macbeth* :—

“It hath cow'd my *better* part of man.”

Again :—

“Go not my horse the *better.*”

<sup>3</sup> i. e. *near at hand, or in prospect.* So in *Romeo and Juliet* :—

“We have a foolish trifling banquet *towards.*”

2 *Lord.* It does : but time will—and so—

3 *Lord.* I do conceive.

*Tim.* Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his mistress : your diet shall be in all places alike<sup>4</sup>. Make not a city feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place : Sit, sit. The gods require our thanks.

You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts, make yourselves praised : but reserve still to give, lest your deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another : for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the meat be beloved, more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains : If there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be—as they are.—The rest of your fees<sup>5</sup>, O gods,—the senators of Athens, together with the common lag of people,—what is amiss in them, you gods, make suitable for destruction. For these my present friends,—as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome.

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

[*The dishes uncovered are full of warm water.*

*Some speak.* What does his lordship mean ?

*Some other.* I know not.

*Tim.* May you a better feast never behold,  
You knot of mouth-friends ! smoke, and lukewarm  
water

Is your perfection. This is Timon's last ;

<sup>4</sup> *In all places alike.* This alludes to the mode in which guests were formerly placed at table according to rank. See note on *The Winter's Tale*, vol. iv. p. 17, note 32.

<sup>5</sup> Warburton and Mason say we should read *foes* instead of *fees*, which is the reading of the old copy. The old copies have also *legge* of the people for *lag*.

Who stuck and spangled you with flatteries,  
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces

[*Throwing water in their faces.*]

Your reeking villainy. Live loath'd, and long,  
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,  
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,  
You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies<sup>6</sup>,  
Cap and knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks<sup>7</sup>!

Of man, and beast, the infinite malady

Crust you quite o'er!—What, dost thou go?

Soft, take thy physick first—thou too,—and thou;—

[*Throws the dishes at them, and drives them out.*]

Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.—

What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast,

Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.

Burn, house; sink, Athens! henceforth hated be

Of Timon, man, and all humanity!

[*Exit.*]

*Re-enter the Lords, with other Lords and Senators.*

1 *Lord.* How now, my lords<sup>8</sup>?

2 *Lord.* Know you the quality of Lord Timon's fury?

3 *Lord.* Pish! did you see my cap?

4 *Lord.* I have lost my gown.

3 *Lord.* He's but a mad lord, and nought but humour sways him. He gave me a jewel the other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat: Did you see my jewel?

<sup>6</sup> i. e. *flies of a season.* Thus before:—

“One cloud of winter showers,

These *flies* are couch'd.”

<sup>7</sup> *Minute-jacks* are the same as *jacks of the clock-house*, automaton figures appended to clocks: but the term was used for “time serving busy-bodies, who had their oar in every man's boat, or hand in every man's dish.” See King Richard III. Act iv. Sc. 2, p. 494, note 16.

<sup>8</sup> This and the next speech are spoken by the newly arrived lords.

4 *Lord.* Did you see my cap ?

2 *Lord.* Here 'tis.

4 *Lord.* Here lies my gown.

1 *Lord.* Let's make no stay.

2 *Lord.* Lord Timon's mad.

3 *Lord.* I feel't upon my bones.

4 *Lord.* One day he gives us diamonds, next day  
stones<sup>9</sup>. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I. *Without the Walls of Athens.*

*Enter TIMON.*

*Timon.*

**L**ET me look back upon thee<sup>1</sup>, O thou wall,  
That girdlest in those wolves ! Dive in the  
earth,

And fence not Athens ! Matrons, turn incontinent ;  
Obedience fail in children ! Slaves, and fools,  
Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench,  
And minister in their steads ! To general filths  
Convert o' the instant, green virginity—  
Do't in your parents' eyes ! Bankrupts, hold fast ;  
Rather than render back, out with your knives,  
And cut your trusters' throats ! Bound servants, steal !  
Large handed robbers your grave masters are,  
And pill by law ! Maid, to thy master's bed ;  
Thy mistress is o' the brothel ! Son of sixteen,  
Pluck the lin'd crutch from thy old limping sire,

<sup>9</sup> In the old MS. play of Timon *painted stones* are introduced as part of this mock banquet. Yet it is hardly probable that Shakespeare was acquainted with this ancient drama. Timon has thrown nothing at his guests, but warm water and dishes.

<sup>1</sup> This is the punctuation of the folio. Timon apostrophises the city.

With it beat out his brains ! Piety, and fear,  
 Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,  
 Domestick awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,  
 Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,  
 Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,  
 Decline to your confounding contraries<sup>2</sup>,  
 And let confusion live<sup>3</sup> ! Plagues, incident to men,  
 Your potent and infectious fevers heap  
 On Athens, ripe for stroke ! Thou cold sciatica,  
 Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt  
 As lamely as their manners ! Lust and liberty<sup>4</sup>  
 Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth ;  
 That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,  
 And drown themselves in riot ! Itches, blains,  
 Sow all the Athenian bosoms ; and their crop  
 Be general leprosy ! Breath infect breath ;  
 That their society, as their friendship, may  
 Be merely poison ! Nothing I'll bear from thee,  
 But nakedness, thou détestable town !  
 Take thou that too, with multiplying banns<sup>5</sup> !  
 Timon will to the woods ; where he shall find  
 The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.  
 The gods confound (hear me, you good gods all),  
 The Athenians both within and out that wall !  
 And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow  
 To the whole race of mankind, high and low !  
 Amen. [Exit.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. *contrarities*, whose nature it is to waste or destroy each other.

“ As doth a galled rock  
 O'erhang and jutting his *confounded* base.”

*King Henry V.*

<sup>3</sup> The old copies have, “ And yet confusion live.” The emendation is by Hanmer.

<sup>4</sup> *Liberty* here means *licentiousness* or *libertinism*. So in the Comedy of Errors :—

“ And many such like *liberties* of sin.”

<sup>5</sup> i. e. *accumulated curses*. *Multiplying* for *multiplied*, the active participle with a passive signification.

SCENE II. Athens. *A Room in Timon's House.*

*Enter FLAVIUS, with two or three Servants.*

1 *Serv.* Hear you, master steward, where's our master? Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?

*Flav.* Alack, my fellows, what should I say to you? Let me be recorded by the righteous gods, I am as poor as you.

1 *Serv.* Such a house broke!  
So noble a master fallen! All gone! and not  
One friend, to take his fortune by the arm,  
And go along with him!

2 *Serv.* As we do turn our backs  
From our companion, thrown into his grave;  
So his familiars to his buried fortunes  
Slink all away; leave their false vows with him,  
Like empty purses pick'd: and his poor self,  
A dedicated beggar to the air,  
With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,  
Walks, like contempt, alone.—More of our fellows.

*Enter other Servants.*

*Flav.* All broken implements of a ruin'd house.

3 *Serv.* Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery,  
That see I by our faces; we are fellows still,  
Serving alike in sorrow. Leak'd is our bark;  
And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,  
Hearing the surges threat: we must all part  
Into this sea of air.

*Flav.* Good fellows all,  
The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.  
Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake,  
Let's yet be fellows; let's shake our heads, and say,  
As 'twere a knell unto our master's fortunes,

*We have seen better days.* Let each take some ;

[*Giving them money.*

Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more :

Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor<sup>1</sup>.

[*The Servants embrace and part several ways.*

O, the fierce<sup>2</sup> wretchedness that glory brings us !

Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,

Since riches point to misery and contempt ?

Who'd be so mock'd with glory as to live<sup>3</sup>

But in a dream of friendship ? and to have

His pomp, and all what state compounds,

But only painted, like his varnish'd friends ?

Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart ;

Undone by goodness ! Strange, unusual blood<sup>4</sup>,

When man's worst sin is, he does too much good !

<sup>1</sup> This conceit occurs again in King Lear :—

“ Fairest Cordelia, thou art most *rich*, being *poor*.”

Johnson observes, that “ Nothing contributes more to the exaltation of Timon's character than the zeal and fidelity of his servants ; nothing but real virtue can be honoured by domesticks ; nothing but impartial kindness can gain affection from dependants.”

<sup>2</sup> *Fierce* here means *vehement* ; as in Love's Labour's Lost, vol. ii. p. 296 :—

“ With all the *fierce* endeavour of your wit.”

See King Henry VIII. Act i. Sc. 1, p. 12, note 12.

<sup>3</sup> The old copy reads :—

“ Who would be so mock'd with glory, or to live  
But in a dream of friendship,  
To have his pomp, and all what state compounds,  
But only painted, like his varnisht friends,” &c.

A seeming error occurs in the line where *varnish'd* friends should probably be *vanish'd* friends, as we are told they are “ All gone ! all slunk away.”

<sup>4</sup> *Blood* is here used for *passion*, *propensity*, *affection*. Thus in Much Ado about Nothing, vol. ii. p. 120 :—“ Wisdom and *blood* combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one that blood hath the victory.” And in All's Well that Ends Well, Act iii. Sc. 2 :—

“ Now his important *blood* will nought deny  
That she'll demand.”

Who then dares to be half so kind again?  
 For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.  
 My dearest lord,—bless'd, to be most accurs'd,  
 Rich, only to be wretched;—thy great fortunes  
 Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!  
 He's flung in rage from this ingrateful seat  
 Of monstrous friends:  
 Nor has he with him to supply his life,  
 Or that which can command it.  
 I'll follow, and inquire him out:  
 I'll ever serve his mind with my best will;  
 Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *The Woods.*

*Enter* TIMON.

*Tim.* O blessed breeding sun, draw from the earth  
 Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb<sup>1</sup>  
 Infect the air! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,  
 Whose procreation, residence, and birth,  
 Scarce is dividant,—touch them with several for-  
 tunes;  
 The greater scorns the lesser. Not nature,  
 To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune,  
 But by contempt of nature<sup>2</sup>:  
 Raise me this beggar, and deny't<sup>3</sup> that lord;  
 The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,  
 The beggar native honour.

<sup>1</sup> That is, *the moon's—this sublunary world.*

<sup>2</sup> *But* is here used in its exceptive sense, and signifies *without.*

<sup>3</sup> It has been said that there is no antecedent to which “deny it” can be referred. I think that it clearly refers to *great fortune* in the preceding sentence, with which I have now connected it, by placing a colon instead of a period at nature. The construction will be, “Raise me this beggar to *great fortune*, and deny it to that lord,” &c.



It is the pasture lards the rother's sides,  
The want that makes him lean<sup>4</sup>. Who dares, who  
dares,

In purity of manhood stand upright,  
And say, *This man's a flatterer?* if one be,  
So are they all; for every grize<sup>5</sup> of fortune  
Is smooth'd by that below: the learned pate  
Ducks to the golden fool. All is oblique;  
There's nothing level in our cursed natures,  
But direct villainy. Therefore, be abhorr'd  
All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!  
His semblable, yea himself Timon disdains:  
Destruction fang mankind!—Earth, yield me roots!  
[Digging.]

Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate  
With thy most operant poison! What is here?  
Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold?  
No, gods, I am no idle votarist<sup>6</sup>.  
Roots, you clear heavens<sup>7</sup>! Thus much of this, will  
make  
Black, white; foul, fair; wrong, right;  
Base, noble; old, young; coward, valiant.

<sup>4</sup> The folio of 1623 reads:—

“It is the *pastour* lards the *Brothers* sides,  
The want that makes him *leave*.”

The second folio changes *leave* to *leane*. Warburton suggested *wether's*, but this word *rothers* for *oxen* was familiar to the poet, for in his native town he found the *rother*-market. The word occurs in Huloet's Dictionary, “*Rother* beast, Juvencus.” In the Statute 21 Jac. i. c. 18, and in Golding's Ovid we have, “herds of *rother* beasts.” The A. S. word is *hryther*, and it often occurs in our elder poetry. I suggested this obvious correction in 1842, and it has been since generally adopted.

<sup>5</sup> *Grize*, i. e. *step* or *degree*.

<sup>6</sup> i. e. *no insincere* or *inconstant supplicant*: *gold will not serve me instead of roots*. What Timon means by *no idle votarist* is *no insincere* or *inconstant suppliant for gold, roots will satisfy me*.

<sup>7</sup> *You clear heavens*, is *you pure heavens*. So in Lear:—

“The *clearest* gods, who make them honours  
Of men's impossibilities, have preserv'd thee.”

Ha, you gods! why this? What this, you gods! Why  
this

Will lug your priests and servants from your sides<sup>8</sup> ;  
Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads<sup>9</sup>.

This yellow slave

Will knit and break religions ; bless the accurs'd ;

Make the hoar leprosy ador'd ; place thieves,

And give them title, knee, and approbation,

With senators on the bench : this is it,

That makes the wapper'd<sup>10</sup> widow wed again ;

She, whom the spital-house, and ulcerous sores

Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices

To the April day again<sup>11</sup>. Come, damned earth,

Thou common whore of mankind, that putt'st odds

Among the rout of nations, I will make thee

Do thy right nature<sup>12</sup>. — [*March afar off.*] — Ha ! a

drum ? — Thou'rt quick,

<sup>8</sup> Aristophanes, in his *Plutus*, makes the priest of Jupiter desert his service to live with *Plutus*.

<sup>9</sup> This alludes to an old custom of drawing away the pillow from under the heads of men, in their last agonies, to accelerate their departure.

<sup>10</sup> The old copy has *wappen'd*. *Wapper'd* is worn out, debilitated. In Fletcher's *Two Noble Kinsmen* (which tradition says was written in conjunction with Shakespeare), we have *unwappered* in a contrary sense : — “ We prevent

The loathsome misery of age, beguile

The gout, the rheum, that in lag hours attend

For gray approachers : we come toward the gods

Young and *unwapper'd*, not halting under crimes

Many and stale.”

Grose, in his provincial *Glossary*, cites *wapper'd* as a Gloucestershire word, and explains it “ restless or fatigued [perhaps worn out with disease], as spoken of a sick person.” It seems therefore certain that we should read *wapper'd* here. It is gold that induces some one to accept this *wapper'd* widow in marriage, that the inhabitants of the spital-house would reject with loathing were she not gilded o'er by wealth.

<sup>11</sup> i. e. *restores to all the freshness and sweetness of youth*. *Youth* is called by the old poets the “ *April* of man's life.” *Young Fenton*, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, “ smells *April* and *May*.”

<sup>12</sup> i. e. *lie in the earth, where nature laid thee : thou'rt quick, means thou hast life and motion in thee*.

But yet I'll bury thee : Thou'lt go, strong thief,  
 When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand :  
 Nay, stay thou out for earnest. [*Keeping some gold.*]

*Enter* ALCIBIADES, *with drum and fife, in warlike manner* ; PHRYNIA and TIMANDRA.

*Alcib.* What art thou there ? Speak.

*Tim.* A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw thy heart,

For showing me again the eyes of man !

*Alcib.* What is thy name ? Is man so hateful to thee,

That art thyself a man ?

*Tim.* I am *misanthropos*, and hate mankind.

For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,

That I might love thee something.

*Alcib.* I know thee well ;

But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange.

*Tim.* I know thee too ; and more, than that I know thee,

I not desire to know. Follow thy drum ;

With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules :

Religious canons, civil laws are cruel ;

Then what should war be ? This fell whore of thine

Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,

For all her cherubin look.

*Phr.* Thy lips rot off !

*Tim.* I will not kiss thee ; then the rot returns  
 To thine own lips again<sup>13</sup>.

*Alcib.* How came the noble Timon to this change ?

*Tim.* As the moon does, by wanting light to give :  
 But then renew I could not, like the moon ;

<sup>13</sup> This alludes to the old erroneous prevalent opinion, that infection communicated to another left the infector free. "I will not," says Timon, "take the rot from thy lips by kissing thee." See the fourth satire of Donne.

There were no suns to borrow of.

*Alcib.* Noble Timon, what friendship may I do thee?

*Tim.* None, but to maintain my opinion

*Alcib.* What is it, Timon?

*Tim.* Promise me friendship, but perform none: If thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee, for thou art a man! if thou dost perform, confound thee, for thou'rt a man!

*Alcib.* I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.

*Tim.* Thou saw'st them, when I had prosperity.

*Alcib.* I see them now; then was a blessed time.

*Tim.* As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.

*Timan.* Is this the Athenian minion, whom the world

Voic'd so regardfully?

*Tim.* Art thou Timandra?

*Timan.* Yes.

*Tim.* Be a whore still! they love thee not that use thee;

Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.

Make use of thy salt hours: season the slaves

For tubs, and baths; bring down rose-cheeked youth

To the tub-fast, and the diet<sup>14</sup>.

*Timan.* Hang thee, monster!

*Alcib.* Pardon him, sweet Timandra; for his wits Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.—

I have but little gold of late, brave Timon,

The want whereof doth daily make revolt

In my penurious band: I have heard, and griev'd,

How cursed Athens, mindless of thy worth,

Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states,

<sup>14</sup> See Act ii. Sc. 2, note 6. The *diet* was a customary term for the *regimen* prescribed in these cases. So in *The Mastive*, a Collection of Epigrams:—

“She took not *diet* nor the sweat in season.”

But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them,—

*Tim.* I pr'ythee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.

*Alcib.* I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon.

*Tim.* How dost thou pity him, whom thou dost trouble?

I had rather be alone.

*Alcib.* Why, fare thee well :

Here's some gold for thee.

*Tim.* Keep't, I cannot eat it.

*Alcib.* When I have laid proud Athens on a heap,—

*Tim.* Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?

*Alcib.* Ay, Timon, and have cause.

*Tim.* The gods confound them all i'thy conquest ;  
and thee after, when thou hast conquer'd !

*Alcib.* Why me, Timon?

*Tim.* That, by killing of villains,

Thou wast born to conquer my country.

Put up thy gold : Go on,—here's gold,—go on ;

Be as a planetary plague, when Jove

Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison

In the sick air<sup>15</sup> : let not thy sword skip one :

Pity not honour'd age for his white beard ;

He's an usurer. Strike me the counterfeit matron ;

It is her habit only that is honest,

Herself's a bawd : Let not the virgin's cheek

Make soft thy trenchant sword ; for those milk-paps,

That through the window-bars<sup>16</sup> bore at men's eyes,

Are not within the leaf of pity writ,

<sup>15</sup> Warburton justly observes, that this passage is “wonderfully sublime and picturesque.” The same image occurs in King Richard II.—

“Devouring pestilence hangs in our air.”

<sup>16</sup> The old copies have *window Barne*. By *window-bars* the poet probably means “the partlet, gorget, or kerchief, which women put about their neck, and pin down over their *paps*,” sometimes called a *niced*, and translated Mamillare or fascia peccoralis; and described as made of fine linen: from its semitransparency arose the simile of *window bars*.

But set them down horrible traitors. Spare not the  
babe,

Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their mercy:  
Think it a bastard<sup>17</sup>, whom the oracle  
Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat shall cut,  
And mince it sans remorse. Swear against objects<sup>18</sup>;  
Put armour on thine ears, and on thine eyes;  
Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,  
Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,  
Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy soldiers:  
Make large confusion; and, thy fury spent,  
Confounded be thyself!—Speak not, be gone.

*Alcib.* Hast thou gold yet? I'll take the gold thou  
giv'st me,

Not all thy counsel.

*Tim.* Dost thou, or dost thou not, heaven's curse  
upon thee!

*Phr. & Timan.* Give us some gold, good Timon:  
Hast thou more?

*Tim.* Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,  
And to make whores, a bawd<sup>19</sup>. Hold up, you sluts,  
Your aprons mountant: You are not oathable,  
Although, I know, you'll swear, terribly swear,  
Into strong shudders, and to heavenly agues,  
The immortal gods that hear you,—spare your oaths,  
I'll trust to your conditions<sup>20</sup>: Be whores still;  
And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,  
Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up;  
Let your close fire predominate his smoke,

<sup>17</sup> An allusion to the tale of Ædipus or Cyrus, or Herod and the Innocents, &c.

<sup>18</sup> i. e. *against objects of charity and compassion*. So in *Troilus and Cressida*, Ulysses says:—

“For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes  
To tender *objects*.”

<sup>19</sup> That is, to make whores leave off their trade, and a bawd to cease from making whores.

<sup>20</sup> *Conditions for dispositions*. See vol. iii. p. 20, note 18.

And be no turncoats: Yet may your pains, six months,  
 Be quite contrary: And thatch your poor thin roofs  
 With burdens of the dead;—some that were hang'd<sup>21</sup>,  
 No matter:—wear them, betray with them: whore  
 still;

Paint till a horse may mire upon your face:

A pox of wrinkles!

*Phr. & Timan.* Well, more gold;—What then?—  
 Believe't, that we'll do any thing for gold.

*Tim.* Consumptions sow

In hollow bones of man; strike their sharp shins,  
 And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,  
 That he may never more false title plead,  
 Nor sound his quillets<sup>22</sup> shrilly: hoarse the flamen<sup>23</sup>,

<sup>21</sup> The fashion of periwigs for women, which Stow informs us “were brought into England about the time of the massacre of Paris,” seems to have been a fertile source of satire. Stubbes, in his *Anatomy of Abuses*, says that it was dangerous for any child to wander, as nothing was more common than for women to entice such as had fine locks into private places, and there to cut them off. In *A Mad World my Masters*, 1603, the custom is decried as unnatural, “To wear periwigs made of *another's hair*, is not this against kind?” So Drayton, in his *Mooncalf*:—

“And with large sums they stick not to procure  
*Hair from the dead*, yea, and the most unclean;  
 To help their pride they nothing will disdain.”

Shakespeare has reflected upon the custom in his sixty-eighth Sonnet:—

“Before the golden tresses of the dead,  
 The right of sepulchres, were shorn away  
 To live a second life on second head,  
 Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay.”

And in *The Merchant of Venice*:—

“Crisped, snaky, golden locks,  
 The skull that bore them in the sepulchre.”

Warner, in his *Albion's England*, 1602, b. ix. c. xlvi. is likewise very severe on this fashion.

<sup>22</sup> *Quillets* are *subtleties, nice and frivolous distinctions*. See *Hamlet*, Act v. Sc. 1.

<sup>23</sup> The old copy reads “*hoar* the flamen.” I have not scrupled to insert Upton's reading of *hoarse* into the text, because the whole construction of the speech shows it is the word the poet wrote.

That scolds again the quality of flesh,  
 And not believes himself: down with the nose,  
 Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away  
 Of him, that his particular to foresee,  
 Smells from the general weal<sup>24</sup>: make curl'd pate  
 ruffians bald;

And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war  
 Derive some pain from you. Plague all;  
 That your activity may defeat and quell  
 The source of all erection.—There's more gold:—  
 Do you damn others, and let this damn you,  
 And ditches grave<sup>25</sup> you all!

*Phr. & Timon.* More counsel with more money,  
 bounteous Timon.

*Tim.* More whore, more mischief first; I have  
 given you earnest.

*Alcib.* Strike up the drum!—towards Athens.—  
 Farewell, Timon;

If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.

*Tim.* If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.

*Alcib.* I never did thee harm.

*Tim.* Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

*Alcib.* Call'st thou that harm?

*Tim.* Men daily find it. Get thee away,

And take thy beagles with thee.

*Alcib.* We but offend him.—

Strike! [Drum beats. Exeunt ALCIBIADES,

PHRYNIA, and TIMANDRA.]

*Tim.* That nature, being sick of man's unkindness,

To make the flamen hoary would not prevent his scolding, to deprive him of his voice by hoarseness might.

<sup>24</sup> To foresee his particular is to provide for his private advantage, for which he leaves the right scent of public good.

<sup>25</sup> Thus Chapman in his version of the fifteenth Iliad:—

“The throtes of dogs shall grave

His manless limbs.”

See vol. iv. p. 427, note 17.



Should yet be hungry!—Common mother, thou,  
 [Digging.  
 Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast<sup>26</sup>,  
 Teems, and feeds all; whose self-same mettle,  
 Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,  
 Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,  
 The gilded newt, and eyeless venom'd worm<sup>27</sup>,  
 With all the abhorred births below crisp<sup>28</sup> heaven  
 Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine;  
 Yield him, who all the human sons doth hate,  
 From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root!  
 Ensear thy fertile and conceptious womb,  
 Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!  
 Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears;  
 Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face  
 Hath to the marbled mansion all above<sup>29</sup>  
 Never presented!—O, a root,—Dear thanks!  
 Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas;  
 Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts,

<sup>26</sup> This image, as Warburton ingeniously supposes, would almost make one imagine that Shakespeare was acquainted with some personifications of nature similar to the ancient statues of Diana Ephesia Multimammia. Hesiod calls the earth Γαῖ Εὐρύσπερος. So in *Romeo and Juliet*:—

“Children of divers kind

We sucking on her natural bosom find.”

<sup>27</sup> The serpent which we, from the smallness of the eye, call the *blind-worm*, and the Latins *cacilia*. So in *Macbeth*:—

“Adder's fork and *blind-worm's* sting.”

<sup>28</sup> Perhaps Shakespeare meant *curled* (which was synonymous with *crisp*) from the appearance of the clouds. In *The Tempest* Ariel talks of sitting “on the *curl'd* clouds.” Chaucer, in his *House of Fame*, says:—

“Her heare that was *oundie* and *crips*.”

i. e. *wavy* and *curled*. Again, in *The Philosopher's Satires*, by Robert Anton:—

“Her face as *beauteous* as the *crisped* morn.”

<sup>29</sup> Thus Milton, b. iii. l. 564:—

“Through the pure *marble* air.”

Again in *Othello*:—

“Now by yon *marble* heaven.”

And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,  
That from it all consideration slips!—

*Enter APEMANTUS.*

More man? Plague! plague!

*Apem.* I was directed hither: Men report,  
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

*Tim.* 'Tis then, because thou dost not keep a dog  
Whom I would imitate. Consumption catch thee!

*Apem.* This is in thee a nature but infected;  
A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung  
From change of fortune<sup>a</sup>. Why this spade? this place?  
This slavelike habit? and these looks of care?  
Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft;  
Hug their diseas'd perfumes<sup>30</sup>, and have forgot  
That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods,  
By putting on the cunning of a carper<sup>31</sup>.  
Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive  
By that which has undone thee: hinge thy knee<sup>32</sup>,  
And let his very breath, whom thou'lt observe,  
Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,  
And call it excellent. Thou wast told thus;  
Thou gav'st thine ears, like tapsters, that bade welcome,  
To knaves, and all approachers: 'Tis most just,  
That thou turn rascal; hadst thou wealth again,  
Rascals should have't. Do not assume my likeness.

*Tim.* Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself.

<sup>a</sup> The folio has "change of future." Rowe corrected it.

<sup>30</sup> i. e. *their diseased perfumed mistresses*. Thus in *Othello*:—

"'Tis such another fitchew; marry, a *perfum'd* one."

<sup>31</sup> *Cunning of a carper* is the *fastidiousness of a critic*. "Shame not these woods," says Apemantus, "by coming here to find fault." *Carping momuses* was a general term for ill natured critics. Beatrice's sarcastic raillery is thus designated by Ursula in *Much Ado about Nothing*:—

"Why sure such *carping* is not commendable."

<sup>32</sup> "To crook the pregnant *hinges* of the *knee*."—*Hamlet*.

*Apem.* Thou hast cast away thyself, being like thyself;

A madman so long, now a fool. What, think'st  
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,  
Will put thy shirt on warm? Will these moss'd<sup>a</sup> trees,  
That have outliv'd the eagle<sup>33</sup>, page thy heels,  
And skip when thou point'st out? Will the cold brook,  
Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste,  
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? call the creatures,—  
Whose naked natures live in all the spite  
Of wreakful heaven; whose bare unhoused trunks,  
To the conflicting elements expos'd,  
Answer mere nature<sup>34</sup>,—bid them flatter thee;  
O! thou shalt find——

*Tim.* A fool of thee: Depart!

*Apem.* I love thee better now than e'er I did.

*Tim.* I hate thee worse.

*Apem.* Why?

*Tim.* Thou flatter'st misery.

*Apem.* I flatter not; but say, thou art a caitiff.

*Tim.* Why dost thou seek me out?

*Apem.* To vex thee.

*Tim.* Always a villain's office, or a fool's.

Dost please thyself in't?

*Apem.* Ay.

*Tim.* What! a knave too?

*Apem.* If thou didst put this sour cold habit on  
To castigate thy pride, 'twere well: but thou  
Dost it enforcedly; thou'dst courtier be again,

<sup>a</sup> The old copy has "*moist trees*," an obvious misprint for *moist*. Moist would be a strange epithet for aged trees. Hanmer made the judicious correction.

<sup>33</sup> *Aquila Senectus* is a proverb. Tuberville, in his *Book of Falconry*, 1575, says that the great age of this bird has been ascertained from the circumstance of its always building its *eyrie* or nest in the same place.

<sup>34</sup> "And with presented nakedness outface  
The winds." *King Lear*, Act ii. Sc. 3.

Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery  
 Outlives ; incertain pomp is crown'd before<sup>35</sup> :  
 The one is filling still, never complete ;  
 The other, at high wish : Best state, contentless  
 Hath a distracted and most wretched being,  
 Worse than the worst, content.  
 Thou should'st desire to die, being miserable.

*Tim.* Not by his breath, that is more miserable.  
 Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm  
 With favour never clasp'd ; but bred a dog.  
 Hadst thou, like us, from our first swath<sup>36</sup>, pro-  
 ceeded

The sweet degrees that this brief world affords  
 To such as may the passive drugs of it<sup>37</sup>

<sup>35</sup> "To have wishes *crowned* is to have them *completed*, to be content. The highest fortunes, if contentless, have a wretched being, worse than that of the most abject fortune accompanied by content."

<sup>36</sup> i. e. *from infancy, from the first swathe-band with which a new-born infant is enveloped.* "There is in this speech a sullen haughtiness and malignant dignity, suitable at once to the lord and the manhater. The impatience with which he bears to have his luxury reproached by one that never had luxury within his reach, is natural and graceful." *O si sic omnia.* This note is worthy of Johnson ; he has adduced a passage somewhat resembling this from a letter written by the unfortunate favourite of Elizabeth, the Earl of Essex, just before his execution. "I had none but *divines* to call upon me, to whom I said, if my ambition could have entered into their narrow hearts, they would not have been so humble ; or if my delights had been once tasted by them, they would not have been so precise." The rest of this admirable letter is, as Johnson observes, "too serious and solemn to be inserted here without irreverence." It was very likely to make a deep impression upon Shakespeare's mind. But indeed no one can read it without emotion. Johnson copied his extract from Birch's *Memoirs of Queen Elizabeth*, and has erroneously printed *deceivers* for *divines*.

<sup>37</sup> The old copy reads "the passive *drugges* of it." *Drug*, or *drugge*, is only a variation of the orthography of *drudge*, as appears by Baret's *Alvearie*, "A drivell *drudge*, or kitchin slave," edit. 1573 : "A drivell *drugge*, or kitchin slave," edit. 1581. Huloet has it "A *drudge* or *drugge*, a servant which doth all the vile service."

Freely command, thou would'st have plung'd thyself  
 In general riot ; melted down thy youth  
 In different beds of lust ; and never learn'd  
 The icy precepts of respect<sup>38</sup>, but follow'd  
 The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,  
 Who had the world as my confectionary ;  
 The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men  
 At duty, more than I could frame employment<sup>39</sup> ;  
 That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves  
 Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush  
 Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare  
 For every storm that blows<sup>40</sup> ;—I, to bear this,  
 That never knew but better, is some burden :  
 Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time  
 Hath made thee hard in't. Why should'st thou hate  
 men ?

They never flatter'd thee : What hast thou given ?  
 If thou wilt curse, thy father (that poor rogue<sup>41</sup>)  
 Must be thy subject : who, in spite, put stuff  
 To some she beggar, and compounded thee

<sup>38</sup> i. e. *the cold admonitions of cautious prudence.* *Respect* is *regardful consideration* :—

“ Reason and *respect*  
 Makes livers pale, and lustihood deject.”

*Troilus and Cressida.*

<sup>39</sup> i. e. *more than I could frame employment for.* The grammar of this passage is in a hopeless state ; one would almost suspect that a line or more has been lost.

<sup>40</sup> “ O summer friendship,  
 Whose flatt'ring leaves that shadow'd us in our  
 Prosperity, with the least gust drop off  
 In the autumn of adversity.”

*Massinger's Maid of Honour.*

Somewhat of the same imagery is found in Shakespeare's seventy-third Sonnet :—

“ That time of year thou dost in me behold,  
 When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang  
 Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,  
 Bare ruin'd choirs in which the poor birds sang.”

<sup>41</sup> The old copy has *ragge*. The correction is made in my second folio, and the context shows it to be the true reading.

Poor rogue hereditary. Hence! be gone!—  
 If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,  
 Thou hadst been a knave, and flatterer<sup>42</sup>.

*Apem.* Art thou proud yet?

*Tim.* Ay, that I am not thee.

*Apem.* I, that I was

No prodigal.

*Tim.* I, that I am one now;

Were all the wealth I have, shut up in thee,  
 I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone!—  
 That the whole life of Athens were in this!

Thus would I eat it. [*Eating a root.*]

*Apem.* Here; I will mend thy feast.

[*Offering him something.*]

*Tim.* First mend my company, take away thyself.

*Apem.* So I shall mend mine own, by the lack of  
 thine.

*Tim.* 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botch'd;  
 If not, I would it were.

*Apem.* What would'st thou have to Athens?

*Tim.* Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt,  
 Tell them there I have gold; look, so I have.

*Apem.* Here is no use for gold.

*Tim.* The best, and truest:

For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

*Apem.* Where ly'st o' nights, Timon?

*Tim.* Under that's above me.

<sup>42</sup> Dryden has quoted two verses of Virgil to show how well he could have written satires. Shakespeare has here given a specimen of the same power, by a line bitter beyond all bitterness, in which Timon tells Apemantus that he had not virtue enough for the vices which he condemns. Dr. Warburton explains *worst* by *lowest*, which somewhat weakens the sense, and yet leaves it sufficiently vigorous.

“I have heard Mr. Burke commend the subtlety of discrimination with which Shakespeare distinguishes the present character of Timon from that of Apemantus, whom, to vulgar eyes, he would seem to resemble.”—*Johnson.*

Where feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus ?

*Apem.* Where my stomach finds meat ; or, rather, where I eat it.

*Tim.* 'Would poison were obedient, and knew my mind !

*Apem.* Where would'st thou send it ?

*Tim.* To sauce thy dishes.

*Apem.* The middle of humanity thou never knewest, but the extremity of both ends : When thou wast in thy guilt, and thy perfume, they mock'd thee for too much curiosity<sup>43</sup> ; in thy rags thou knowest none, but art despised for the contrary. There's a medlar for thee, eat it.

*Tim.* On what I hate, I feed not.

*Apem.* Dost hate a medlar ?

*Tim.* Ay, though it look like thee.

*Apem.* An thou hadst hated meddlers sooner, thou should'st have loved thyself better now. What man didst thou ever know unthrift, that was beloved after his means ?

*Tim.* Who, without those means thou talkest of, didst thou ever know beloved ?

*Apem.* Myself.

*Tim.* I understand thee ; thou hadst some means to keep a dog.

*Apem.* What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers ?

*Tim.* Women nearest ; but men, men are the things themselves. What would'st thou do with the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power ?

*Apem.* Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

<sup>43</sup> *Curiosity* is *scrupulous exactness, finical niceness*. Baret explains it *picked diligence, Accuratus corporis cultus*. A waiting gentlewoman should flee *affection* or *curiosity*, i. e. *affectation* or *overniceness*.—*Castiglione's Courtier, by Sir Thomas Hobby, 1556*. It sometimes means *scrupulous anxiety, precision*.

*Tim.* Would'st thou have thyself fall in the confusion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts?

*Apem.* Ay, Timon.

*Tim.* A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee to attain to! If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when, peradventure, thou wert accused by the ass: if thou wert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee; and still thou livedst but as a breakfast to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou should'st hazard thy life for thy dinner: wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury<sup>44</sup>: wert thou a bear, thou wouldst be kill'd by the horse: wert thou a horse, thou would'st be seized by the leopard: wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion<sup>45</sup>, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life: all thy safety were remotion<sup>46</sup>, and thy defence, absence. What beast could'st thou be, that were not subject to a beast? and what a beast art thou already, that seest not thy loss in transformation!

*Apem.* If thou could'st please me with speaking to me, thou might'st have hit upon it here: The commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

*Tim.* How, has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

<sup>44</sup> Alluding to the unicorn's being sometimes overcome from striking his horn into a tree in his furious pursuit of an enemy. See Gesner's History of Animals, and Julius Cæsar, Act ii. Sc. 1.

<sup>45</sup> This seems to imply that the lion "bears, like the Turk, no brother near the throne."

<sup>46</sup> Both Stevens and Malone are wrong in their explanation of *remotion* here; which is neither "removing from place to place," nor "remoteness;" but "*removing away, removing afar off.* Remotio."



*Apem.* Yonder comes a poet, and a painter: The plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way. When I know not what else to do, I'll see thee again.

*Tim.* When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog, than Apemantus.

*Apem.* Thou art the cap<sup>47</sup> of all the fools alive.

*Tim.* 'Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon.

*Apem.* A plague on thee, thou art too bad to curse.

*Tim.* All villains, that do stand by thee, are pure.

*Apem.* There is no leprosy but what thou speak'st.

*Tim.* If I name thee.—

I'll beat thee,—but I should infect my hands.

*Apem.* I would, my tongue could rot them off!

*Tim.* Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!

Choler does kill me, that thou art alive;

I swoon to see thee.

*Apem.* 'Would thou would'st burst!

*Tim.* Away,

Thou tedious rogue! I am sorry, I shall lose

A stone by thee. [*Throws a stone at him.*]

*Apem.* Beast!

*Tim.* Slave!

*Apem.* Toad!

*Tim.* Rogue, rogue, rogue!

[*APEMANTUS retreats backward, as going.*]

I am sick of this false world; and will love nought  
But even the mere necessities upon it.

Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave;

Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat

Thy grave-stone daily: make thine epitaph,

That death in me at others' lives may laugh.

O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce

[*Looking on the gold.*]

<sup>47</sup> i. e. the top, the principal.

'Twiſt natural ſon and ſire<sup>49</sup> ! thou bright defiler  
 Of Hymen's pureſt bed ! thou valiant Mars !  
 Thou ever young, freſh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,  
 Whoſe bluſh doth thaw the conſecrated ſnow  
 That lies on Dian's lap<sup>50</sup> ! thou viſible god,  
 That ſolder'ſt cloſe impoſſibilities,  
 And mak'ſt them kiſs ! that ſpeak'ſt with every tongue,  
 To every purpoſe ! O thou touch<sup>51</sup> of hearts !  
 Think, thy ſlave man rebels ; and by thy virtue  
 Set them into confounding odds, that beaſts  
 May have the world in empire !

*Apem.* 'Would 'twere ſo ;  
 But not till I am dead !—I'll ſay thou 'aſt gold :  
 Thou wilt be throng'd to ſhortly.

*Tim.* Throng'd to ?

*Apem.* Ay.

*Tim.* Thy back, I pr'ythee.

*Apem.* Live, and love thy miſery !

*Tim.* Long live ſo, and ſo die !—I am quit.—

[*Exit* APEMANTUS.]

More things like men<sup>52</sup> ?—Eat, Timon, and abhor  
 them.

*Enter* Banditti.

1 *Band.* Where ſhould he have this gold ? It is  
 ſome poor fragment, ſome ſlender ort of his re-  
 mainder : The mere want of gold, and the falling-  
 from of his friends, drove him into this melancholy.

2 *Band.* It is noiſed, he hath a maſs of treaſure.

3 *Band.* Let us make the aſſay upon him ; if he

<sup>49</sup> Διὰ τῆτον ἐκ ἀδελφῶς

Διὰ τῆτον ἐ τὸ κῆεις. *Anacreon.*

<sup>50</sup> Warburton remarks that the imagery here is exquisitely beautiful and ſublime.

<sup>51</sup> *Touch* for *touchstone* :—

“ O Buckingham, now do I play the *touch*,  
 To try if thou be'ſt current gold.”

<sup>52</sup> This line in the folios is given to *Apemantus*.

care not for't, he will supply us easily ; if he covertly reserve it, how shall's get it ?

2 *Band.* True ; for he bears it not about him, 'tis hid.

1 *Band.* Is not this he ?

*All.* Where ?

2 *Band.* 'Tis his description.

3 *Band.* He ; I know him.

*All.* Save thee, Timon.

*Tim.* Now, thieves ?

*All.* Soldiers, not thieves.

*Tim.* Both too ; and women's sons.

*All.* We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

*Tim.* Your greatest want is, you want much of men<sup>53</sup>.  
Why should you want ? Behold, the earth hath roots ;  
Within this mile break forth a hundred springs :  
The oaks bear mast, the briars scarlet hips :  
The bounteous housewife, nature, on each bush  
Lays her full mess before you. Want ? why want ?

1 *Band.* We cannot live on grass, on berries, water,  
As beasts, and birds, and fishes.

*Tim.* Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds, and  
fishes ;

You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con<sup>54</sup>,  
That you are thieves profess'd ; that you work not  
In holier shapes : for there is boundless theft  
In limited<sup>55</sup> professions. Rascal thieves,

<sup>53</sup> The old copy reads :—

“ Your greatest want is, you want much of *meat*.”

I have adopted Hanmer's reading, which is surely the true one, being exactly in the spirit of Timon's sarcastic bitterness, and supported by what he subsequently says : after telling them where food may be had which will sustain nature, the thieves say, “ We cannot live on grass, on berries, and on water :” Timon replies, “ Nor on the beasts, the birds, and fishes ; *you must eat men*.” There is a double meaning implied in *you want much of men*, which is obvious, and much in Shakespeare's manner.

<sup>54</sup> See vol. iii. p. 314, note 12.

<sup>55</sup> *Limited professions* are *allowed professions*. Thus in Macbeth : — “ I'll make so bold to call, for 'tis my *limited* service.”

Here's gold : Go, suck the subtle blood of the grape  
 Till the high fever seeth your blood to froth,  
 And so 'scape hanging : trust not the physician ;  
 His antidotes are poison, and he slays  
 More than you rob : take wealth and lives together ;  
 Do villainy, do, since you protest to do't,  
 Like workmen. I'll example you with thievery :  
 The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction  
 Robs the vast sea : the moon's an arrant thief,  
 And her pale fire she snatches from the sun :  
 The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves  
 The moon into salt tears<sup>56</sup> : the earth's a thief,  
 That feeds and breeds by a composture stol'n  
 From general excrement : each thing's a thief ;  
 The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power,  
 Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves : away !  
 Rob one another. There's more gold : Cut throats ;  
 All that you meet are thieves. To Athens, go,  
 Break open shops ; nothing can you steal,  
 But thieves do lose it : Steal not<sup>a</sup> less, for this  
 I give you ; and gold confound you howsoever !  
 Amen. [TIMON retires to his Cave.

<sup>56</sup> The moon is called the *moist* star in Hamlet, and the poet in the last scene of *The Tempest* has shown that he was acquainted with her influence on the *tides*. The *watery beams* of the moon are spoken of in *Romeo and Juliet*. The sea is therefore said to *resolve* her into *salt tears*, in allusion to the flow of the tides, and perhaps of her influence upon the weather, which she is said to govern. There is an allusion to the lachrymose nature of the planet in the following apposite passage in *King Richard III.*—

“ That I, being *govern'd* by the *wat'ry moon*,

May bring forth plenteous *tears* to drown the world.”

In the play of *Albumazar*, the original of which is *Lo Astrologo*, by Baptista Porta, printed at Venice in 1606, there is a passage which contains similar examples of thievery, beginning “ The world's a theatre of theft,” &c. And the ode of Anacreon, which seems to have furnished the first idea of all similar passages, had been Englished by John Southern, from the French of Ronsard, previous to 1589.

<sup>a</sup> *Not*, which is wanting in the folio, was supplied by Rowe.

3 *Band.* He has almost charmed me from my profession, by persuading me to it.

1 *Band.* 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he thus advises us ; not to have us thrive in our mystery.

2 *Band.* I'll believe him as an enemy, and give over my trade.

1 *Band.* Let us first see peace in Athens. There is no time so miserable, but a man may be true.

[*Exeunt* Banditti.]

*Enter* FLAVIUS.

*Flav.* O you gods !

Is yond' despis'd and ruinous man my lord ?

Full of decay and failing ? O monument

And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd !

What an alteration of honour<sup>57</sup> has desperate want  
made !

What viler thing upon the earth, than friends,

Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends !

How rarely<sup>58</sup> does it meet with this time's guise,

When man was wish'd<sup>59</sup> to love his enemies :

Grant, I may ever love, and rather woo

Those that would mischief me, than those that do !

He has caught me in his eye : I will present

My honest grief unto him ; and, as my lord,

Still serve him with my life.—My dearest master !

TIMON *comes forward from his Cave.*

*Tim.* Away ! what art thou ?

<sup>57</sup> *An alteration of honour, is an alteration of an honourable state to a state of disgrace.*

<sup>58</sup> *How rarely, i. e. how admirably.* So in *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iii. Sc. 1 :—"How rarely featur'd."

<sup>59</sup> *i. e. desired.* *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iii. Sc. 1, note 4. *Friends and enemies* here mean those who *profess friendship and profess enmity.* The proverb "Defend me from my *friends*, and from my *enemies* I will defend myself," is a sufficient comment on this passage.

*Flav.* Have you forgot me, sir ?

*Tim.* Why dost ask that ? I have forgot all men ;  
Then, if thou grant'st thou'rt a man, I have forgot  
thee.

*Flav.* An honest poor servant of yours.

*Tim.* Then I know thee not :  
I ne'er had honest man about me, I ;  
All that I kept were knaves, to serve in meat to vil-  
lains.

*Flav.* The gods are witness,  
Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief  
For his undone lord, than mine eyes for you.

*Tim.* What, dost thou weep ? — Come nearer ; —  
then I love thee,  
Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st  
Flinty mankind ; whose eyes do never give<sup>60</sup>,  
But thorough lust, and laughter. Pity's sleeping  
Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with  
weeping !

*Flav.* I beg of you to know me, good my lord,  
To accept my grief, and, whilst this poor wealth lasts,  
To entertain me as your steward still.

*Tim.* Had I a steward  
So true, so just, and now so comfortable ?  
It almost turns my dangerous nature mild<sup>61</sup>.

<sup>60</sup> To give is to yield, to give way to tears.

<sup>61</sup> The old copy reads :—

“ It almost turns

My dangerous nature *wild*.”

The emendation is Warburton's. Timon's *dangerous* nature is his *savage wildness*, a species of *frenzy* induced by the baseness and ingratitude of the world. So in Antony and Cleopatra :—

“ The *ingratitude* of this Seleucus does  
Even make me *wild*.”

It would be idle to talk of turning a “ dangerous nature wild ; ” the kindness and fidelity of Timon's steward was more likely to soften and compose him ; and he does indeed show himself more *mild* and gentle to Flavius in consequence, being moved by the tears of his affectionate servant.

Let me behold thy face.—Surely this man  
Was born of woman.—

Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,  
You perpetual-sober gods ! I do proclaim  
One honest man,—mistake me not,—but one ;  
No more, I pray,—and he's a steward.—  
How fain would I have hated all mankind,  
And thou redeem'st thyself : But all, save thee,  
I fell with curses.—

Methinks thou art more honest now, than wise ;  
For, by oppressing and betraying me,  
Thou might'st have sooner got another service :  
For many so arrive at second masters,  
Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true  
(For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure),  
Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,  
If not<sup>62</sup> a usuring kindness ; and as rich men deal  
gifts,

Expecting in return twenty for one ?

*Flav.* No, my most worthy master, in whose breast  
Doubt and suspect, alas, are plac'd too late :  
You should have fear'd false times, when you did feast :  
Suspect still comes where an estate is least.  
That which I show, heaven knows, is merely love,  
Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,  
Care of your food and living : and, believe it,  
My most honour'd lord,  
For any benefit that points to me,  
Either in hope, or present, I'd exchange  
For this one wish, That you had power and wealth  
To requite me, by making rich yourself.

*Tim.* Look thee, 'tis so !—Thou singly honest man,  
Here, take :—the gods out of my misery

<sup>62</sup> I think with Mr. Tyrwhitt that *If not* has slipped in here by an error of the compositor, caught from the *Is not* of the preceding line. Both sense and metre would be better without it.

Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich, and happy :  
 But thus condition'd :—Thou shalt build from men<sup>63</sup> ;  
 Hate all, curse all : show charity to none ;  
 But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone,  
 Ere thou relieve the beggar : give to dogs  
 What thou deny'st to men ; let prisons swallow 'em,  
 Debts wither 'em to nothing : Be men like blasted  
                   woods ;

And may diseases lick up their false bloods !  
 And so farewell, and thrive.

*Flav.* O ! let me stay, and comfort you, my master.

*Tim.* If thou hat'st

Curses, stay not ; fly whilst thou'rt bless'd and free :  
 Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.


[*Exeunt severally.*]

## ACT V.

SCENE I. *The same. Before Timon's Cave.*

*Enter Poet and Painter*<sup>1</sup> ; *TIMON behind, unseen.*

*Painter.*

 S I took note of the place, it cannot be far  
 where he abides.

*Poet.* What's to be thought of him ? Does  
 the rumour hold for true, that he's so full of gold ?

<sup>63</sup> i. e. away from human habitation.

<sup>1</sup> The poet and painter were within view when Apemantus parted from Timon ; they must therefore be supposed to have been wandering about the woods in search of Timon's cave, and to have heard in the interim the particulars of Timon's bounty to the thieves and the steward. "But," as Malone observes, "Shakespeare was not attentive to these minute particulars, and if *he* and the *audience* knew these circumstances, he would not scruple to attribute the knowledge to persons who perhaps had not yet an opportunity of acquiring it." Until Timon advances to meet the Poet and Painter, his speeches are of course [*aside.*]



*Pain.* Certain: Alcibiades reports it; Phrynia and Timandra had gold of him: he likewise enriched poor straggling soldiers with great quantity: 'Tis said, he gave unto his steward a mighty sum.

*Poet.* Then this breaking of his has been but a try for his friends.

*Pain.* Nothing else; you shall see him a palm in Athens again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore, 'tis not amiss, we tender our loves to him, in this supposed distress of his: it will show honestly in us; and is very likely to load our purposes with what they travel for, if it be a just and true report that goes of his having.

*Poet.* What have you now to present unto him?

*Pain.* Nothing at this time but my visitation: only I will promise him an excellent piece.

*Poet.* I must serve him so too; tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.

*Pain.* Good as the best.

Promising is the very air o' the time;  
It opens the eyes of expectation;  
Performance is ever the duller for his act;  
And, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people,  
The deed of saying<sup>2</sup> is quite out of use.  
To promise is most courtly and fashionable:  
Performance is a kind of will or testament,  
Which argues a great sickness in his judgement  
That makes it. [*Enter Timon from his Cave.*]

*Tim.* Excellent workman! Thou canst not paint a man so bad as is thyself.

*Poet.* I am thinking,  
What I shall say I have provided for him:

<sup>2</sup> i. e. the doing of that we have said we would do. Thus in Hamlet:—

“As he in his peculiar act and force  
May give his saying deed.”

It must be a personating<sup>3</sup> of himself :  
 A satire against the softness of prosperity ;  
 With a discovery of the infinite flatteries,  
 That follow youth and opulency.

*Tim.* Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work ? Wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men ? Do so, I have gold for thee.

*Poet.* Nay, let's seek him :  
 Then do we sin against our own estate,  
 When we may profit meet, and come too late.

*Pain.* True ;  
 When the day serves, before black-corner'd night<sup>4</sup>,  
 Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light.  
 Come.

*Tim.* I'll meet you at the turn. What a god's gold,  
 That he is worship'd in a baser temple,  
 Than where swine feed !  
 'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark, and plough'st the foam ;  
 Settlest admired reverence in a slave :  
 To thee be worship<sup>5</sup> ! and thy saints for aye  
 Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey !  
 'Fit I meet them. [*Advancing.*

*Poet.* Hail, worthy Timon !

*Pain.* Our late noble master.

*Tim.* Have I once liv'd to see two honest men ?

<sup>3</sup> *Personating* for *representing* simply. The subject of this projected satire was Timon's case, not his person.

<sup>4</sup> *Black-corner'd night.* Many conjectures have been offered about this passage, which appears to me a corruption of the text. Some have proposed to read *black-coned*, alluding to the conical form of the earth's shadow ; others *black-crown'd*, and *black-cover'd*. It appears to me that it should be *black-curtain'd*. We have "the blanket of the dark" in *Macbeth*, "Night's *black mantle*" in the Third Part of *King Henry VI.* and the First Part of the same drama :—

" *Night* is fled,

Whose *pitchy mantle* overveil'd the earth."

I cannot think with Steevens that "Night as obscure as a *dark corner*" is meant.

<sup>5</sup> The old copies have "To thee be *worshipt*." Rowe altered it.

*Poet.* Sir,

Having often of your open bounty tasted,  
Hearing you were retir'd, your friends fall'n off,  
Whose thankless natures—O abhorred spirits!  
Not all the whips of heaven are large enough—  
What! to you!

Whose starlike nobleness gave life and influence  
To their whole being! I'm rapt, and cannot cover  
The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude  
With any size of words.

*Tim.* Let it go naked, men may see't the better:  
You, that are honest, by being what you are,  
Make them best seen, and known.

*Pain.* He, and myself,  
Have travell'd in the great shower of your gifts,  
And sweetly felt it.

*Tim.* Ay, you are honest men.

*Pain.* We are hither come to offer you our service.

*Tim.* Most honest men! Why, how shall I requite  
you?

Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.

*Both.* What we can do, we'll do, to do you service.

*Tim.* You are honest men: You have heard that I  
have gold:

I am sure you have: speak truth; you are honest men.

*Pain.* So it is said, my noble lord: but therefore  
Came not my friend, nor I.

*Tim.* Good honest men:—Thou draw'st a coun-  
terfeit<sup>6</sup>

Best in all Athens: thou art, indeed, the best;  
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

*Pain.* So, so, my lord.

*Tim.* E'en so, sir, as I say:—And, for thy fiction,  
[*To the Poet.*

<sup>6</sup> It should be remembered that a portrait was called a *counterfeit*.

Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth,  
That thou art even natural in thine art.—  
But, for all this, my honest-natur'd friends,  
I must needs say you have a little fault :  
Marry, 'tis not monstrous in you ; neither wish I,  
You take much pains to mend.

*Both.* Beseech your honour,  
To make it known to us.

*Tim.* You'll take it ill.

*Both.* Most thankfully, my lord.

*Tim.* Will you, indeed ?

*Both.* Doubt it not, worthy lord.

*Tim.* There's ne'er a one of you but trusts a knave,  
That mightily deceives you.

*Both.* Do we, my lord ?

*Tim.* Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dissemble,  
Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,  
Keep in your bosom : yet remain assur'd,  
That he's a made-up villain.

*Pain.* I know none such, my lord.

*Poet.* Nor I.

*Tim.* Look you, I love you well ; I'll give you gold,  
Rid me these villains from your companies :  
Hang them, or stab them, drown them in a draught,  
Confound them by some course, and come to me,  
I'll give you gold enough.

*Both.* Name them, my lord, let's know them.

*Tim.* You that way, and you this, but two in com-  
pany :—

Each man apart, all single and alone,  
Yet an arch-villain keeps him company<sup>7</sup>.  
If, where thou art, two villains shall not be,

[*To the Painter.*

<sup>7</sup> The plain and simple meaning of this is, "where each of you is, a villain must be in his company, because you are both of you *arch villains*," therefore a villain goes with you everywhere. Thus in *Promos* and *Cassandra*, 1578, "Go, and a knave with thee."

Come not near him.—If thou wouldst not reside  
[To the Poet.

But where one villain is, then him abandon.—  
 Hence! pack! there's gold, ye came for gold, ye slaves:  
 You have work'd for me, there's payment: Hence<sup>8</sup>!  
 You are an alchymist, make gold of that:—  
 Out, rascal dogs! [*Exit, beating and driving them out.*

SCENE II. *The same.*

*Enter FLAVIUS, and two Senators.*

*Flav.* It is in vain that you would speak with  
 Timon;

For he is set so only to himself,  
 That nothing but himself, which looks like man,  
 Is friendly with him.

1 *Sen.* Bring us to his cave:  
 It is our part, and promise to the Athenians,  
 To speak with Timon.

2 *Sen.* At all times alike  
 Men are not still the same: 'Twas time, and griefs,  
 That fram'd him thus: time, with his fairer hand,  
 Offering the fortunes of his former days,  
 The former man may make him: Bring us to him,  
 And chance it as it may.

*Flav.* Here is his cave.—  
 Peace and content be here! Lord Timon! Timon!  
 Look out, and speak to friends: The Athenians,  
 By two of their most reverend senate, greet thee:  
 Speak to them, noble Timon.

*Enter TIMON.*

*Tim.* Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn!—Speak,  
 and be hang'd:

<sup>8</sup> The word is printed *worke* instead of *work't*, and *hence* is *thence* in the old copies. This line is addressed to the painter, the next to the poet.

For each true word, a blister ! and each false  
 Be as a caut'ring to the root o' the tongue,  
 Consuming it with speaking !

1 *Sen.* Worthy Timon—

*Tim.* Of none but such as you, and you of Timon.

2 *Sen.* The senators of Athens greet thee, Timon.

*Tim.* I thank them ; and would send them back  
 the plague,

Could I but catch it for them.

1 *Sen.* O ! forget

What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.

The senators, with one consent of love,

Entreat thee back to Athens ; who have thought

On special dignities, which vacant lie

For thy best use and wearing.

2 *Sen.* They confess,

Toward thee, forgetfulness too general, gross :

And<sup>1</sup> now the publick body,—which doth seldom  
 Play the recanter,—feeling in itself

A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal

Of its own fall<sup>2</sup>, restraining aid to Timon ;

And send forth us, to make their sorrowed render<sup>3</sup>,

Together with a recompense more fruitful

Than their offence can weigh down by the dram ;

Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth,

As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs,

And write in thee the figures of their love,

Ever to read them thine.

*Tim.* You witch me in it ;

<sup>1</sup> The old copies have *Which* instead of *And*, the former being evidently necessary to the sense and construction of the passage. A little lower, *since* is misprinted for *sense*.

<sup>2</sup> The Athenians have a sense of *the danger* of their own fall by the arms of Alcibiades, by their *withholding* aid that should have been given to Timon.

<sup>3</sup> *Render* is *confession*. So in *Cymbeline*, Act iv. Sc. 4:—

“ May drive us to a *render*

Where we have liv'd.”

Surprise me to the very brink of tears :  
Lend me a fool's heart, and a woman's eyes,  
And I'll bewEEP these comforts, worthy senators.

1 *Sen.* Therefore, so please thee to return with us,  
And of our Athens (thine, and ours) to take  
The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,  
Allow'd<sup>4</sup> with absolute power, and thy good name  
Live with authority :—so soon we shall drive back  
Of Alcibiades the approaches wild ;  
Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up  
His country's peace.

2 *Sen.* And shakes his threat'ning sword  
Against the walls of Athens.

1 *Sen.* Therefore, Timon,—  
*Tim.* Well, sir, I will ; therefore, I will, sir ; thus,—  
If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,  
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,  
That—Timon cares not. But if he sack fair Athens,  
And take our goodly aged men by the beards,  
Giving our holy virgins to the stain  
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war ;  
Then, let him know,—and tell him, Timon speaks it,  
In pity of our aged, and our youth,  
I cannot choose but tell him, that—I care not,  
And let him take't at worst ; for their knives care not,  
While you have throats to answer ; for myself,  
There's not a whittle<sup>5</sup> in the unruly camp,  
But I do prize it at my love, before  
The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave you

<sup>4</sup> *Allowed* here signifies *confirmed*. “To approve or confirme. Ratum habere aliquid.”—*Baret*. This word is generally used by our old writers in the sense of *approved*, and I am doubtful whether it has been rightly explained in other places of these dramas by *licensed*. An *allowed* fool, I think, means an *approved* fool, a *confirmed* fool. See *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act ii. Sc. 2, note 19, and *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v. Sc. ii. note 55.

<sup>5</sup> A *whittle* is a *clasp knife*. The word is still provincially in use.

To the protection of the prosperous gods<sup>6</sup>,  
As thieves to keepers.

*Flav.* Stay not; all's in vain.

*Tim.* Why, I was writing of my epitaph,  
It will be seen to-morrow; My long sickness  
Of health, and living, now begins to mend,  
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still;  
Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,  
And last so long enough!

1 *Sen.* We speak in vain.

*Tim.* But yet I love my country; and am not  
One that rejoices in the common wrack,  
As common bruit doth put it.

1 *Sen.* That's well spoke.

*Tim.* Commend me to my loving countrymen,—

1 *Sen.* These words become your lips as they pass  
through them.

2 *Sen.* And enter in our ears, like great triúmpfers  
In their applauding gates.

*Tim.* Commend me to them;  
And tell them, that, to ease them of their griefs,  
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,  
Their pangs of love<sup>7</sup>, with other incident throes  
That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain  
In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do  
them:

I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.

2 *Sen.* I like this well, he will return again.

*Tim.* I have a tree, which grows here in my close,

<sup>6</sup> *The prosperous gods* undoubtedly here mean the *propitious* or *favourable gods*, *Dii secundi*. Thus in *Othello*, Act i. Sc. 3:—

“To my unfolding lend your *prosperous* ear.”

In which passage the quarto of 1622 reads “a *gracious* ear.” So in *The Winter's Tale*, Act ii. Sc. 3:—

“Sir, be *prosperous*

In more than this deed doth require.”

<sup>7</sup> Compare this part of Timon's speech with part of the celebrated soliloquy in *Hamlet*.



That mine own use invites me to cut down,  
 And shortly must I fell it; Tell my friends,  
 Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,  
 From high to low throughout, that whoso please  
 To stop affliction, let him take his haste,  
 Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,  
 And hang himself<sup>8</sup>:—I pray you, do my greeting.

*Flav.* Trouble him no further; thus you still shall  
 find him.

*Tim.* Come not to me again: but say to Athens,  
 Timon hath made his everlasting mansion  
 Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;  
 Which<sup>9</sup> once a day with his embossed froth  
 The turbulent surge shall cover; thither come,  
 And let my grave-stone be your oracle.—  
 Lips, let sour words go by, and language end:  
 What is amiss, plague and infection mend!  
 Graves only be men's works; and death, their gain!  
 Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his reign.

[*Exit* TIMON.]

1 *Sen.* His discontents are unremoveably  
 Coupled to nature.

2 *Sen.* Our hope in him is dead: let us return,  
 And strain what other means is left unto us  
 In our dear<sup>10</sup> peril.

1 *Sen.* It requires swift foot. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>8</sup> This was suggested by a passage in Plutarch's Life of Antony, where it is said Timon addressed the people of Athens in similar terms from the public tribune in the market-place. See also *The Palace of Pleasure*, vol. i. Nov. 28.

<sup>9</sup> The first folio has *Who*. The second *Which*. Malone altered it to *Whom*, presuming that Timon refers to himself, and not to his tomb. "By his last will he ordained himselfe to be interred upon the sea shore, that the waves and surges might beate and vexe his dead *carcas*."—*The Palace of Pleasure*.

*Embossed froth* is *foaming*, or *blown up froth*. See vol. iii. p. 298, note 12. Among our ancestors "a *boss* or a *bubble of water* when it raineth, or the pot seetheth," were used indifferently.

<sup>10</sup> So in *Twelfth Night*, Act v. Sc. 1:—

SCENE III. *The Walls of Athens.**Enter Two Senators, and a Messenger.*

1 *Sen.* Thou hast painfully discover'd ; are his files  
As full as thy report ?

*Mess.* I have spoke the least :  
Besides, his expedition promises  
Present approach.

2 *Sen.* We stand much hazard, if they bring not  
Timon.

*Mess.* I met a courier, one mine ancient friend :—  
When, though on several part we were oppos'd,  
Yet our old love had a particular force,  
And made us speak like friends<sup>1</sup> :—this man was  
riding  
From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,  
With letters of entreaty, which imported  
His fellowship i' the cause against your city,  
In part for his sake mov'd.

*Enter Senators from TIMON.*

1 *Sen.* Here come our brothers.

3 *Sen.* No talk of Timon, nothing of him expect.—

“Whom thou in terms so bloody and so *dear*  
Hast made thy enemies.”

See note on that passage. Again, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, vol. ii. p. 296 :—

“Deaf'd with the clamour of their own *dear* groans.”

<sup>1</sup> This passage is very corruptly printed in the folios, where it stands thus :—

“I met a Currier, one mine ancient Friend,  
Whom though *in generall* part we were oppos'd,  
Yet our old love *made* a particular force,  
And made us speake like friends.”

*In generall* was an easy mistake of the compositor for *on severall*, and the repetition of the word *made* is an obvious error. *Several* is very frequently used by Shakespeare for *separate*, as on this occasion. *When for whom* is required both by sense and grammar.

The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scouring  
Doth choke the air with dust. In and prepare ;  
Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes, the snare. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The Woods. Timon's Cave, and a  
Tombstone scen.*

*Enter a Soldier, seeking Timon.*

*Sol.* By all description this should be the place.  
Who's here? speak, ho!—No answer?—What is this?  
Timon is dead, who hath outstretch'd his span :  
Some beast rear'd this<sup>1</sup> ; there does not live a man.  
Dead, sure ; and this his grave.—What's on this tomb  
I cannot read ; the character I'll take with wax.  
Our captain hath in every figure skill ;  
An ag'd interpreter, though young in days :  
Before proud Athens he's set down by this,  
Whose fall the mark of his ambition is. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. *Before the Walls of Athens.*

*Trumpets sound. Enter ALCIBIADES, and Forces.*

*Alcib.* Sound to this coward and lascivious town  
Our terrible approach. [*A parley sounded.*

*Enter Senators on the Walls.*

Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time  
With all licentious measure, making your wills

<sup>1</sup> The old copy has "Some beast *reade* this." The emendation is Warburton's. There is an incongruity to the audience in Timon (who had rejected all society) having been not only buried but in a tomb, and his own inscription on it. The same wonder strikes the soldier, who says,—in such a solitude as this how comes a tomb? it seems as if the beasts of the wild had set it up.

The scope of justice ; till now, myself, and such  
 As slept within the shadow of your power,  
 Have wander'd with our travers'd arms<sup>1</sup>, and breath'd  
 Our sufferance vainly : Now the time is flush<sup>2</sup>,  
 When crouching marrow, in the bearer strong,  
 Cries, of itself, *No more* : now breathless wrong  
 Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease ;  
 And pury insolence shall break his wind,  
 With fear and horrid flight.

1 *Sen.* Noble and young,  
 When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,  
 Ere thou hadst power, or we had cause of fear,  
 We sent to thee ; to give thy rages balm,  
 To wipe out our ingratitude with loves  
 Above their quantity<sup>3</sup>.

2 *Sen.* So did we woo  
 Transformed Timon to our city's love,  
 By humble message, and by promis'd means<sup>4</sup> ;  
 We were not all unkind, nor all deserve  
 The common stroke of war.

1 *Sen.* These walls of ours  
 Were not erected by their hands, from whom  
 You have receiv'd your grief : nor are they such,  
 That these great towers, trophies, and schools should  
 fall

For private faults in them.

2 *Sen.* Nor are they living,  
 Who were the motives that you first went out<sup>5</sup> ;

<sup>1</sup> *Travers'd arms* are *arms crossed*. The image occurs in *The Tempest* :—

“ His *arms* in this sad *knot*.”

<sup>2</sup> *Flush* is *mature, ripe, or come to full perfection*.

<sup>3</sup> *Their* refers to *griefs*. *To give thy rages balm* must be considered as parenthetical.

<sup>4</sup> i. e. *by promising him a competent subsistence*.

<sup>5</sup> *The motives that you first went out*, i. e. *those who made the motion for your exile*. This word is used in the same manner in *Troilus and Cressida* :—

Shame, that they wanted cunning<sup>6</sup>, in excess,  
 Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord,  
 Into our city with thy banners spread :  
 By decimation, and a tithed death  
 (If thy revenges hunger for that food,  
 Which nature loathes), take thou the destin'd tenth ;  
 And by the hazard of the spotted die,  
 Let die the spotted.

1 *Sen.* All have not offended :  
 For those that were, it is not square<sup>7</sup>, to take,  
 On those that are, revenge : crimes, like lands,  
 Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,  
 Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage :  
 Spare thy Athenian cradle<sup>8</sup>, and those kin,  
 Which, in the bluster of thy wrath, must fall  
 With those that have offended : like a shepherd,  
 Approach the fold, and cull the infected forth,  
 But kill not all together.

2 *Sen.* What thou wilt,  
 Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile,  
 Than hew to't with thy sword.

1 *Sen.* Set but thy foot  
 Against our rampir'd gates, and they shall ope ;  
 So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,  
 To say, thou'lt enter friendly.

2 *Sen.* Throw thy glove ;  
 Or any token of thine honour else,  
 That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress,  
 And not as our confusion, all thy powers  
 Shall make their harbour in our town, till we

“ Her wanton spirits look out

At every joint and *motive* of her body.”

<sup>6</sup> *Cunning* is used in its old sense of *skill* or *wisdom*, extremity of shame that they wanted *wisdom* in procuring your banishment hath broke their hearts.

<sup>7</sup> i. e. *not regular, not equitable.*

<sup>8</sup> “ Jovis incunabula Crete.”—*Ovid. Metam. viii. 99.*

Have seal'd thy full desire.

*Alcib.* Then there's my glove ;  
 Descend, and open your uncharged ports<sup>9</sup> ;  
 Those enemies of Timon's, and mine own,  
 Whom you yourself shall set out for reproof,  
 Fall, and no more : and,—to atone<sup>10</sup> your fears  
 With my more noble meaning,—not a man  
 Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream  
 Of regular justice in your city's bounds,  
 But shall be remitted to your public laws  
 At heaviest answer<sup>11</sup>.

*Both.* 'Tis most nobly spoken.

*Alcib.* Descend, and keep your words.

*The Senators descend, and open the Gates.*

*Enter a Soldier.*

*Sol.* My noble general, Timon is dead :  
 Entomb'd upon the very hem o' the sea :  
 And on his gravestone, this insculpture ; which  
 With wax I brought away, whose soft impression  
 Interprets for my poor ignorance.

*Alcib.* [Reads.] *Here lies a wretched corse, of  
 wretched soul bereft :*  
*Seek not my name : A plague consume you, wicked  
 caitiff's left !*

<sup>9</sup> i. e. *unattacked gates.*

<sup>10</sup> i. e. *to reconcile them to it.* The general sense of this word in Shakespeare. Thus in *Cymbeline* :—

“ I was glad I did *atone* my countryman and you.”

<sup>11</sup> This passage stands in the old copies :—

“ But shall be *remedied* to your public laws  
 At heaviest answer.”

From which all attempts to extract a meaning must be vain. The comma which some editors have placed after *remedied* is not in the old copy. *Remedied to*, as Steevens observes, is nonsense. To *remit* was used in its Latin sense of *to refer*. Thus :—“ *Integram causam ad Senatam remittit.* He *remitteth* the matter to the senate.” *Tacitus.*

*Here lie I Timon ; who, alive, all living men did hate :  
Pass by, and curse thy fill ; but pass, and stay not here  
thy gait*<sup>12</sup>.

These well express in thee thy latter spirits :  
Though thou abhorr'dst in us our human griefs,  
Scorn'dst our brains' flow<sup>13</sup>, and those our droplets  
which

From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit  
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye  
On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead  
Is noble Timon ; of whose memory  
Hereafter more.—Bring me into your city,  
And I will use the olive with my sword :  
Make war breed peace ; make peace stint war ; make  
each

Prescribe to other, as each other's leech<sup>14</sup>.

Let our drums strike.

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>12</sup> This epitaph is formed out of two distinct epitaphs in North's Plutarch. The first couplet is there said to have been composed by Timon himself; the second by the poet Callimachus. The epithet *caitiff's* was probably suggested by another epitaph, to be found in Kendal's Flowers of Epigrammes, 1577 and in the Palace of Pleasure, vol. i. Nov. 28.

<sup>13</sup> So in Drayton's Miracles of Moses:—

“ But he from rocks that fountains can command,  
Cannot yet stay the *fountains of his brain.*”

<sup>14</sup> i. e. *physician.*









JULIUS CÆSAR.







## JULIUS CÆSAR.

### PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

**I**T appears from the Appendix to Peck's Memoirs of Oliver Cromwell, &c. p. 14, that a Latin play on this subject had been written: "Epilogus Cæsari interfecti, quomodo in scenam prodiit ea res acta, in Ecclesia Christi, Oxon. Qui epilogus a Magistro Ricardo Eedes, et scriptus, et in proscenio ibidem dictus fuit, A. D. 1582." Meres, in his Wits' Commonwealth, 1598, enumerates Dr. Eedes among the best tragick writers of that time.

From what Polonius says in Hamlet, it seems probable that there was also an English play on the story before Shakespeare commenced writer for the stage. Stephen Gosson, in his School of Abuse, 1579, mentions a play entitled The History of Cæsar and Pompey.

William Alexander, afterwards Earl of Sterline, wrote a tragedy of the story of Julius Cæsar; the death of Cæsar, which is not exhibited, but related to the audience, forms the catastrophe of his piece, which appeared in 1607, when the writer was little acquainted with English writers; it abounds with Scotticisms, which the author corrected in the edition he gave of his works in 1637. There are parallel passages in the two plays, which may have arisen from the two authors drawing from the same source; but there is reason to think the coincidences more than accidental, and that Shakespeare was acquainted with the drama of Lord Sterline. It has been shown in a note on The Tempest, that the celebrated passage (The cloud-capt towers, &c.) had its prototype in Darius, another play of the same author. See The Tempest, Act iv. Sc. 1, note 18.

It should be remembered that Shakespeare has many plays founded on subjects which had been previously treated by others: whereas no proof has hitherto been produced that any cotemporary writer ever presumed to new model a story that had already employed the pen of Shakespeare. If the conjecture that Shakespeare was indebted to Lord Sterline be just, his drama must have been produced subsequent to 1607, or at latest in that year;

which is the date ascribed to it, upon these grounds, by Malone. Mr. Collier argues from the parallel passage in Drayton's *Barons' Wars*, published in 1603\*, that it is most probable Drayton was the imitator, and that consequently Shakespeare's tragedy must have been then in existence. His argument is far from convincing, and there is no other evidence to lead to the date of the composition of this play. Mr. Hunter remarks that, "The three plays founded on Roman history remained unprinted till after the author's death, that we are destitute of external evidence respecting the date, except that Antony and Cleopatra was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company on May 20, 1608, and as there is reason to think that the three were produced at nearly the same period, we may assign, on grounds sufficiently probable, the production of them to the years 1607, 1608, or 1609."

Upton has remarked that the real duration of time in Julius Cæsar is as follows:—About the middle of February, A. U. C. 709, a frantick festival sacred to Pan, and called *Lupercalia*, was held in honour of Cæsar, when the regal crown was offered to him by Antony. On the 15th of March, in the same year, he was slain. November 27, A. U. C. 710, the triumvirs met at a small island, formed by the river Rhenus, near Bononia, and there adjusted their cruel proscription. A. U. C. 711, Brutus and Cassius were defeated near Philippi.

Gildon long ago observed that Brutus was the true hero of this tragedy, and not Cæsar; Schlegel makes the same observation: the poet has portrayed the character of Brutus with peculiar care, and developed all the amiable traits, the feeling, and patriotic heroism of it with supereminent skill. He has been less happy in personifying Cæsar, to whom he has given several ostentatious speeches, unsuited to his character, if we may judge from the impression made upon us by his own Commentaries. The character of Cassius is also touched with great nicety and discrimination, and is admirably contrasted to that of Brutus: his superiority "in independent volition, and his discernment in judging of human affairs, are pointed out;" while the purity of mind and conscientious love of justice in Brutus, unfit him to be the head of a party in a state entirely corrupted: these amiable failings give, in fact, an unfortunate turn to the cause of the conspirators. The play abounds in well wrought and affecting scenes; it is scarcely necessary to mention the celebrated dialogue between Brutus and Cassius, in which the design of the conspiracy is opened to Brutus. The quarrel between them, rendered doubly touching by the close, when Cassius learns the death of Portia: and which one is surprised to think that any critic susceptible of feeling should pronounce "*cold and unaffecting.*" The scene between Brutus and

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\* Given in a note on the last scene of the play.

Portia, where she endeavours to extort the secret of the conspiracy from him, in which is that heart-thrilling burst of tenderness, which Portia's heroic behaviour awakens :—

“ You are my true and honourable wife,  
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops  
That visit my sad heart.”

The speeches of Mark Antony over the dead body of Cæsar, and the artful eloquence with which he captivates the multitude, are justly classed among the happiest effusions of poetic declamation.

There are also those touches of nature interspersed, which we should seek in vain in the works of any other poet. In the otherwise beautiful scene with Lucius, an incident of this kind is introduced, which, though wholly immaterial to the plot or conduct of the scene, is perfectly congenial to the character of the agent, and beautifully illustrative of it. The sedate and philosophic Brutus, discomposed a little by the stupendous cares upon his mind, forgets where he had left his book of recreation :—

“ Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so.”

Another passage of the same kind, and of eminent beauty, is to be found in the scene where the conspirators assemble at the house of Brutus at midnight. Brutus, welcoming them all, says :—

“ What watchful cares do interpose themselves  
Betwixt your eyes and night ?

*Cassius.* Shall I entreat a word ? [ *They whisper.*

*Decius.* Here lies the east : doth not the day break here ?

*Casca.* No.

*Cinna.* O pardon, sir, it doth ; and yon gray lines,  
That fret the clouds, are messengers of day.

*Casca.* You shall confess, that you are both deceiv'd :  
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises ;  
Which is a great way growing on the south,  
Weighing the youthful season of the year.  
Some two months hence, up higher toward the north  
He first presents his fire ; and the high east  
Stands as the Capitol, directly here.”

It is not only heroic manners and incidents which the all powerful pen of Shakespeare has expressed with great historic truth in this play, he has entered with no less penetration into the manners of the factious plebeians, and has exhibited here, as well as in Coriolanus, the manners of a Roman mob. How could Johnson say that “ his adherence to the real story, and to Roman manners, seems to have impeded the natural vigour of his genius ! ! ”

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,  
MARCUS ANTONIUS,  
M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS, } *Triumvirs after the Death of Julius  
Cæsar.*

CICERO, PUBLIUS, POPILIUS LENA, *Senators.*

MARCUS BRUTUS,  
CASSIUS,  
CASCA,  
TREBONIUS,  
LIGARIUS,  
DECIUS BRUTUS,  
METELLUS CIMBER,  
CINNA, } *Conspirators against Julius Cæsar.*

FLAVIUS and MARULLUS, *Tribunes.*

ARTEMIDORUS, *a Sophist of Cnidos.*

*A Soothsayer.*

CINNA, *a Poet. Another Poet.*

LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, *young CATO, and VOLUMNIUS, Friends to Brutus and Cassius.*

VARRO, CLITUS, CLAUDIUS, STRATO, LUCIUS, DARDANIUS, *Servants to Brutus.*

PINDARUS, *Servant to Cassius.*

CALPHURNIA, *Wife to Cæsar.*

PORTIA, *Wife to Brutus.*

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.

SCENE, *during a great part of the Play, at Rome; afterwards at Sardis; and near Philippi.*



# JULIUS CÆSAR.

## ACT I.

SCENE I. Rome. *A Street.*

*Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, and a Rabble of Citizens.*

*Flavius.*

**H**ENCE ; home, you idle creatures, get you home ;  
Is this a holiday ? What ! know you not,  
Being mechanical, you ought not walk,  
Upon a labouring day, without the sign  
Of your profession ?—Speak, what trade art thou ?

*1 Cit.* Why, sir, a carpenter.

*Mar.* Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule ?  
What dost thou with thy best apparel on ?—  
You, sir ; what trade are you ?

*2 Cit.* Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I  
am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

*Mar.* But what trade art thou ? Answer me directly.

*2 Cit.* A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with a  
safe conscience : which is, indeed, sir, a mender of  
bad soles.

*Flav.* What trade, thou knave ; thou naughty  
knave, what trade ?

2 *Cit.* Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me :  
yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

*Flav.*<sup>a</sup> What mean'st thou by that ? Mend me, thou  
saucy fellow ?

2 *Cit.* Why sir, cobble you.

*Flav.* Thou art a cobbler, art thou ?

2 *Cit.* Truly, sir, all that I live by is, with the awl :  
I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's  
matters, but with all. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to  
old shoes ; when they are in great danger, I recover  
them. As proper men as ever trod upon neat's lea-  
ther, have gone upon my handy work.

*Flav.* But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day ?  
Why dost thou lead these men about the streets ?

2 *Cit.* Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get  
myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make  
holiday, to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

*Mar.* Wherefore rejoice ? What conquest brings  
he home ?

What tributaries follow him to Rome,  
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels ?  
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things !  
O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,  
Knew you not Pompey ? Many a time and oft  
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,  
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney tops,  
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat  
The live-long day, with patient expectation,  
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome ;  
And when you saw his chariot but appear,  
Have you not made an universal shout,  
That Tyber trembled underneath her banks<sup>1</sup>,

<sup>a</sup> This is given to *Marullus* in the old copies ; but the retort of  
the citizen, which it adopts, was evidently given to *Flavius*.

<sup>1</sup> The Tyber being always personified as a god, the feminine



To hear the replication of your sounds,  
 Made in her concave shores?  
 And do you now put on your best attire?  
 And do you now cull out a holiday?  
 And do you now strew flowers in his way,  
 That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?  
 Be gone!

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,  
 Pray to the gods to intermit the plague  
 That needs must light on this ingratitude.

*Flav.* Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,  
 Assemble all the poor men of your sort;  
 Draw them to Tyber banks, and weep your tears  
 Into the channel, till the lowest stream  
 Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[*Exeunt* Citizens.]

See wher<sup>2</sup> their basest metal be not mov'd;  
 They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.  
 Go you down that way towards the Capitol;  
 This way will I. Disrobe the images,  
 If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.

*Mar.* May we do so?  
 You know, it is the feast of Lupercal.

*Flav.* It is no matter; let no images  
 Be hung with Cæsar's trophies<sup>3</sup>. I'll about,  
 And drive away the vulgar from the streets:  
 So do you too, where you perceive them thick.  
 These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing,  
 gender is here, strictly speaking, improper. Milton says that—

“The river of bliss

Rolls o'er Elysian flowers *her* amber streams.”

But he is speaking of the water, and not of its presiding power or genius. Malone observes that Drayton describes the presiding powers of the rivers of England as females; Spenser more classically represents them as males.

<sup>2</sup> *Wher*, i. e. *whether*.

<sup>3</sup> We gather from a passage in the next scene what these *trophies* were. Casca there informs Cassius that Marullus and Flavius, for pulling *scarfs* off Cæsar's images, are put to silence.

Will make him fly an ordinary pitch ;  
 Who else would soar above the view of men,  
 And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *The same. A Publick Place.*

*Enter, in Procession, with Musick, CÆSAR, ANTONY, for the course ; CALPHURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS<sup>1</sup>, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and CASCA, a great Crowd following, among them a Soothsayer.*

*Cæs.* Calphurnia,—

*Casca.* Peace, ho ! Cæsar speaks.

[Musick ceases.

*Cæs.*

Calphurnia,—

*Cal.* Here, my lord.

*Cæs.* Stand you directly in Antonius' way<sup>2</sup>,

<sup>1</sup> This person was not *Decius*, but *Decimus Brutus*. The poet (as Voltaire has done since) confounds the characters of *Marcus* and *Decimus*. *Decimus Brutus* was the most cherished by Cæsar of all his friends, while Marcus kept aloof, and declined so large a share of his favours and honours as the other had constantly accepted. Lord Sterling has made the same mistake in his tragedy of Julius Cæsar. The error has its source in North's translation of Plutarch, or in Holland's Suetonius, 1606.

<sup>2</sup> The old copy reads "*Antonio's way*:" in other places we have *Octavio, Flavio*. The players were more accustomed to Italian than Latin terminations, on account of the many versions from Italian novels, and the many Italian characters in dramatic pieces formed on the same originals. The correction was made by Pope.

The allusion is to a custom at the *Lupercalia*, "the which," says Plutarch, "in olde time men say was the feaste of shepherds or heardsmen, and is much like unto the feast of the Lyceians in Arcadia. But howsoever it is, that day there are diverse noble men's sonnes, young men (and some of them magistrates themselves that govern them) which run naked through the city, striking in sport them they meet in their way with leather thongs, haire and all on, to make them give place. And many noblewomen and gentlewomen also go of purpose to stand in their way, and doe put forth their handes to be stricken, as scholers hold them out to their schoolemaister to be stricken with the ferula, persuading them-

When he doth run his course.—Antonius.

*Ant.* Cæsar, my lord.

*Cæs.* Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,  
To touch Calphurnia : for our elders say,  
The barren, touched in this holy chase,  
Shake off their steril curse.

*Ant.* I shall remember :

When Cæsar says, *Do this*, it is perform'd.

*Cæs.* Set on ; and leave no ceremony out.

[*Musick.*

*Sooth.* Cæsar.

*Cæs.* Ha ! who calls ?

*Casca.* Bid every noise be still :—Peace ! yet again.

[*Musick ceases.*

*Cæs.* Who is it in the press, that calls on me ?

I hear a tongue, shriller than all the musick,  
Cry, Cæsar : Speak ; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.

*Sooth.* Beware the ides of March.

*Cæs.* What man is that ?

*Bru.* A soothsayer, bids you beware the ides of  
March.

*Cæs.* Set him before me, let me see his face.

*Cas.* Fellow, come from the throng : look upon  
Cæsar.

*Cæs.* What say'st thou to me now ? Speak once  
again.

*Sooth.* Beware the ides of March.

*Cæs.* He is a dreamer ; let us leave him ;—pass.

[*Sennet*<sup>3</sup>. *Exeunt all but BRU. and CAS.*

*Cas.* Will you go see the order of the course ?

selves that being with childe they shall have good deliverie ; and also being barren, that it will make them conceive with child. Cæsar sate to behold that sport upon the pulpit for orations, in a chayre of gold, apparelled in triumphant manner. Antonius, who was consul at that time, was one of them that *ranne this holy course.*"—*North's translation.*

<sup>3</sup> See King Henry VIII. Act ii. Sc. 4, note 1.

*Bru.* Not I.

*Cas.* I pray you, do.

*Bru.* I am not gamesome : I do lack some part  
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.  
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires ;  
I'll leave you.

*Cas.* Brutus, I do observe you now of late :  
I have not from your eyes that gentleness,  
And show of love, as I was wont to have :  
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand  
Over your friend that loves you.

*Bru.* Cassius,  
Be not deceiv'd : if I have veil'd my look,  
I turn the trouble of my countenance  
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am,  
Of late, with passions of some difference,  
Conceptions only proper to myself,  
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviours :  
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd  
(Among which number, Cassius, be you one) ;  
Nor construe any further my neglect,  
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,  
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

*Cas.* Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your  
passion<sup>4</sup>,  
By means whereof, this breast of mine hath buried  
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.  
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face ?

*Bru.* No, Cassius : for the eye sees not itself,  
But by reflection, by some other things.

*Cas.* 'Tis just :  
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,  
That you have no such mirrors, as will turn

<sup>4</sup> i. e. *the nature of the feelings which you are now suffering.*  
Thus in Timon of Athens :—

“ I feel my master's *passion*.”

Your hidden worthiness into your eye,  
 That you might see your shadow. I have heard,  
 Where many of the best respect in Rome  
 (Except immortal Cæsar), speaking of Brutus,  
 And groaning underneath this age's yoke,  
 Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

*Bru.* Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,  
 That you would have me seek into myself  
 For that which is not in me?

*Cas.* Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear:  
 And, since you know you cannot see yourself  
 So well as by reflection, I, your glass,  
 Will modestly discover to yourself  
 That of yourself which you yet know not of.  
 And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus:  
 Were I a common laughèr, or did use  
 To stale<sup>5</sup> with ordinary oaths my love  
 To every new protester: if you know  
 That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,  
 And after scandal them; or if you know  
 That I profess myself in banqueting  
 To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[*Flourish and Shout.*]

*Bru.* What means this shouting? I do fear, the  
 people  
 Choose Cæsar for their king.

<sup>5</sup> Johnson has erroneously given the meaning of *allurement* to *stale* in this place, and Mr. Collier has followed him. *To stale with ordinary oaths my love*, is *to prostitute my love*, or *make it common with ordinary oaths*, &c. The use of the verb *to stale* here may be adduced as a proof that in a disputed passage of Coriolanus, Act i. Sc. 1, we should read *stale* instead of *scale*: see note there. Thus in Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*, Act ii. Sc. 1:—

“ He's grown a stranger to all due respect,  
 . . . . . and not content  
 To stale himself in all societies,  
 He makes my house here common as a mart.”

*Cas.* Ay, do you fear it?  
Then must I think you would not have it so.

*Bru.* I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well:—  
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?  
What is it that you would impart to me?  
If it be aught toward the general good,  
Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other,  
And I will look on both indifferently:  
For, let the gods so speed me, as I love  
The name of honour more than I fear death.

*Cas.* I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,  
As well as I do know your outward favour.  
Well, honour is the subject of my story.—  
I cannot tell what you and other men  
Think of this life; but, for my single self,  
I had as lief not be, as live to be  
In awe of such a thing as I myself.  
I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:  
We both have fed as well: and we can both  
Endure the winter's cold, as well as he.  
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,  
The troubled Tyber chafing with her shores,  
Cæsar said to me, *Dar'st thou, Cassius, now  
Leap in with me into this angry flood<sup>6</sup>,  
And swim to yonder point?* Upon the word,  
Accouter'd as I was, I plunged in,  
And bade him follow: so, indeed, he did.  
The torrent roar'd; and we did buffet it  
With lusty sinews; throwing it aside  
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.

<sup>6</sup> Shakespeare probably remembered what Suetonius relates of Cæsar's leaping into the sea, when he was in danger by a boat being overladen, and swimming to the next ship with his Commentaries in his hand. Holland's Translation of Suetonius, 1606, p. 26. And in another passage, "Were rivers in his way to hinder his passage, cross over them he would, either swimming, or else bearing himself upon blowed leather bottles."—Ibid. p. 24.

But ere we could arrive<sup>7</sup> the point propos'd,  
 Cæsar cry'd, *Help me, Cassius, or I sink.*  
 I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,  
 Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder  
 The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tyber  
 Did I the tired Cæsar. And this man  
 Is now become a god; and Cassius is  
 A wretched creature, and must bend his body,  
 If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.  
 He had a fever when he was in Spain,  
 And, when the fit was on him, I did mark  
 How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake:  
 His coward lips did from their colour fly<sup>8</sup>;  
 And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,  
 Did lose his lustre. I did hear him groan:  
 Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans  
 Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,  
 Alas! it cried, *Give me some drink, Titinius,*  
 As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,  
 A man of such a feeble temper<sup>9</sup> should  
 So get the start of the majestick world,  
 And bear the palm alone. [*Shout. Flourish.*]

*Bru.* Another general shout!

I do believe, that these applauses are  
 For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.

<sup>7</sup> *But ere we could arrive the point propos'd.* The verb *arrive*, in its active sense, according to its etymology, was formerly used for *to approach*, or *come near*. Milton several times uses it thus without the preposition. Thus in *Paradise Lost*, b. ii:—

“Ere he *arrive*

The happy isle.”

And in his *Treatise of Civil Power*, “Lest a worse woe *arrive* him.” Shakespeare has it again in the *Third Part of King Henry VI.* Act v. Sc. 3:—

“Those powers that the queen

Hath rais'd in Gallia, have *arriv'd* our coast.”

<sup>8</sup> This is oddly expressed, but a quibble, alluding to a coward flying from his colours, was intended.

<sup>9</sup> *Temper*, i. e. *temperament, constitution.*

*Cas.* Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world,  
 Like a Colossus; and we petty men  
 Walk under his huge legs<sup>10</sup>, and peep about  
 To find ourselves dishonourable graves.  
 Men at some time are masters of their fates:  
 The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,  
 But in ourselves, that we are underlings.  
 Brutus, and Cæsar: What should be in that Cæsar?  
 Why should that name be sounded more than yours?  
 Write them together, yours is as fair a name;  
 Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well<sup>11</sup>;  
 Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with them,  
 Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar. [*Shout.*  
 Now in the names of all the gods at once,  
 Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,  
 That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd:  
 Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!  
 When went there by an age, since the great flood,  
 But it was fam'd with more than with one man?  
 When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,  
 That her wide walls<sup>12</sup> encompass'd but one man?  
 Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,  
 When there is in it but one only man.  
 O! you and I have heard our fathers say,  
 There was a Brutus<sup>13</sup> once, that would have brook'd

<sup>10</sup> "But I the meanest man of many more,  
 Yet much disdain'g unto him to lout,  
 Or creep between his legs."

*Spenser's Faerie Queene*, b. iv. c. x. st. 19.

<sup>11</sup> A similar thought occurs in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*:—  
 "What diapason's more in Tarquin's name  
 Than in a subject's? Or what's Tullia  
 More in the sound than should become the name  
 Of a poor maid?"

<sup>12</sup> The old copy has *walks*. The correction is from Mr. Collier's folio. The word *encompass'd* shows its propriety.

<sup>13</sup> "Lucius Junius Brutus," says Dion Cassius, "would as soon have submitted to the perpetual dominion of a dæmon, as to the lasting government of a king."



The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,  
As easily as a king.

*Bru.* That you do love me, I am nothing jealous  
What you would work me to, I have some aim<sup>14</sup>  
How I have thought of this, and of these times,  
I shall recount hereafter ; for this present,  
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,  
Be any further mov'd. What you have said,  
I will consider ; what you have to say,  
I will with patience hear : and find a time  
Both meet to hear, and answer, such high things.  
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this ;  
Brutus had rather be a villager,  
Than to repute himself a son of Rome  
Under these hard conditions as<sup>15</sup> this time  
Is like to lay upon us.

*Cas.* I am glad that my weak words  
Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

*Bru.* The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.

*Re-enter CÆSAR, and his Train.*

*Cas.* As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve ;  
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you  
What hath proceeded, worthy note, to-day.

<sup>14</sup> *Aim*, i. e. *guess*. So in the Two Gentlemen of Verona:—

“ But fearing lest my jealous *aim* might err.”

<sup>15</sup> *As*, according to Tooke, is an article, and means the same as *that*, *which*, or *it* : accordingly we find it often so employed by old writers ; and particularly in our excellent version of the Bible. Thus Lord Bacon also in his Apophthegmes, No. 210:—  
“ One of the Romans said to his friend ; what think you of such a one, *as* was taken with the manner in adultery ? ” Like other vestiges of old phraseology it still lingers among the common people : “ I cannot say *as* I did,” &c. for *that* I did. I will add an example from Langland, who flourished in the middle of the fourteenth century:—

“ The godes of the ground aren like to the grete wawes

*As* [which] wyndes and wederes walwen aboute.”

*Piers Plouhman*, ed. 1813, p. 168.

*Bru.* I will do so :—But, look you, Cassius,  
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,  
And all the rest look like a chidden train :  
Calphurnia's cheek is pale ; and Cicero  
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes,  
As we have seen him in the Capitol,  
Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

*Cas.* Casca will tell us what the matter is.

*Cæs.* Antonius !

*Ant.* Cæsar.

*Cæs.* Let me have men about me that are fat ;  
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights :  
Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look ;  
He thinks too much : such men are dangerous.

*Ant.* Fear him not, Cæsar, he's not dangerous<sup>16</sup> :  
He is a noble Roman, and well given.

*Cæs.* 'Would he were fatter :—But I fear him not :  
Yet if my name were liable to fear,  
I do not know the man I should avoid  
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much ;  
He is a great observer, and he looks  
Quite through the deeds of men : he loves no plays,  
As thou dost, Antony ; he hears no musick<sup>17</sup> :  
Seldom he smiles ; and smiles in such a sort,  
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit

<sup>16</sup> “ When Cæsar's friends complained unto him of Antonius and Dolabella, that they pretended some mischief towards him, he answered them againe, As for those fat men and smooth-combed heads (quoth he), I never reckon of them ; but these pale-visaged and carrion-lean people, I fear them most ; meaning Brutus and Cassius.”—*North's Plutarch*, 1603, p. 739 ; see also p. 994. And again :—“ Cæsar had Cassius in great jealousy, and suspected him much ; whereupon he said on a time to his friends, What will Cassius do, think you ? I like not his pale looks.”

<sup>17</sup> Shakespeare considered this as an infallible mark of an austere disposition. The reader will remember the passage in *The Merchant of Venice* so often quoted :—

“ The man who hath no music in himself  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils.”

That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.  
 Such men as he be never at heart's ease,  
 Whiles they behold a greater than themselves ;  
 And therefore are they very dangerous.  
 I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,  
 Than what I fear, for always I am Cæsar.  
 Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,  
 And tell me truly what thou think'st of him. [*Sennet.*

[*Exeunt CÆSAR and his Train. CASCA stays behind.*

*Casca.* You pull'd me by the cloak ; Would you speak with me ?

*Bru.* Ay, Casca ; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day,  
 That Cæsar looks so sad.

*Casca.* Why, you were with him, were you not ?

*Bru.* I should not then ask Casca what had chanc'd.

*Casca.* Why, there was a crown offer'd him<sup>18</sup> : and being offer'd him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus ; and then the people fell a' shouting.

*Bru.* What was the second noise for ?

*Casca.* Why, for that too.

*Cas.* Theyshouted thrice : What was the last cry for ?

*Casca.* Why, for that too.

*Bru.* Was the crown offer'd him thrice ?

*Casca.* Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other ; and at every putting by, mine honest neighbours shouted.

*Cas.* Who offer'd him the crown ?

*Casca.* Why, Antony.

*Bru.* Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

*Casca.* I can as well be hang'd, as tell the manner of it : it was mere foolery. I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown ;—yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets ;—and,

<sup>18</sup> Thus the old translation of Plutarch : " He came to Cæsar, and presented him a diadem wreathed about with laurel."

as I told you, he put it by once ; but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again ; then he put it by again : but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time ; he put it the third time by : and still as he refused it, the rabblement hooted, and clapp'd their chopp'd hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath, because Cæsar refus'd the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar ; for he swooned, and fell down at it : And for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air

*Cas.* But, soft, I pray you : What ? did Cæsar swoon ?

*Casca.* Hefell down in the market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was speechless.

*Bru.* 'Tis very like : he hath the falling-sickness.

*Cas.* No, Cæsar hath it not ; but you, and I, And honest Casca, we have the falling-sickness.

*Casca.* I know not what you mean by that ; but, I am sure, Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleased, and displeas'd them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true<sup>19</sup> man.

*Bru.* What said he, when he came unto himself ?

*Casca.* Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he pluck'd me ope his doublet, and offer'd them his throat to cut.—An I had been a man of any occupation<sup>20</sup>, if I would not have taken him at a word, I

<sup>19</sup> i. e. *no honest man.*

<sup>20</sup> i. e. *Had I been a mechanic, one of the plebeians to whom he offered his throat.* So in *Coriolanus* :—

“ You have made good work,  
You and your apron-men ; you that stood so much

would I might go to hell among the rogues : and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done, or said any thing amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried, *Alas, good soul!*—and forgave him with all their hearts : But there's no heed to be taken of them ; if Cæsar had stabb'd their mothers, they would have done no less.

*Bru.* And after that, he came, thus sad, away ?

*Casca.* Ay.

*Cas.* Did Cicero say any thing ?

*Casca.* Ay, he spoke Greek.

*Cas.* To what effect ?

*Casca.* Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again : But those, that understood him, smiled at one another, and shook their heads ; but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too : Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

*Cas.* Will you sup with me to-night, Casca ?

*Casca.* No, I am promised forth.

*Cas.* Will you dine with me to-morrow ?

*Casca.* Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

*Cas.* Good ; I will expect you.

*Casca.* Do so : Farewell both. [*Exit* CASCA.]

*Bru.* What a blunt fellow is this grown to be !  
He was quick metal, when he went to school.

*Cas.* So is he now, in execution  
Of any bold or noble enterprize,  
However he puts on this tardy form.

Upon the voice of *occupation*, and  
The breath of garlick-eaters."

" *Men of occupation ; Opifices et tabernarii.*"—*Baret.*

This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,  
Which gives men stomach to digest his words  
With better appetite.

*Bru.* And so it is. For this time I will leave you:  
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,  
I will come home to you: or, if you will,  
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

*Cas.* I will do so:—till then, think of the world.

[*Exit BRUTUS.*

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,  
Thy honourable metal may be wrought  
From that it is disposed<sup>21</sup>: Therefore it is meet  
That noble minds keep ever with their likes:  
For who so firm, that cannot be seduc'd?  
Cæsar doth bear me hard<sup>22</sup>; but he loves Brutus:  
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,  
He should not humour me<sup>23</sup>. I will this night,  
In several hands, in at his windows throw,  
As if they came from several citizens,  
Writings all tending to the great opinion  
That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely  
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at:  
And, after this, let Cæsar seat him sure;  
For we will shake him, or worse days endure.

[*Exit.*

<sup>21</sup> i. e. *the best metal or temper may be worked into qualities contrary to its disposition, or what it is disposed to.*

<sup>22</sup> i. e. *has an unfavourable opinion of me.* The same phrase occurs again in the first scene of Act iii.

<sup>23</sup> I think Warburton's explanation of this passage the true one:—"If I were Brutus (said he), and Brutus Cassius, he should not cajole me as I do him." To *humour* signifies to *turn and wind by inflaming his passions.*

SCENE III. *The same. A Street.*

*Thunder and Lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, CASCA, with his sword drawn, and CICERO.*

*Cic.* Good even, Casca : Brought you Cæsar home ?  
Why are you breathless ? and why stare you so ?

*Casca.* Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of earth  
Shakes, like a thing unfirm ? O Cicero,  
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds  
Have riv'd the knotty oaks ; and I have seen  
The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,  
To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds :  
But never till to-night, never till now,  
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.  
Either there is a civil strife in heaven ;  
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,  
Incenses them to send destruction.

*Cic.* Why, saw you any thing more wonderful ?

*Casca.* A common slave<sup>1</sup> (you know him well by  
sight),  
Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn  
Like twenty torches join'd ; and yet his hand,  
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.  
Besides (I have not since put up my sword),  
Against the Capitol I met a lion,  
Who glar'd<sup>2</sup> upon me, and went surly by,  
Without annoying me ! And there were drawn  
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,  
Transformed with their fear ; who swore, they saw

<sup>1</sup> "A slave of the souldiers that did cast a marvellous burning flame out of his hande, insomuch as they that saw it thought he had been burnt ; but when the fire was out, it was found that he had no hurt."—*North's Plutarch.*

<sup>2</sup> The old copies erroneously read :—"Who glazd upon me." Malone determined obstinately to oppose himself to Steevens's judicious reading of *glar'd*, and reads, with less propriety and pro-

Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.  
 And yesterday, the bird of night did sit<sup>3</sup>,  
 Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,  
 Hooting, and shrieking. When these prodigies  
 Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,  
*These are their reasons,—They are natural;*  
 For, I believe they are portentous things  
 Unto the climate that they point upon.

*Cic.* Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time :  
 But men may construe things after their fashion,  
 Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.  
 Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow ?

*Casca.* He doth ; for he did bid Antonius  
 Send word to you, he would be there to-morrow.

*Cic.* Good night then, Casca : this disturbed sky  
 Is not to walk in.

*Casca.* Farewell, Cicero.

[*Exit CICERO.*]

*Enter CASSIUS.*

*Cas.* Who's there ?

*Casca.* A Roman.

*Cas.* Casca, by your voice.

*Casca.* Yourear is good. Cassius, what night is this ?

*Cas.* A very pleasing night to honest men.

*Casca.* Who ever knew the heavens menace so ?

*Cas.* Those, that have known the earth so full of faults,

bability, *gaz'd*. Steevens has clearly shown from the poet's own works that his emendation is the true one. Thus in *Macbeth* :—

“ Thou hast no speculation in those eyes  
 That thou dost *glare* with.”

Mr. Boswell made a quotation from King James's translation of the *Urania* of Du Bartas, in which he found the word *glaise* (i. e. *glose*), which he professed not to understand ; but supposed it might support the original reading. He was too well acquainted with the old Scottish and old English writers to fall often into such mistakes.

<sup>3</sup> “ Obscœnique canes, importunæque volucres  
 Signa dabant.” *Virg. Georg.* l. 479.



For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,  
Submitting me unto the perilous night :  
And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,  
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone :  
And, when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open  
The breast of heaven, I did present myself  
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

*Casca.* But wherefore did you so much tempt the  
                  heavens ?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble,  
When the most mighty gods, by tokens, send  
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

*Cas.* You are dull, Casca ; and those sparks of life  
That should be in a Roman, you do want,  
Or else you use not : You look pale, and gaze,  
And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,  
To see the strange impatience of the heavens :  
But if you would consider the true cause,  
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,  
Why birds, and beasts, from quality and kind ;  
Why old men fools, and children calculate<sup>4</sup> ;  
Why all these things change, from their ordinance,  
Their natures, and preformed faculties,  
To monstrous quality ;—why, you shall find,  
That heaven hath infus'd them with these spirits,  
To make them instruments of fear, and warning,  
Unto some monstrous state.  
Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man  
Most like this dreadful night ;

<sup>4</sup> i. e. *Why birds and beasts deviate from their condition and nature ; why old men are fools, and children calculate ; i. e. foretel or prophesy, the usual function of the old.* Horace, *Od. xi. l. 1.* says to Leuconoë :—

“Nec Babylonios  
*Tentaris numeros.*”

And *Isaiah, c. 47, v. 13* :—“*Augures cœli qui contemplabuntur sidera et supputabant menses.*” Rendered in our version “*monthly prognosticators.*”

That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars  
 As doth the lion in the Capitol :  
 A man no mightier than thyself, or me,  
 In personal action ; yet prodigious<sup>5</sup> grown,  
 And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

*Casca.* 'Tis Cæsar that you mean : Is it not, Cassius ?

*Cas.* Let it be who it is : for Romans now  
 Have thewes<sup>6</sup> and limbs like to their ancestors ;  
 But, woe the while ! our fathers' minds are dead,  
 And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits ;  
 Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

*Casca.* Indeed, they say, the senators to-morrow  
 Mean to establish Cæsar as a king :  
 And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,  
 In every place, save here in Italy.

*Cas.* I know where I will wear this dagger then ;  
 Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius :  
 Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong ;  
 Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat :  
 Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,  
 Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,  
 Can be retentive to the strength of spirit ;  
 But life, being weary of these worldly bars,  
 Never lacks power to dismiss itself.  
 If I know this, know all the world besides,  
 That part of tyranny, that I do bear,  
 I can shake off at pleasure. [*Thunders still.*

*Casca.*

So can I :

So every bondman in his own hand bears  
 The power to cancel his captivity<sup>7</sup>.

*Cas.* And why should Cæsar be a tyrant then ?

<sup>5</sup> i. e. *portentous*.

<sup>6</sup> i. e. *sineus, muscular strength*. See note on King Henry IV. Part II. Act iii. Sc. 2.

<sup>7</sup> Thus in *Cymbeline*, Act v. Posthumus, speaking of his chains :—

“Take this life,  
 And cancel these cold bonds.”

Poor man ! I know, he would not be a wolf,  
 But that he sees the Romans are but sheep :  
 He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.  
 Those that with haste will make a mighty fire,  
 Begin it with weak straws : What trash is Rome,  
 What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves  
 For the base matter to illuminate  
 So vile a thing as Cæsar ! But, O, grief !  
 Where hast thou led me ? I, perhaps, speak this  
 Before a willing bondman : then I know  
 My answer must be made<sup>8</sup> : But I am arm'd,  
 And dangers are to me indifferent.

*Casca.* You speak to Casca ; and to such a man,  
 That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold,—my hand :  
 Be factious<sup>9</sup> for redress of all these griefs ;  
 And I will set this foot of mine as far,  
 As who goes farthest.

*Cas.* There's a bargain made.  
 Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already  
 Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans,  
 To undergo, with me, an enterprize  
 Of honourable-dangerous consequence ;  
 And I do know, by this, they stay for me  
 In Pompey's porch : for now, this fearful night,  
 There is no stir, or walking in the streets ;  
 And the complexion of the element,  
 In favour's<sup>10</sup> like the work we have in hand,  
 Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

*Enter CINNA.*

*Casca.* Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

<sup>8</sup> i. e. *I know I shall be called to account, and must answer for having uttered seditious words.* So in *Much Ado about Nothing* : —“ Sweet prince, let me go no further to mine answer ; do you hear me, and let this count kill me.”

<sup>9</sup> *Be factious for redress*, means, *be contentious, enterprising for redress.*

<sup>10</sup> The old copy reads, “ *Is favours.*” *Favour* here is put for *appearance, look, countenance* : to *favour* is to *resemble*.

*Cas.* 'Tis Cinna, I do know him by his gait :  
He is a friend.—Cinna, where haste you so ?

*Cin.* To find out you : Who's that ? Metellus  
Cimber ?

*Cas.* No, it is Casca ; one incorporate  
To our attempts. Am I not staid for, Cinna ?

*Cin.* I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this !  
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

*Cas.* Am I not staid for ? Tell me.

*Cin.* Yes, you are.

O, Cassius ! if you could

But win the noble Brutus to our party——

*Cas.* Be you content : Good Cinna, take this paper,  
And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,  
Where Brutus may but find it ; and throw this  
In at his window : set this up with wax  
Upon old Brutus' statue : all this done,  
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.  
Is Decius Brutus, and Trebonius, there ?

*Cin.* All but Metellus Cimber ; and he's gone  
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,  
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

*Cas.* That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.

[*Exit CINNA.*]

Come, Casca, you and I will, yet, ere day,  
See Brutus at his house : three parts of him  
Is ours already ; and the man entire,  
Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.

*Casca.* O, he sits high in all the people's hearts :  
And that, which would appear offence in us,  
His countenance, like richest alchymy,  
Will change to virtue, and to worthiness.

*Cas.* Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,  
You have right well conceited. Let us go,  
For it is after midnight ; and, ere day,  
We will awake him, and be sure of him. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

SCENE I. *The same.* Brutus's Orchard<sup>1</sup>.*Enter BRUTUS.**Brutus.*

**W**HAT, Lucius! ho!—  
 I cannot, by the progress of the stars,  
 Give guess how near to-day.—Lucius, I say!  
 I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—  
 When, Lucius, when<sup>2</sup>! Awake, I say! What, Lucius!

*Enter LUCIUS.**Luc.* Call'd you, my lord?*Bru.* Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:  
 When it is lighted, come and call me here.*Luc.* I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

*Bru.* It must be by his death: and, for my part,  
 I know no personal cause to spurn at him,  
 But for the general. He would be crown'd:—  
 How that might change his nature, there's the question.  
 It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;  
 And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—  
 That;—

And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,  
 That at his will he may do danger with.

<sup>1</sup> *Orchard* and *garden* appear to have been synonymous with our ancestors. In *Romeo and Juliet* Capulet's *garden* is twice called *orchard*. The word was anciently written *hort-yard*; but it is a mistake to suppose this points at the Latin *hortus*. The word is from the Saxon *ortgeard*, which is itself put for *pyrtgeard*, a place for herbs. In a subsequent scene of this play *orchard* is again used for *garden*:—

“He hath left you all his walks,  
 His private arbours, and new planted *orchards*  
 On this side Tyber.”

<sup>2</sup> See vol. i. p. 22, note 34; and note on King Richard II. Act i. Sc. 1, note 19.

The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins  
 Remorse<sup>3</sup> from power: And to speak truth of Cæsar,  
 I have not known when his affections sway'd  
 More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof<sup>4</sup>,  
 That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,  
 Whereto the climber-upward turns his face:  
 But when he once attains the utmost round,  
 He then unto the ladder turns his back,  
 Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees  
 By which he did ascend<sup>5</sup>: So Cæsar may;  
 Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel  
 Will bear no colour for the thing he is,  
 Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,  
 Would run to these, and these extremities:  
 And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,  
 Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind<sup>6</sup>, grow mischievous,  
 And kill him in the shell.

*Re-enter* LUCIUS.

*Luc.* The taper burneth in your closet, sir.  
 Searching the window for a flint, I found  
 This paper, thus seal'd up; and, I am sure,  
 It did not lie there, when I went to bed.

[*Gives him the Letter.*]

*Bru.* Get you to bed again, it is not day.  
 Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March<sup>7</sup>?

<sup>3</sup> Shakespeare uses *remorse* for *pity, tenderness of heart.*

<sup>4</sup> *i. e. a matter proved by common experience.*

<sup>5</sup> "The aspirer once attain'd unto the top,  
 Cuts off those means by which himself got up:  
 And with a harder hand, and straighter rein,  
 Doth curb that looseness he did find before:  
 Doubting the occasion like might serve again;  
 His own example makes him fear the more."

*Daniel's Civil Wars, 1602.*

<sup>6</sup> *As his kind, i. e. like those of his nature.* Thus in Antony and Cleopatra:—"You must think this, look you, the worm [i. e. serpent] will do his *kind*."

<sup>7</sup> The old copy erroneously reads, "the *first* of March." The correction was made by Theobald; as was the following.

*Luc.* I know not, sir.

*Bru.* Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

*Luc.* I will, sir. [*Exit.*

*Bru.* The exhalations, whizzing in the air,  
Give so much light, that I may read by them.

[*Opens the Letter, and reads.*

*Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake, and see thyself.*

*Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress!*

*Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake!—*

Such instigations have been often dropp'd

Where I have took them up.

*Shall Rome, &c.* Thus, must I piece it out;

Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What! Rome?

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome

The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.

*Speak, strike, redress!*—Am I entreated

To speak, and strike? O Rome! I make thee promise,

If the redress will follow, thou receivest

Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

*Re-enter LUCIUS.*

*Luc.* Sir, March is wasted fourteen days<sup>8</sup>.

[*Knock within.*

*Bru.* 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks.

[*Exit LUCIUS.*

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,

I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing

And the first motion, all the interim is

Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:

The genius, and the mortal instruments,

Are then in council; and the state of man<sup>9</sup>,

<sup>8</sup> Here again the old copy reads, *fifteen*. This was only the dawn of the fifteenth when the boy makes his report.

<sup>9</sup> The old copy reads:—

“Are then in councell, and the state of a man,” &c.

The correction was made in the second folio.

Like to a little kingdom, suffers then  
The nature of an insurrection<sup>10</sup>.

*Re-enter* LUCIUS.

*Luc.* Sir, 'tis your brother<sup>a</sup> Cassius at the door,  
Who doth desire to see you.

*Bru.* Is he alone?

*Luc.* No, sir; there are more with him.

*Bru.* Do you know them?

<sup>10</sup> There is a long and fanciful, but erroneous note by Warburton, on this passage. The following note, by the Rev. Mr. Blakeway, takes with it my concurrence and approbation:—

“By *instruments*, I understand our bodily powers, our members: as Othello calls his eyes and hands his speculative and active instruments; and Menerius, in Coriolanus, Act i. Sc. 1, speaks of the

‘Crank and *offices of man*,

The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins.’

So intending to paint, as he does very finely, the inward conflict which precedes the commission of some dreadful crime; he represents, as I conceive him, the genius, or soul, consulting with the body, and, as it were, questioning the limbs, the instruments which are to perform this deed of death, whether they can undertake to bear her out in the affair, whether they can screw up their courage to do what she shall enjoin them. The tumultuous commotion of opposing sentiments and feelings produced by the firmness of the soul, contending with the secret misgivings of the body; during which the mental faculties are, though not actually dormant, yet in a sort of waking stupor, ‘crushed by one overwhelming image,’ is finely compared to a phantasm or hideous dream, and by the *state of man* suffering the nature of an insurrection. Tibalt has something like it in *Romeo and Juliet*:—

‘Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting,

Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.’

And what Macbeth says of himself, in a situation nearly allied to this of Brutus, will in some degree elucidate the passage:—

‘My thoughts, whose murder yet is but fantastical,

Shakes so my single *state of man*, that function

Is smother’d in surmise.’

And again, in *Troilus and Cressida*, Ulysses says:—

‘Twixt his *mental* and his *active* parts,

*Kingdom’d* Achilles in commotion rages,

And batters down himself.’”

<sup>a</sup> Cassius had married Junia, sister to Brutus.



*Luc.* No, sir ; their hats are pluck'd about their ears,  
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,  
That by no means I may discover them  
By any mark of favour<sup>11</sup>.

*Bru.*

Let them enter.

[*Exit* LUCIUS.]

They are the faction. O conspiracy !  
Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,  
When evils are most free ? O, then, by day,  
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough  
To mask thy monstrous visage ? Seek none, conspiracy ;  
Hide it in smiles, and affability :  
For if thou path<sup>12</sup> thy native semblance on,  
Not Erebus itself were dim enough  
To hide thee from prevention.

*Enter* CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA, METELLUS CIMBER, and TREBONIUS.

*Cas.* I think we are too bold upon your rest :  
Good morrow, Brutus ; Do we trouble you ?

*Bru.* I have been up this hour ; awake, all night.  
Know I these men, that come along with you ?

*Cas.* Yes, every man of them ; and no man here,  
But honours you : and every one doth wish,  
You had but that opinion of yourself,  
Which every noble Roman bears of you.

<sup>11</sup> See Act i. Sc. 3, note 10.

<sup>12</sup> "Surely," says Coleridge, "there need be no scruple in treating this *path* as a mere misprint for *put* ?" But Coleridge was not well versed in ancient phraseology ; and Johnson's gloss, "if thou *walk* in thy true form," seems quite satisfactory. The verb *to path* is used by Drayton, *Polyolbion*, Song II.—

"Where from the neighbouring hills her passage Wey doth *path*."  
And in his Epistle from Duke Humphrey to Elinor Cobham :—

"*Pathing* young Henry's unadvised ways."

This is Trebonius.

*Bru.* He is welcome hither.

*Cas.* This Decius Brutus.

*Bru.* He is welcome too.

*Cas.* This, Casca ; this, Cinna ; and this, Metellus  
Cimber.

*Bru.* They are all welcome.

What watchful cares do interpose themselves  
Betwixt your eyes and night ?

*Cas.* Shall I entreat a word ? [*They whisper.*

*Dec.* Here lies the east : Doth not the day break  
here<sup>13</sup> ?

*Casca.* No.

*Cin.* O, pardon, sir, it doth ; and yon grey lines,  
That fret the clouds, are messengers of day.

*Casca.* You shall confess, that you are both de-  
ceiv'd.

Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises ;  
Which is a great way growing on the south,  
Weighing the youthful season of the year.  
Some two months hence, up higher toward the north  
He first presents his fire ; and the high east  
Stands as the Capitol, directly here.

*Bru.* Give me your hands all over, one by one.

*Cas.* And let us swear our resolution.

*Bru.* No, not an oath : If not the fate<sup>14</sup> of men,

<sup>13</sup> Mr. Hunter has justly observed, that " the Dialogue here ensuing is a beautiful instance of the intervention of *repose* ; as beautiful as that pointed out by Sir Joshua Reynolds in *Macbeth*, ' The temple-haunting martlet,' or as the remarks on the crowing of the cock in *Hamlet*."

<sup>14</sup> The old copies read, " If not the *face* of men ;" from which it would be difficult to extract a meaning ; though Johnson has vainly attempted it. Mason thought we should read " the *faith* of men ;" but the simple correction, proposed by Warburton, by changing only a letter, is confirmed by what Cassius says in a previous scene :—

" *Men at some time are masters of their fates,*

The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—  
 If these be motives weak, break off betimes,  
 And every man hence to his idle bed ;  
 So let high-sighted tyranny range on,  
 Till each man drop by lottery<sup>15</sup>. But if these,  
 As I am sure they do, bear fire enough  
 To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour  
 The melting spirits of women ; then, countrymen,  
 What need we any spur but our own cause,  
 To prick us to redress ? what other bond,  
 Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,  
 And will not palter ? and what other oath,  
 Than honesty to honesty engag'd,  
 That this shall be, or we will fall for it ?  
 Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautelous<sup>16</sup>,  
 Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls  
 That welcome wrongs ; unto bad causes swear  
 Such creatures as men doubt : but do not stain  
 The even virtue of our enterprize,  
 Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,  
 To think, that, or our cause, or our performance,  
 Did need an oath ; when every drop of blood,

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,  
 But in ourselves, that we are underlings.”

It should be remembered that Brutus is speaking of *motives* for their conspiracy. The speech is formed on the following passage in North's Plutarch :—“The conspirators having never taken oath together, nor taken or given any caution or assurance, nor binding themselves one to another by any religious oaths, they kept the matter so secret to themselves,” &c.

<sup>15</sup> Steevens thinks there may be an allusion here to the custom of *decimation*, i. e. the selection by *lot* of every tenth soldier in a general mutiny for punishment. The poet speaks of this in *Coriolanus* :—

“ By decimation and a tithed death  
 Take thou thy fate.”

<sup>16</sup> *Cautelous* is often used for *wary*, *circumspect*, by old writers, but Shakespeare uses it here for *timidly cautious*. It is used in *Coriolanus*, Act iv. Sc. 1, in the sense of *deceitful*, *insidious*.

That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,  
Is guilty of a several bastardy,  
If he do break the smallest particle  
Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

*Cas.* But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him?  
I think, he will stand very strong with us.

*Casca.* Let us not leave him out.

*Cin.* No, by no means.

*Met.* O let us have him; for his silver hairs  
Will purchase us a good opinion,  
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:  
It shall be said, his judgement rul'd our hands;  
Our youths, and wildness, shall no whit appear,  
But all be buried in his gravity.

*Bru.* O, name him not; let us not break<sup>17</sup> with him;  
For he will never follow any thing  
That other men begin.

*Cas.* Then leave him out.

*Casca.* Indeed, he is not fit.

*Dec.* Shall no man else be touch'd but only Cæsar?

*Cas.* Decius, well urg'd:—I think it is not meet,  
Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar,  
Should outlive Cæsar: We shall find of him  
A shrewd contriver; and, you know, his means,  
If he improve them, may well stretch so far,  
As to annoy us all: which to prevent,  
Let Antony, and Cæsar, fall together.

*Bru.* Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cas-  
sius,  
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs;  
Like wrath in death, and envy<sup>18</sup> afterwards:  
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.  
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.

<sup>17</sup> i. e. *let us not break the matter to him.*

<sup>18</sup> *Envy* here, as almost always by Shakespeare, is used for *malice.*

We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar ;  
 And in the spirit of men there is no blood :  
 O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,  
 And not dismember Cæsar ! But, alas,  
 Cæsar must bleed for it ! And, gentle friends,  
 Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully ;  
 Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,  
 Not hew him as a carcase fit for hounds<sup>19</sup> :  
 And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,  
 Stir up their servants to an act of rage,  
 And after seem to chide them. This shall make  
 Our purpose necessary, and not envious :  
 Which so appearing to the common eyes,  
 We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.  
 And for Mark Antony, think not of him ;  
 For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm,  
 When Cæsar's head is off.

*Cas.*

Yet I fear him :

For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar,—

*Bru.* Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him :

If he love Cæsar, all that he can do

Is to himself ; take thought<sup>20</sup>, and die for Cæsar :

And that were much he should ; for he is given

To sports, to wildness, and much company.

*Treb.* There is no fear in him ; let him not die ;

<sup>19</sup> " Gradive, dedisti,

Ne qua manus vatem, ne quid mortalia bello

Lædere tela queant, sanctum et venerabile Diti

Funus erat."

*Statius Theb.* vii. l. 696.

The following passage of the old translation of Plutarch was probably in the poet's thoughts :— " Cæsar turned himself nowhere but he was stricken at by some, and still naked swords in his face, and was *hacked* and *mangled* among them as a wild beast taken of hunters."

<sup>20</sup> To take thought is to grieve, to be troubled in mind. See note on Hamlet, Act iv. Sc. 5 ; and Antony and Cleopatra, Act iii. Sc. 2. " My bodie surely is well, or in good case ; but *I take thought*, or my minde is full of fancies and trouble."—*Baret*.

For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

[*Clock strikes.*]

*Bru.* Peace! count the clock.

*Cas.* The clock hath stricken three.

*Treb.* 'Tis time to part.

*Cas.* But it is doubtful yet,

Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no :

For he is superstitious grown of late ;

Quite from the main opinion he held once

Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies<sup>22</sup> :

It may be, these apparent prodigies,

The unaccustom'd terror of this night,

And the persuasion of his augurers,

May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

*Dec.* Never fear that : If he be so resolv'd,

I can o'erſway him : for he loves to hear,

That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,

And bears with glasses, elephants with holes<sup>23</sup>,

Lions with toils, and men with flatterers :

But, when I tell him, he hates flatterers,

<sup>22</sup> " Quite from the *main opinion* he held once  
Of *fantasy*, of dreams, and *ceremonies*."

*Main opinion* is *fixed opinion*, *general estimation*. Thus in Troilus and Cressida :—

" Why then should we our *main opinion* crush  
In taint of our best man ?"

*Fantasy* was used for *imagination* or *conceit* in Shakespeare's time ; but the following passage from Lavaterus on Ghostes and Spirites, 1572, may elucidate its meaning in the present instance :—

" Suidas maketh a difference between *phantasma* and *phantasia*, saying that *phantasma* is an imagination or appearance of a sight or thing which is not, as are those sights which men in their sleepe do thinke they see ; but that *phantasia* is the seeing of that only which is in very deede." *Ceremonies* signify omens or signs deduced from sacrifices or other ceremonial rites. Thus in a subsequent passage :—

" Cæsar, I never stood on *ceremonies*,  
Yet now they fright me."

<sup>23</sup> *Unicorns* are said to have been taken by one, who, running behind a tree, eluded the violent push the animal was making at

He says, he does ; being then most flattered.

Let me work :

For I can give his humour the true bent ;

And I will bring him to the Capitol.

*Cas.* Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

*Bru.* By the eighth hour : Is that the uttermost ?

*Cin.* Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

*Met.* Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,  
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey ;  
I wonder, none of you have thought of him.

*Bru.* Now, good Metellus, go along by him<sup>24</sup> :  
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons ;  
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

*Cas.* The morning comes upon us : We'll leave you,  
Brutus :—

And, friends, disperse yourselves : but all remember  
What you have said, and show yourselves true Ro-  
mans.

*Bru.* Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily ;  
Let not our looks put on<sup>25</sup> our purposes ;  
But bear it as our Roman actors do,  
With untir'd spirits, and formal constancy :  
And so, good-morrow to you every one.

[*Exeunt all but BRUTUS.*

Boy ! Lucius !—Fast asleep ?—It is no matter ;

him, so that his horn spent its force on the trunk, and stuck fast, detaining the animal till he was despatched by the hunter. This is alluded to by Spenser, *F. Q. b. ii. c. 5* ; and by Chapman, in his *Bussy D'Ambois*, 1607. *Bears* are reported to have been surprised by means of a *mirror*, which they would gaze on, affording their pursuers an opportunity of taking the surer aim. This circumstance is mentioned by Claudian. *Elephants* were seduced into pitfalls, lightly covered with hurdles and turf, on which a proper bait to tempt them was placed. See Pliny's *Natural History*, b. viii. But compare Cæsar's own twaddle, *Bell. Gal. iv. 26, 27, 28.*

<sup>24</sup> i. e. by his house ; make that your way home.

<sup>25</sup> Let not our faces put on ; that is, wear or show our designs.

Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber .  
 Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,  
 Which busy care draws in the brains of men ;  
 Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

*Enter* PORTIA.

*Por.* Brutus, my lord !

*Bru.* Portia, what mean you ? Wherefore rise you  
 now ?

It is not for your health, thus to commit  
 Your weak condition to the raw-cold morning.

*Por.* Nor for yours neither. You have ungently,  
 Brutus,

Stole from my bed : And yesternight, at supper,  
 You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,  
 Musing, and sighing, with your arms across :  
 And when I ask'd you what the matter was,  
 You star'd upon me with ungentle looks :  
 I urg'd you further ; then you scratch'd your head,  
 And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot :  
 Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not ;  
 But, with an angry wafture of your hand,  
 Gave sign for me to leave you : So I did ;  
 Fearing to strengthen that impatience,  
 Which seem'd too much enkindled ; and, withal,  
 Hoping it was but an effect of humour,  
 Which sometime hath his hour with every man,  
 It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep ;  
 And, could it work so much upon your shape,  
 As it hath much prevail'd on your condition<sup>27</sup>,  
 I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,  
 Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

*Bru.* I am not well in health, and that is all.

<sup>27</sup> *Condition* is *temper, disposition, demeanour*. See vol. iii. p. 20, note 18.



*Por.* Brutus is wise, and were he not in health,  
He would embrace the means to come by it.

*Bru.* Why, so I do:—Good Portia, go to bed.

*Por.* Is Brutus sick? and is it physical  
To walk unbraced, and suck up the humours  
Of the dank morning? What! is Brutus sick;  
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,  
To dare the vile contagion of the night?  
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air  
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;  
You have some sick offence within your mind,  
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,  
I ought to know of: And, upon my knees,  
I charm you<sup>23</sup>, by my once commended beauty,  
By all your vows of love, and that great vow  
Which did incorporate and make us one,  
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,  
Why you are heavy; and what men to-night  
Have had resort to you: for here have been  
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces  
Even from darkness.

*Bru.* Kneel not, gentle Portia.

*Por.* I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.  
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,  
Is it excepted, I should know no secrets  
That appertain to you? Am I yourself,  
But, as it were, in sort, or limitation;  
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,  
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the  
suburbs

<sup>23</sup> *I charm you.* This is the reading of the old copy, which Pope and Hanmer changed to “*I charge you,*” without necessity. To *charm* is to *invoke* or *entreat by words or other fascinating means.* Thus in *Cymbeline*:—

“’Tis your graces  
That from my mutest conscience to my tongue  
*Charms* this report out.”

Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,  
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife<sup>29</sup>.

*Bru.* You are my true and honourable wife;  
As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops  
That visit my sad heart<sup>30</sup>.

*Por.* If this were true, then should I know this  
secret.

I grant, I am a woman; but, withal,  
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife:  
I grant, I am a woman; but, withal,  
A woman well reputed;—Cato's daughter.  
Think you, I am no stronger than my sex,  
Being so father'd, and so husbanded?  
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them:  
I have made strong proof of my constancy,  
Giving myself a voluntary wound  
Here, in the thigh: Can I bear that with patience,  
And not my husband's secrets?

*Bru.* O ye gods,  
Render me worthy of this noble wife!

[*Knocking within.*]

Hark! hark! one knocks: Portia, go in a while;  
And by and by thy bosom shall partake

<sup>29</sup> The general idea of this part of Portia's speech is taken from the old translation of Plutarch. Lord Sterling, in his *Julius Cæsar*, 1607, uses similar language:—

“I was not, Brutus, match'd with thee, to be  
A partner only of thy board and bed;  
Each servile whore in those might equal me,  
That did herself to nought but pleasure wed.  
No;—Portia spous'd thee with a mind t' abide  
Thy fellow in all fortunes, good or ill,  
With chains of mutual love together tied,  
As those that have two breasts, one heart, two souls, one  
will.”

<sup>30</sup> These glowing words have been adopted by Gray in his celebrated Ode:—

“Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart.”  
Shakespeare anticipates Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood.

The secrets of my heart.

All my engagements I will construe to thee,

All the charactery<sup>31</sup> of my sad brows :—

Leave me with haste.

[*Exit* PORTIA.

*Enter* LUCIUS and LIGARIUS.

Lucius, who's that knocks?

*Luc.* Here is a sick man, that would speak with you.

*Bru.* Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.—

Boy, stand aside.—Caius Ligarius! how?

*Lig.* Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

*Bru.* O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,

To wear a kerchief? 'Would, you were not sick!

*Lig.* I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand

Any exploit worthy the name of honour<sup>32</sup>.

*Bru.* Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,

Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

<sup>31</sup> *Charactery* is defined *writing by characters or strange marks*. Brutus therefore means that he will divulge to her the secret cause of the sadness marked on his countenance. In *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act v. Sc. 1, it is said, "Fairies use flowers for their *charactery*."

<sup>32</sup> This is from Plutarch's *Life of Brutus*, as translated by North:—"Brutus went to see him being sicke in his bedde, and sayed unto him, O Ligarius, *in what a time art thou sicke?* Ligarius, rising up in his bed and taking him by the right hande, sayed unto him, Brutus, *if thou hast any great enterprise in hande worthie of thy selfe, I am whole.*" Lord Sterline has also introduced this passage into his *Julius Cæsar*. Shakespeare has given to Romans the manners of his own time. It was a common practice in England for those who were sick to wear a kerchief on their heads, and still continues among the common people in many places. "If," says Fuller, "this county [Cheshire] hath bred no writers in that faculty [physic], the wonder is the less, if it be true what I read, that if any there be sick, they make him a posset and *tye a kerchief on his head*, and if that will not mend him, then God be merciful to him."—*Worthies. Cheshire*, p. 180.

*Lig.* By all the gods that Romans bow before,  
I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome!  
Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins!  
Thou, like an exorcist<sup>33</sup>, hast conjur'd up  
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,  
And I will strive with things impossible;  
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

*Bru.* A piece of work, that will make sick men  
whole.

*Lig.* But are not some whole, that we must make  
sick?

*Bru.* That must we also. What it is, my Caius,  
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going  
To whom it must be done.

*Lig.* Set on your foot;  
And, with a heart new-fir'd, I follow you,  
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth,  
That Brutus leads me on. [Thunder.

*Bru.* Follow me then. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *The same. A Room in Cæsar's Palace.*

*Thunder and Lightning. Enter CÆSAR, in his  
Night-gown.*

*Cæs.* Nor heaven, nor earth, have been at peace  
to-night:

Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out,  
*Help, ho! they murder Cæsar!*—Who's within?

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* My lord?

*Cæs.* Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,

<sup>33</sup> Here and in all other places Shakespeare uses *exorcist* for one who raises spirits, not one who lays them; but it has been erroneously said that he is singular in this use of the word. See vol. iii. p. 363, note 32.

And bring me their opinions of success.

*Serv.* I will, my lord.

[*Exit.*

*Enter CALPHURNIA.*

*Cal.* What mean you, Cæsar? Think you to walk forth?

You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

*Cæs.* Cæsar shall forth: The things that threaten'd me,

Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see  
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

*Cal.* Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies<sup>1</sup>,  
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,  
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,  
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.  
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;  
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead<sup>2</sup>:  
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,  
In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war<sup>3</sup>  
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol:  
The noise of battle hurtled<sup>4</sup> in the air,  
Horses did neigh<sup>a</sup>, and dying men did groan;  
And ghosts did shriek, and squeal about the streets.

<sup>1</sup> Never paid a regard to prodigies or omens. See note 22, in the preceding scene. The adjective is used in the same sense in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607:—

“The devil hath provided in his covenant  
I should not cross myself at any time,  
I never was so *ceremonious*.”

<sup>2</sup> Shakespeare has adverted to this again in *Hamlet*:—

“A little ere the mighty Julius fell  
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead  
Did squeak and gibber in the streets of Rome.”

<sup>3</sup> “*Visæ per cælum concurrere acies, rutilantia arma, et subito nubium igne collucere,*” &c.—*Tacitus, Hist.* b. v.

<sup>4</sup> To *hurtle* is to *clash* or *move with violence and noise*. See *As You Like It*, vol. iii. p. 93, note 11.

<sup>a</sup> The first folio misprints “Horses *do* neigh.” It was corrected in the second folio.

O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,  
And I do fear them.

*Cæs.* What can be avoided,  
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods?  
Yet Cæsar shall go forth; for these predictions  
Are to the world in general, as to Cæsar.

*Cal.* When beggars die, there are no comets seen;  
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of  
princes<sup>5</sup>.

*Cæs.* Cowards die many times before their deaths<sup>6</sup>;  
The valiant never taste of death but once.  
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,

<sup>5</sup> This may have been suggested by Suetonius, who relates that a blazing star appeared for seven days together during the celebration of games, instituted by Augustus, in honour of Julius. The common people believed that this indicated his reception among the gods, his statues were accordingly ornamented with his figure, and medals struck on which it was represented; one of them is engraved in Mr. Douce's Illustrations, vol. ii. p. 82; from whence this note is taken. Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton, in his Defensative against the Poison of supposed Prophecies, 1583, says, "Next to the shadows and pretences of experience (which have been met with all at large), they seem to brag most of the strange events which follow, (for the most part) after *blazing starres*; as if they were the summonses of God to call princes to the seat of judgment. The surest way to shake their painted bulwarkes of experience is, by making plaine that neither princes always dye when comets blaze, nor comets ever (i. e. always) when princes dye." In this work is a curious anecdote of Queen Elizabeth, "then lying at Richmond, being dissuaded from looking on a comet; with a courage equal to the greatness of her state she caused the window to be sette open, and said, *jacta est alea*—the dice are thrown."

<sup>6</sup> "When some of his friends did counsel him to have a guard for the safety of his person, he would never consent to it; but said, it was better to die once than always to be afraid of death."

*North's Plutarch.*

Lord Essex, in a letter to Lord Rutland, observes, "That as he which dieth nobly doth live for ever, so *he that doth live in fear doth die continually.*" And Marston, in his *Insatiate Countess*, 1613:—

"Fear is my vassal; when I frown he flies:  
*A hundred times in life a coward dies.*"

It seems to me most strange that men should fear ;  
 Seeing that death, a necessary end,  
 Will come, when it will come.

*Re-enter a Servant.*

What say the augurers ?

*Serv.* They would not have you to stir forth to-day.  
 Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,  
 They could not find a heart within the beast.

*Cæs.* The gods do this in shame of cowardice<sup>7</sup> :  
 Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,  
 If he should stay at home to-day for fear.  
 No, Cæsar shall not : Danger knows full well,  
 That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.  
 We were<sup>8</sup> two lions litter'd in one day,  
 And I the elder and more terrible ;  
 And Cæsar shall go forth<sup>9</sup>.

<sup>7</sup> Johnson remarks, " That the ancients did not place courage in the heart." Mr. Douce observes, that he had forgotten his classics strangely, as he has shown by several extracts from Virgil and Ovid.

<sup>8</sup> The old copy reads, " We *heare*," &c. The emendation was made by Theobald. Upton proposed to read, " We *are*," &c.

<sup>9</sup> Steevens observes, that any speech of Cæsar, throughout this scene, will appear to disadvantage, if compared with the following, put into his mouth by May in the seventh book of his Supplement to Lucan :—

" Plus me Calphurnia luctus,  
 Et lachrymæ movere tuæ, quam tristia vatum  
 Responsa, infaustæ volucres, aut ulla dierum  
 Vana superstitione poterant. Ostenta timere  
 Si nunc inciperem, quæ non mihi tempora posthac  
 Anxia transirent? quæ lux jucunda maneret?  
 Aut quæ libertas? frustra servire timori  
 (Dum nec luce frui, nec mortem arcere licebit)  
 Cogar, et huic capiti quod Roma veretur, aruspex  
 Jus dabit, et vanus semper dominabitur augur."

Mr. Boswell thinks Shakespeare's want of classical knowledge evident from the boastful language he has put into the mouth of the most accomplished man of all antiquity, who was not more admirable for his achievements, than for the dignified simplicity with which he has recorded them.

*Cal.* Alas, my lord,  
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.  
Do not go forth to-day: Call it my fear,  
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.  
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house;  
And he shall say, you are not well to-day:  
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

*Cæs.* Mark Antony shall say, I am not well;  
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

*Enter DECIVS.*

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

*Dec.* Cæsar, all hail! Good morrow, worthy Cæsar:  
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

*Cæs.* And you are come in very happy time,  
To bear my greeting to the senators,  
And tell them, that I will not come to-day:  
Cannot, is false; and that I dare not, falser:  
I will not come to-day: Tell them so, Decius.

*Cal.* Say, he is sick.

*Cæs.* Shall Cæsar send a lie?  
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,  
To be afeard to tell grey-beards the truth;  
Decius, go tell them, Cæsar will not come.

*Dec.* Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,  
Lest I be laugh'd at, when I tell them so.

*Cæs.* The cause is in my will, I will not come;  
That is enough to satisfy the senate.  
But, for your private satisfaction,  
Because I love you, I will let you know;  
Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:  
She dreamt to-night she saw my statue<sup>10</sup>,

<sup>10</sup> It has been shown by Mr. Reed beyond controversy that *statue* was pronounced as a trisyllable by our ancestors, and hence generally written *statua*. Thus in Lord Bacon's *Advancement of Learning*, ed. 1633, p. 88:—"It is not possible to have the true pictures or *statuaes* of Cyrus, Alexander, Cæsar, no, nor of the



Which, like a fountain, with a hundred spouts,  
 Did run pure blood ; and many lusty Romans  
 Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.  
 And these does she apply for warnings and portents,  
 And evils imminent ; and on her knee  
 Hath begg'd, that I will stay at home to-day.

*Dec.* This dream is all amiss interpreted ;  
 It was a vision, fair and fortunate :  
 Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,  
 In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,  
 Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck  
 Reviving blood : and that great men shall press  
 For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance<sup>11</sup>.  
 This by Calphurnia's dream is signified.

*Cæs.* And this way have you well expounded it.

*Dec.* I have, when you have heard what I can  
 say :

And know it now : The senate have concluded  
 To give, this day, a crown to mighty Cæsar.  
 If you shall send them word, you will not come,  
 Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock  
 Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,  
*Break up the senate till another time,  
 When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.*  
 If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,  
*Lo, Cæsar is afraid ?*

Pardon me, Cæsar ; for my dear, dear love  
 To your proceeding bids me tell you this ;  
 And reason to my love is liable<sup>12</sup>.

kings or great personages of much later years." Again : " Without which the history of the world seems to be as the *statua* of Polyphemus, with his eye out."

<sup>11</sup> At the execution of several of our ancient nobility, martyrs, &c. we are told that handkerchiefs were *tinctured* with their blood, and preserved as affectionate or salutary memorials of the deceased.

<sup>12</sup> i. e. *And reason, or propriety of conduct and language, is subordinate to my love.*

*Cæs.* How foolish do your fears seem now, Calphurnia!

I am ashamed I did yield to them.—  
Give me my robe, for I will go:—

*Enter* PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS,  
CASCA, TREBONIUS, and CINNA.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

*Pub.* Good morrow, Cæsar.

*Cæs.* Welcome, Publius.—

What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?

Good morrow, Casca.—Caius Ligarius,

Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy,

As that same ague which hath made you lean.—

What is't o'clock?

*Bru.* Cæsar, 'tis strucken eight.

*Cæs.* I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

*Enter* ANTONY.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,

Is notwithstanding up:—Good morrow, Antony.

*Ant.* So to most noble Cæsar.

*Cæs.* Bid them prepare within:—

I am to blame to be thus waited for.—

Now, Cinna:—Now, Metellus:—What, Trebonius!

I have an hour's talk in store for you;

Remember that you call on me to-day:

Be near me, that I may remember you.

*Treb.* Cæsar, I will:—and so near will I be,

[*Aside.*

That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

*Cæs.* Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me;

And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

*Bru.* That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,  
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. A Street near the Capitol.*

*Enter ARTEMIDORUS, reading a Paper.*

*Art.* "Cæsar, beware of Brutus ; take heed of Cassius ; come not near Casca ; have an eye to Cinna ; trust not Trebonius ; mark well Metellus Cimber ; Decius Brutus loves thee not ; thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou beest not immortal, look about you : Security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee ! Thy lover,  
ARTEMIDORUS."

Here will I stand, till Cæsar pass along,  
And as a suitor will I give him this.  
My heart laments that virtue cannot live  
Out of the teeth of emulation<sup>1</sup>.  
If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou may'st live ;  
If not, the fates with traitors do contrive<sup>2</sup>. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *The same. Another Part of the same Street, before the House of Brutus.*

*Enter PORTIA and LUCIUS.*

*Por.* I pr'ythee, boy, run to the senate-house ;  
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone :  
Why dost thou stay<sup>3</sup> ?

*Luc.* To know my errand, madam.

<sup>1</sup> *Emulation* is here used in its old sense, of *envious*, or *factious rivalry*. See *Troilus and Cressida*, Act ii. Sc. 2, last note.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. *the fates join with traitors in contriving thy destruction*.

<sup>3</sup> Shakespeare has expressed the perturbation of King Richard the Third's mind by the same incident :—

"Dull unmindful villain !

Why stayest thou here, and go'st not to the duke ?

*Cat.* First, mighty liege, tell me your highness' pleasure,  
What from your grace I shall deliver to him."

*Por.* I would have had thee there, and here again,  
Ere I can tell thee what thou should'st do there.—  
O constancy, be strong upon my side!  
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!  
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.  
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!—  
Art thou here yet?

*Luc.* Madam, what should I do?  
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?  
And so return to you, and nothing else?

*Por.* Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,  
For he went sickly forth: And take good note,  
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.  
Hark, boy! what noise is that?

*Luc.* I hear none, madam.

*Por.* Pr'ythee, listen well;  
I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,  
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

*Luc.* Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

*Enter Soothsayer.*

*Por.* Come hither, fellow:  
Which way hast thou been?

*Sooth.* At mine own house, good lady.

*Por.* What is't o'clock?

*Sooth.* About the ninth hour, lady.

*Por.* Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?

*Sooth.* Madam, not yet; I go to take my stand,  
To see him pass on to the Capitol.

*Por.* Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?

*Sooth.* That I have, lady: if it will please Cæsar  
To be so good to Cæsar, as to hear me:  
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

*Por.* Why, know'st thou any harm's intended to-  
wards him?

*Sooth.* None that I know will be, much that I fear  
may chance.

Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow :  
 The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,  
 Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,  
 Will crowd a feeble man almost to death :  
 I'll get me to a place more void, and there  
 Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. [Exit.

*Por.* I must go in.—Ah me ! how weak a thing  
 The heart of woman is ! O Brutus !

The heavens speed thee in thine enterprize !  
 Sure, the boy heard me : Brutus hath a suit<sup>2</sup>,  
 That Cæsar will not grant.—O, I grow faint :  
 Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord ;  
 Say, I am merry : come to me again,  
 And bring me word what he doth say to thee.


[Exeunt.

### ACT III.

SCENE I. *The same. The Capitol ; the Senate sitting.*

*A Crowd of People in the Street leading to the Capitol ; among them ARTEMIDORUS, and the Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, and Others.*

*Cæsar.*

 HE ides of March are come.

*Sooth.* Ay, Cæsar ; but not gone.

*Art.* Hail, Cæsar ! Read this schedule.

*Dec.* Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,  
 At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

*Art.* O, Cæsar, read mine first ; for mine's a suit  
 That touches Cæsar nearer : Read it, great Cæsar.

*Cæs.* What touches us ourself shall be last serv'd.

<sup>2</sup> These words Portia addressed to Lucius, to deceive him, by assigning a false cause for her present perturbation.

*Art.* Delay not, Cæsar ; read it instantly.

*Cæs.* What ! is the fellow mad ?

*Pub.* Sirrah, give place.

*Cæs.* What, urge you your petitions in the street ?  
Come to the Capitol.

*CÆSAR enters the Capitol, the rest following.*

*All the Senators rise.*

*Pop.* I wish, your enterprize to-day may thrive.

*Cæs.* What enterprize, Popilius ?

*Pop.* Fare you well.

[*Advances to CÆSAR.*

*Bru.* What said Popilius Lena ?

*Cæs.* He wish'd, to-day our enterprize might thrive.  
I fear our purpose is discover'd.

*Bru.* Look, how he makes to Cæsar : Mark him.

*Cæs.* Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.—  
Brutus, what shall be done ? If this be known,  
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,  
For I will slay myself.

*Bru.* Cassius, be constant :

Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes ;  
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

*Cæs.* Trebonius knows his time : for, look you,  
Brutus,  
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[*Exeunt ANTONY and TREBONIUS. CÆSAR  
and the Senators take their seats.*

*Dec.* Where is Metellus Cimber ? Let him go,  
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

*Bru.* He is address'd<sup>1</sup> : press near, and second him.

*Cin.* Casca, you are the first that rears your<sup>2</sup> hand.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. *He is ready.*

<sup>2</sup> According to the rules of modern grammar Shakespeare should have written *his* hand ; but other instances of similar false concord are to be found in his compositions. Steevens is angry with

*Cæs.* Are we all ready? What is now amiss,  
That Cæsar and his senate must redress?

*Met.* Most high, most mighty, and most puissant  
Cæsar,

Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat

An humble heart:—

[*Kneeling.*

*Cæs.* I must prevent thee, Cimber.

These couchings<sup>3</sup>, and these lowly courtesies,

Might fire the blood of ordinary men ;

And turn pre-ordinance, and first decree,

Into the law of children<sup>4</sup>. Be not fond,

To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood,

That will be thaw'd from the true quality

With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,

Low-crooked curt'sies, and base spaniel fawning.

Thy brother by decree is banished ;

If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,

I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.

Know, Cæsar doth not wrong : nor without cause

Will he be satisfied<sup>5</sup>.

*Met.* Is there no voice more worthy than my own,

Malone for laying them to the charge of the poet, and would transfer them to the player-editors or their printer. Ritson thinks the words "Are we all ready?" should be given to Cinna, and not to Cæsar.

<sup>3</sup> It has been proposed to read here *crouchings*, and below *low-crouched* "curt'sies" instead of *couchings* and *low-crooked*; but *couching* had the same meaning as *crouching*, and *low-crooked* as *low-crouched*. Thus Huloet, "*cowche* like a dogge, Procumbo;" and, "*crooke-backed* or *crowche-backed*;" to *crook* was to *bow*. Such meddling would therefore be mischievous.

<sup>4</sup> The old copy erroneously reads, "the *lane* of children." *Lawe*, as anciently written, was easily confounded with *lane*.

<sup>5</sup> Ben Jonson has ridiculed this passage in the Induction to *The Staple of News*; and notices it in his *Discoveries* as one of the lapses of Shakespeare's pen; but certainly without that malevolence which has been ascribed to him: and be it observed, that is almost the only passage in his works which can *justly* be construed into an attack on Shakespeare. He has been accused of quoting the passage unfaithfully; but it is most probable he

To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear,  
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

*Bru.* I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar;  
Desiring thee, that Publius Cimber may  
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

*Cæs.* What, Brutus!

*Cas.* Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon:  
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,  
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

*Cæs.* I could be well mov'd, if I were as you;  
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:  
But I am constant as the northern star,  
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality,  
There is no fellow in the firmament.  
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,  
They are all fire, and every one doth shine;  
But there's but one in all doth hold his place:  
So, in the world; 'Tis furnish'd well with men,  
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive<sup>6</sup>;  
Yet, in the number, I do know but one  
That unassailable holds on his rank,  
Unshak'd of motion<sup>7</sup>; and, that I am he,  
Let me a little show it, even in this;  
That I was constant, Cimber should be banish'd,  
And constant do remain to keep him so.

*Cin.* O Cæsar,——

*Cæs.* Hence! Wilt thou lift up Olympus?

quoted from memory, "shaken," as he expresses it "with age now and sloth." There is no ground for the opinion, that the passage originally stood as cited by Jonson; thus:—

"*Met.* Cæsar, thou dost me wrong.

*Cæs.* Cæsar did never wrong, but with just cause.

Mr. Tyrwhitt has endeavoured to defend the passage, by observing, that *wrong* is not always a synonymous term for *injury*; and that Cæsar is meant to say, that he doth not inflict any evil or punishment but with just cause.

<sup>6</sup> i. e. *intelligent, capable of apprehending.*

<sup>7</sup> i. e. *still holds his place unshaken by suit or solicitation, of which the object is to move the person addressed.*



*Dec.* Great Cæsar,——

*Cæs.* Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

*Casca.* Speak, hands, for me.

[CASCA stabs CÆSAR in the Neck. CÆSAR catches hold of his Arm. He is then stabbed by several other Conspirators, and at last by MARCUS BRUTUS.]

*Cæs.* *Et tu, Brute*<sup>8</sup>?—Then fall, Cæsar.

[*Dies.* The Senators and People retire in confusion.]

*Cin.* Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!—

<sup>8</sup> Suetonius says, that when Cæsar put Metellus Cimber back, “he caught hold of Cæsar’s gowne at both shoulders, whereupon, as he cried out, *This is violence*, Cassius came in second, full a front, and wounded him a little beneath the throat. Then Cæsar, catching Cassius by the arme, thrust it through with his stile or writing punches; and with that, being about to leap forward, he was met with another wound and stayed.” Being then assailed on all sides, “with three and twenty he was stabbed, during which time he gave but one groan (without any word uttered), and that was at the first thrust; though some have written, that, as Marcus Brutus came running upon him, he said, *καὶ σὺ τέκνον*, and *thou my sonne*.” Holland’s Translation, 1607. Plutarch says, that, on receiving his first wound from Casca, “he caught hold of Casca’s sword, and held it hard; and they both cried out, Cæsar in Latin, *O vile traitor Casca, what doest thou?* and Casca, in Greek, to his brother, *Brother, help me*.” The conspirators, having then compassed him on every side, “hacked and mangled him,” &c.; “and then Brutus himself gave him one wound above the privities. Men report also, that Cæsar did still defend himself against the reste, running every way with his bodie; but when he saw Brutus with his sworde drawn in his hande, then he pulled his gowne over his heade, and made no more resistance.” Neither of these writers therefore furnished Shakespeare with this exclamation. It occurs in *The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of York*, 1600; on which he formed the Third Part of *King Henry VI.*—

“*Et tu, Brute?* Wilt thou stab Cæsar too?”

And is translated in *Cæsar’s Legend*, *Mirror for Magistrates*, 1587:—

“*And Brutus thou my sonne*, quoth I, whom erst  
I loved best.”

The words probably appeared originally in the old Latin play on the Death of Cæsar.

Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

*Cas.* Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,  
*Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!*

*Bru.* People, and senators! be not affrighted;  
Fly not; stand still: ambition's debt is paid.

*Casca.* Go to the pulpit, Brutus<sup>9</sup>.

*Dec.*

And Cassius too.

*Bru.* Where's Publius?

*Cin.* Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

*Met.* Stand fast together, lest some friend of  
Cæsar's

Should chance——

*Bru.* Talk not of standing;—Publius, good cheer;  
There is no harm intended to your person,  
Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.

*Cas.* And leave us, Publius; lest that the people,  
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

*Bru.* Do so;—and let no man abide this deed,  
But we the doers.

*Re-enter* TREBONIUS.

*Cas.* Where is Antony?

*Tre.*

Fled to his house amaz'd:

Men, wives, and children, stare, cry out, and run,  
As it were doomsday.

*Bru.* Fates! we will know your pleasures:—  
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,  
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

*Casca.* Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life,  
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

*Bru.* Grant that, and then is death a benefit:  
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridg'd

<sup>9</sup> We have now taken leave of Casca. Shakespeare knew that he had a sufficient number of heroes on his hands, and was glad to lose an individual in the crowd. Casca's singularity of manners would have appeared to little advantage amid the succeeding war and tumult.

His time of fearing death.—Stoop, Romans, stoop,  
 And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood  
 Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords :  
 Then walk we forth, even to the market-place ;  
 And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,  
 Let's all cry, Peace ! Freedom ! and Liberty !

*Cas.* Stoop then, and wash. How many ages hence,  
 Shall this our lofty scene be acted over,  
 In states unborn, and accents yet unknown !

*Bru.* How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,  
 That now on Pompey's basis lies along,  
 No worthier than the dust !

*Cas.* So oft as that shall be,  
 So often shall the knot of us be call'd  
 The men that gave their country liberty.

*Dec.* What, shall we forth ?

*Cas.* Ay, every man away :  
 Brutus shall lead ; and we will grace his heels  
 With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Bru.* Soft, who comes here ? A friend of Antony's.

*Serv.* Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel ;  
 Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down :  
 And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say :  
 Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest ;  
 Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving :  
 Say, I love Brutus, and I honour him ;  
 Say, I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.  
 If Brutus will vouchsafe, that Antony  
 May safely come to him, and be resolv'd  
 How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lie in death,  
 Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead  
 So well as Brutus living ; but will follow  
 The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus,  
 Thorough the hazards of this untrod state,

With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

*Bru.* Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman ;  
I never thought him worse.

Tell him, so please him come unto this place,  
He shall be satisfied ; and, by my honour,  
Depart untouch'd.

*Serv.* I'll fetch him presently.

[*Exit* Servant.]

*Bru.* I know, that we shall have him well to friend.

*Cas.* I wish we may : but yet have I a mind,  
That fears him much ; and my misgiving still  
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

*Re-enter* ANTONY.

*Bru.* But here comes Antony.—Welcome, Mark  
Antony.

*Ant.* O mighty Cæsar ! dost thou lie so low ?  
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,  
Shrunk to this little measure ?—Fare thee well.—  
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,  
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank<sup>10</sup>  
If I myself, there is no hour so fit  
As Cæsar's death's hour ! nor no instrument  
Of half that worth, as those your swords, made rich  
With the most noble blood of all this world.  
I do beseech you, if you bear me hard,  
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,  
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,  
I shall not find myself so apt to die :  
No place will please me so, no mean of death,

<sup>10</sup> Johnson explains this :—“ Who else may be supposed to have *overtopped* his equals, and *grown too high* for the public safety.” This explanation will derive more support than has yet been given to it from the following speech of Oliver in *As You Like It*, Act i. Sc. 1, when incensed at the high bearing of his brother Orlando :—“ Is it even so ? begin you to grow upon me ? I will physick your *rankness*.”

As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,  
The choice and master spirits of this age.

*Bru.* O Antony! beg not your death of us.  
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,  
As, by our hands, and this our present act,  
You see we do; yet see you but our hands,  
And this the bleeding business they have done:  
Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful;  
And pity to the general wrong of Rome  
(As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity),  
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,  
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony,  
Our arms no strength of malice; and our hearts,  
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in  
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence<sup>11</sup>.

*Cas.* Your voice shall be as strong as any man's,  
In the disposing of new dignities<sup>12</sup>.

*Bru.* Only be patient, till we have appeas'd  
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,  
And then we will deliver you the cause,  
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,  
Have thus proceeded.

*Ant.* I doubt not of your wisdom.  
Let each man render me his bloody hand:  
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you:  
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;

<sup>11</sup> The old copies read, "Our arms *in* strength of malice," &c. Modern editions have placed a comma after arms, which, though it does not make the passage intelligible, is an innovation to the full as great as the necessary correction of *in* to *no*, which makes all clear.

<sup>12</sup> Mr. Blakeway observes, that Shakespeare has maintained the consistency of Cassius's character, who, being selfish and greedy himself, endeavours to influence Antony by similar motives. Brutus, on the other hand, is invariably represented as disinterested and generous, and is adorned by the poet with so many good qualities that we are almost tempted to forget that he was an assassin.

Now, Decius Brutus, yours ;—now yours, Metellus ;  
 Yours, Cinna ;—and, my valiant Casca, yours ;—  
 Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.  
 Gentlemen all,—alas ! what shall I say ?

My credit now stands on such slippery ground,  
 That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,  
 Either a coward or a flatterer.—

That I did love thee, Cæsar, O ! 'tis true :  
 If then thy spirit look upon us now,  
 Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,  
 To see thy Antony making his peace,  
 Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,  
 Most noble ! in the presence of thy corse ?  
 Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,  
 Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,  
 It would become me better, than to close  
 In terms of friendship with thine enemies.  
 Pardon me, Julius ! Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart :  
 Here didst thou fall ; and here thy hunters stand,  
 Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe<sup>13</sup>.  
 O world ! thou wast the forest to this hart ;  
 And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.  
 How like a deer, stricken by many princes,  
 Dost thou here lie !

*Cas.* Mark Antony,——

*Ant.* Pardon me, Caius Cassius :  
 The enemies of Cæsar shall say this ;  
 Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

*Cas.* I blame you not for praising Cæsar so ;  
 But what compáct mean you to have with us ?

<sup>13</sup> *Lethe* is used by many old writers for *death*.

“ The proudest nation that great Asia nurs'd  
 Is now extinct in *lethe*.”

*Heywood's Iron Age*, Part II. 1632.

It appears to have been used as a word of one syllable in this sense ; and is derived from *lethum*, Lat. Our ancient language was also enriched with the derivatives *lethal*, *lethality*, *lethiferous*, &c.

Will you be prick'd in number of our friends ;  
Or shall we on, and not depend on you ?

*Ant.* Therefore I took your hands ; but was, indeed,  
Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Cæsar.  
Friends am I with you all<sup>14</sup>, and love you all ;  
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons,  
Why, and wherein, Cæsar was dangerous.

*Bru.* Or else were this a savage spectacle :  
Our reasons are so full of good regard,  
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,  
You should be satisfied.

*Ant.* That's all I seek :  
And am moreover suitor, that I may  
Produce his body to the market-place ;  
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,  
Speak in the order of his funeral.

*Bru.* You shall, Mark Antony.

*Cas.* Brutus, a word with you.  
You know not what you do ; Do not consent,  
[*Aside*

That Antony speak in his funeral :  
Know you how much the people may be mov'd  
By that which he will utter ?

*Bru.* By your pardon ;  
I will myself into the pulpit first,  
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death :  
What Antony shall speak, I will protest  
He speaks by leave and by permission ;  
And that we are contented, Cæsar shall  
Have all true rites, and lawful ceremonies.  
It shall advantage more, than do us wrong.

*Cas.* I know not what may fall ; I like it not.

*Bru.* Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.

<sup>14</sup> This grammatical impropriety is still so prevalent, that the omission of the anomalous *s* would give some uncouthness to the sound of an otherwise familiar expression.

You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,  
 But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar ;  
 And say, you do't by our permission ;  
 Else shall you not have any hand at all  
 About his funeral : and you shall speak  
 In the same pulpit whereto I am going,  
 After my speech is ended.

*Ant.* Be it so ;

I do desire no more.

*Bru.* Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt all but ANTONY.*]

*Ant.* O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,  
 That I am meek and gentle with these butchers !  
 Thou art the ruins of the noblest man,  
 That ever lived in the tide of times<sup>15</sup>.  
 Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood !  
 Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,  
 Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,  
 To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue !  
 A curse shall light upon the limbs of men<sup>16</sup> ;  
 Domestick fury, and fierce civil strife,  
 Shall cumber all the parts of Italy :  
 Blood and destruction shall be so in use,  
 And dreadful objects so familiar,  
 That mothers shall but smile, when they behold  
 Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war ;  
 All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds :  
 And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,  
 With Até by his side, come hot from hell,

<sup>15</sup> The old copy reads :—“ The tide of times,” i. e. the *flow*, the course of time.

<sup>16</sup> By *men* Antony means not mankind in general, but those *Romans* whose attachment to the cause of the conspirators, or wish to revenge Cæsar's death, would expose them to wounds in the civil wars which he supposed that event would give rise to. The generality of the curse is limited by the subsequent words, “ the parts of Italy,” and “ in these confines.”



Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,  
Cry *Havock*<sup>17</sup>, and let slip the dogs of war ;  
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth  
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

*Enter a Servant.*

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not ?

*Serv.* I do, Mark Antony.

*Ant.* Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

*Serv.* He did receive his letters, and is coming :  
And bid me say to you by word of mouth,—

O Cæsar ! ——— [Seeing the Body.

*Ant.* Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep.  
Passion, I see, is catching ; for mine eyes,  
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,  
Began to water. Is thy master coming ?

*Serv.* He lies to-night within seven leagues of  
Rome.

*Ant.* Post back with speed, and tell him what hath  
chanc'd :

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,  
No Rome<sup>18</sup> of safety for Octavius yet ;

<sup>17</sup> *Cry Havock, and let slip the dogs of war.* *Havock* was the word by which declaration was made, in the military operations of old, that no quarter should be given : as appears from The Office of the Constable and Mareschall in the Tyme of Werre included in the Black Book of the Admiralty. There was a similar phrase used in setting on dogs in hunting :—"Hay! vouse!" See Shakespeare Society's papers, vol. i. p. 109.

To *let slip* a dog was the technical phrase in hunting the hart, for releasing the hounds from the leash or *slip* of leather by which they were held in hand until it was judged proper to let them pursue the animal chased. Steele, in the Tattler, No. 137, and some others after him, think that, by the *dogs of war, fire, sword, and famine* are typified. So in the Chorus to Act i. of King Henry V.—

"At his heels,

*Leash'd* in like hounds, should *famine, sword, and fire,*  
Crouch for employment."

<sup>18</sup> This jingling quibble upon *Rome* and *room* has occurred before in Act i. Sc. 2 :—

Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay a while ;  
 Thou shalt not back, till I have borne this corse  
 Into the market-place : there shall I try,  
 In my oration, how the people take  
 The cruel issue of these bloody men ;  
 According to the which, thou shalt discourse  
 To young Octavius of the state of things.  
 Lend me your hand. [*Exeunt, with CÆSAR's Body.*]

SCENE II. *The same. The Forum.*

*Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a Throng of Citizens.*

*Cit.* We will be satisfied ; let us be satisfied.

*Bru.* Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.

Cassius, go you into the other street,

And part the numbers.—

Those that will hear me speak, let them stay here ;

Those that will follow Cassius, go with him ;

And publick reasons shall be rendered

Of Cæsar's death.

1 *Cit.* I will hear Brutus speak.

2 *Cit.* I will hear Cassius ; and compare their  
 reasons,

When severally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit CASSIUS, with some of the Citizens,*  
*BRUTUS goes into the Rostrum.*]

“ Now is it *Rome* indeed, and *room* enough.”

It is deserving of notice on no other account than as it shows the pronounciation of *Rome* in Shakespeare's time. So in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1638 :—

“ You shall have my *room*,

My *Rome* indeed ; for what I seem to be,

Brutus is not, but born great *Rome* to free.”

Yet, from the quibble between *Rome* and *room*, in the First Part of *K. Henry VI.* Act iii. Sc. 1, it would seem that the present pronounciation was also current.

3 *Cit.* The noble Brutus is ascended : Silence !

*Bru.* Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers<sup>1</sup> ! hear me for my cause ; and be silent, that you may hear : believe me for mine honour ; and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe : censure me in your wisdom ; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand, why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer,—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves ; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men ? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him ; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it ; as he was valiant, I honour him : but, as he was ambitious, I slew him : There is tears, for his love ; joy, for his fortune ; honour, for his valour ; and death, for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a bondman ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

<sup>1</sup> Warburton thinks this speech very fine in its kind, though unlike the laconic style of ancient oratory attributed to Brutus. Steevens observes that “this artificial jingle of short sentences was affected by most of the orators of Shakespeare's time, whether in the pulpit or at the bar. It may therefore be regarded rather as an imitation of the false eloquence then in vogue, than as a specimen of laconic brevity.” It is worthy of remark that Voltaire, who has stolen and transplanted into his tragedy of Brutus the fine speech of Antony to the people, and has unblushingly received the highest compliments upon it from the King of Prussia, Count Algarotti, and others, affects to extol this address of Brutus, while he is most disingenuously silent on the subject of that of Antony, which he chose to purloin.

*Cit.* None, Brutus, none.

[*Several speaking at once.*

*Bru.* Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar, than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enroll'd in the Capitol: his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

*Enter ANTONY and Others, with CÆSAR'S Body.*

Here comes his body, mourn'd by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; As which of you shall not? With this I depart; That, as I slew my best lover<sup>2</sup> for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

*Cit.* Live, Brutus, live! live!

1 *Cit.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2 *Cit.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3 *Cit.* Let him be Cæsar.

4 *Cit.* Cæsar's better parts

Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

1 *Cit.* We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

*Bru.* My countrymen,—

2 *Cit.* Peace! silence! Brutus speaks.

1 *Cit.* Peace, ho!

*Bru.* Good countrymen, let me depart alone,  
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:  
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech

<sup>2</sup> *Lover* and *friend* were synonymous with our ancestors. See Merchant of Venice, Act iii. Sc. 4, note 2. It would not have been again noticed, but for Mr. Reed's whimsical notion that it was not authenticated by examples, and that Shakespeare found it in North's Plutarch alone. Malone has adduced a host of examples, but any old Latin Dictionary, under the word *amicus*, would serve to confute Mr. Reed.

Tending to Cæsar's glories ; which Mark Antony,  
By our permission, is allow'd to make.

I do entreat you not a man depart,

Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [Exit.

1 *Cit.* Stay, ho ! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3 *Cit.* Let him go up into the publick chair ;  
We'll hear him :—Noble Antony, go up.

*Ant.* For Brutus' sake, I am beholden to you.

4 *Cit.* What does he say of Brutus ?

3 *Cit.* He says, for Brutus' sake,  
He finds himself beholden to us all.

4 *Cit.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus  
here.

1 *Cit.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.

3 *Cit.* Nay, that's certain :  
We are bless'd, that Rome is rid of him.

2 *Cit.* Peace ! let us hear what Antony can say.

*Ant.* You gentle Romans,—

*Cit.* Peace, ho ! let us hear him.

*Ant.* Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your  
ears ;

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do, lives after them ;

The good is oft interred with their bones ;

So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious ;

If it were so, it was a grievous fault ;

And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.

Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest

(For Brutus is an honourable man ;

So are they all, all honourable men ;)

Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me :

But Brutus says, he was ambitious ;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome,

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill :  
 Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?  
 When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept :  
 Ambition should be made of sterner stuff :  
 Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious ;  
 And Brutus is an honourable man.  
 You all did see, that on the Lupercal,  
 I thrice presented him a kingly crown,  
 Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition ?  
 Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious ;  
 And, sure, he is an honourable man.  
 I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,  
 But here I am to speak what I do know.  
 You all did love him once, not without cause ;  
 What cause withholds you then to mourn for him ?  
 O judgement, thou art fled to brutish beasts,  
 And men have lost their reason !—Bear with me ;  
 My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,  
 And I must pause till it come back to me.

1 *Cit.* Methinks, there is much reason in his say-  
 ings.

2 *Cit.* If thou consider rightly of the matter,  
 Cæsar has had great wrong.

3 *Cit.* Has he, masters ?  
 I fear, there will a worse come in his place.

4 *Cit.* Mark'd ye his words ? He would not take  
 the crown ;

Therefore, 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.

1 *Cit.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2 *Cit.* Poor soul ! his eyes are red as fire with  
 weeping.

3 *Cit.* There's not a nobler man in Rome than An-  
 tony.

4 *Cit.* Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

*Ant.* But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might  
 Have stood against the world : now lies he there,

And none so poor<sup>3</sup> to do him reverence.  
 O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir  
 Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,  
 I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,  
 Who, you all know, are honourable men:  
 I will not do them wrong; I rather choose  
 To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,  
 Than I will wrong such honourable men.  
 But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar,  
 I found it in his closet, 'tis his will:  
 Let but the commons hear his testament  
 (Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read),  
 And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,  
 And dip their napkins<sup>4</sup> in his sacred blood;  
 Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,  
 And, dying, mention it within their wills,  
 Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,  
 Unto their issue.

*4 Cit.* We'll hear the will: Read it, Mark Antony.

*Cit.* The will, the will; we will hear Cæsar's will.

*Ant.* Have patience, gentle friends, I must not  
 read it;

It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.  
 You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;  
 And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,  
 It will inflame you, it will make you mad:  
 'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;  
 For if you should, O, what would come of it!

*4 Cit.* Read the will; we will hear it, Antony;  
 You shall read us the will; Cæsar's will.

*Ant.* Will you be patient? Will you stay a while?  
 I have o'ershot myself, to tell you of it.  
 I fear, I wrong the honourable men,

<sup>3</sup> i. e. *the meanest man is now too high to do reverence to Cæsar*

<sup>4</sup> i. e. *handkerchiefs.* See vol. iii. p. 91, note 8.

Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar ; I do fear it.

4 *Cit.* They were traitors : Honourable men !

*Cit.* The will ! the testament !

2 *Cit.* They were villains, murderers : The will !  
read the will !

*Ant.* You will compel me then to read the will ?  
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,  
And let me show you him that made the will.  
Shall I descend ? And will you give me leave ?

*Cit.* Come down.

2 *Cit.* Descend. [*He comes down from the Pulpit.*]

3 *Cit.* You shall have leave.

4 *Cit.* A ring ; stand round.

1 *Cit.* Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

2 *Cit.* Room for Antony ;—most noble Antony.

*Ant.* Nay, press not so upon me ; stand far off.

*Cit.* Stand back ! room ! bear back !

*Ant.* If you have tears, prepare to shed them now  
You all do know this mantle : I remember  
The first time ever Cæsar put it on ;  
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent ;  
That day he overcame the Nervii :—  
Look ! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through :  
See, what a rent the envious Casca made :  
Through this, the well beloved Brutus stabb'd ;  
And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,  
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it ;  
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd  
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no ;  
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel<sup>5</sup> :  
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him !  
This was the most unkindest cut of all :  
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,  
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,

<sup>5</sup> i. e. his guardian angel, or the being in whom he put most trust.



Quite vanquish'd him : then burst his mighty heart ;  
 And, in his mantle muffling up his face,  
 Even at the base of Pompey's statue<sup>6</sup>,  
 Which all the while ran blood<sup>7</sup>, great Cæsar fell.  
 O, what a fall was there, my countrymen !  
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,  
 Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.  
 O, now you weep ; and, I perceive, you feel  
 The dint<sup>8</sup> of pity : these are gracious drops.  
 Kind souls, what, weep you, when you but behold  
 Our Cæsar's vesture wounded ? Look you here,  
 Here is himself, marr'd<sup>9</sup>, as you see, with traitors.

1 *Cit.* O piteous spectacle !

2 *Cit.* O noble Cæsar !

3 *Cit.* O woful day !

4 *Cit.* O traitors, villains !

1 *Cit.* O most bloody sight !

2 *Cit.* We will be revenged : revenge : about,—  
 seek,—burn,—fire,—kill,—slay !—let not a traitor  
 live.

*Ant.* Stay, countrymen.

1 *Cit.* Peace there !—Hear the noble Antony.

2 *Cit.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die  
 with him.

*Ant.* Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir  
 you up  
 To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

<sup>6</sup> See Act ii. Sc. 2, p. 404, note 10. Beaumont in his *Masque* writes this word *statua*, and its plural *statuaes*. *Even* is generally used as a dissyllable by Shakespeare.

<sup>7</sup> The image seems to be that the blood flowing from Cæsar's wounds appeared to run from the statue ; the words are from North's Plutarch :—" Against the very base whereon Pompey's image stood, which ran all a gore of blood, till he was slain."

<sup>8</sup> *Dint* anciently written *dent* ; " a stroke and the impression which it makes on any thing."

<sup>9</sup> *Marr'd* is *defaced*, *destroyed*. It is often, for the sake of the single, opposed to *make*.

They, that have done this deed, are honourable :  
 What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,  
 That made them do it; they are wise and honourable,  
 And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.  
 I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts ;  
 I am no orator, as Brutus is :  
 But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,  
 That love my friend ; and that they know full well  
 That gave me publick leave to speak of him.  
 For I have neither wit<sup>10</sup>, nor words, nor worth,  
 Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,  
 To stir men's blood : I only speak right on ;  
 I tell you that, which you yourselves do know ;  
 Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb  
 mouths,

And bid them speak for me : But were I Brutus,  
 And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony  
 Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue  
 In every wound of Cæsar, that should move  
 The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

*Cit.* We'll mutiny !

1 *Cit.* We'll burn the house of Brutus !

3 *Cit.* Away then, come, seek the conspirators !

*Ant.* Yet hear me, countrymen ; yet hear me speak.

*Cit.* Peace, ho ! Hear Antony, most noble Antony.

*Ant.* Why, friends, you go to do you know not what :  
 Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves ?

Alas, you know not : I must tell you then :—  
 You have forgot the will I told you of.

*Cit.* Most true ;—the will ;—let's stay, and hear the  
 will.

*Ant.* Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.

<sup>10</sup> The first folio reads, "For I have neither, *writ*." The second folio corrects it to *wit*, which Johnson supposed might mean "a penned and premeditated oration." Malone perversely adheres to the erroneous reading. The context, I think, fully calls for the emendation, which Steevens has well defended.

To every Roman citizen he gives,  
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas<sup>11</sup>.

2 *Cit.* Most noble Cæsar!—we'll revenge his death.

3 *Cit.* O royal Cæsar!

*Ant.* Hear me with patience.

*Cit.* Peace, ho!

*Ant.* Moreover he hath left you all his walks,  
His private arbours, and new planted orchards,  
On this side Tyber<sup>12</sup>; he hath left them you,  
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,  
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.

Here was a Cæsar! When comes such another?

1 *Cit.* Never, never!—Come, away, away!

We'll burn his body in the holy place,  
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.

Take up the body.

2 *Cit.* Go, fetch fire.

3 *Cit.* Pluck down benches.

4 *Cit.* Pluck down forms, windows, any thing

[*Exeunt Citizens, with the Body.*]

*Ant.* Now let it work! Mischief, thou art afoot,  
Take thou what course thou wilt!—How now, fellow?

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

*Ant.* Where is he?

<sup>11</sup> A *drachma* was a Greek coin, the same as the Roman *denier*, of the value of four sesterces, i. e. 7*d.*

<sup>12</sup> "This scene," says Theobald, "lies in the Forum, near the Capitol, and in the most frequented part of the city; but Cæsar's gardens were very remote from that quarter:—

*Trans Tiberim longe cubat is, prope Cæsaris hortos,* says Horace: and both the Naumachia and gardens of Cæsar were separated from the main city by the river, and lay out wide on a line with Mount Janiculum." He would therefore read "on that side Tyber." But Dr. Farmer has shown that Shakespeare's *study* lay in the old translation of Plutarch, "He bequeathed unto every citizen of Rome seventy-five drachmas a man, and left his gardens and arbours unto the people, which he had on *this* side of the river Tyber."

*Serv.* He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

*Ant.* And thither will I straight to visit him :  
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,  
And in this mood will give us any thing.

*Serv.* I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius  
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

*Ant.* Belike, they had some notice of the people,  
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. A Street.*

*Enter CINNA, the Poet.*

*Cin.* I dreamt to-night, that I did feast with Cæsar,  
And things unlucky<sup>1</sup> charge my fantasy :  
I have no will to wander forth of doors,  
Yet something leads me forth.

*Enter Citizens.*

1 *Cit.* What is your name ?

2 *Cit.* Whither are you going ?

3 *Cit.* Where do you dwell ?

4 *Cit.* Are you a married man, or a bachelor ?

2 *Cit.* Answer every man directly.

1 *Cit.* Ay, and briefly.

4 *Cit.* Ay, and wisely.

3 *Cit.* Ay, and truly, you were best.

*Cin.* What is my name ? Whither am I going ?  
Where do I dwell ? Am I a married man, or a  
bachelor ? Then to answer every man directly, and  
briefly, wisely, and truly. Wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

2 *Cit.* That's as much as to say, they are fools that

<sup>1</sup> The old copy has *unluckily*. Evidently a misprint for *unlucky*. "I learn," says Steevens, "from an old Treatise on Fortune Telling, &c. that to dream of being at banquets betokeneth misfortune, &c." The subject of this scene is taken from Plutarch.

marry : You'll bear me a bang for that, I fear.  
Proceed ; directly.

*Cin.* Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

1 *Cit.* As a friend, or an enemy ?

*Cin.* As a friend.

2 *Cit.* That matter is answered directly.

4 *Cit.* For your dwelling,—briefly.

*Cin.* Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3 *Cit.* Your name, sir, truly.

*Cin.* Truly, my name is Cinna.

1 *Cit.* Tear him to pieces, he's a conspirator.

*Cin.* I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

4 *Cit.* Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

*Cin.* I am not Cinna the conspirator.

2 *Cit.* It is no matter, his name's Cinna ; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3 *Cit.* Tear him, tear him. Come, brands, ho ! firebrands. To Brutus', to Cassius' ; burn all. Some to Decius's house, and some to Casca's ; some to Ligarius' : away ; go. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The same. A Room in Antony's House*<sup>1</sup>.

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS, seated  
at a Table.

*Antony.*



THESE many then shall die ; their names are  
prick'd.

*Oct.* Your brother too must die ; Consent  
you, Lepidus ?

<sup>1</sup> The place of this scene is not marked in the old copy. It appears from Plutarch and Appian, that these triumvirs met,

*Lep.* I do consent.

*Oct.* Prick him down, Antony.

*Lep.* Upon condition Publius<sup>2</sup> shall not live,  
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

*Ant.* He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn<sup>3</sup>  
him.

But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;  
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine  
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

*Lep.* What! shall I find you here?

*Oct.* Or here, or at the Capitol. [*Exit LEPIDUS.*]

*Ant.* This is a slight unmeritable man,  
Meet to be sent on errands: Is it fit,  
The threefold world divided, he should stand  
One of the three to share it?

*Oct.* So you thought him;  
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die,  
In our black sentence and proscription.

*Ant.* Octavius, I have seen more days than you:  
And though we lay these honours on this man,  
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,  
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold<sup>4</sup>.  
To groan and sweat under the business,

upon the proscription, in a little island near Mutina, upon the river Lavinius. That Shakespeare, however, meant the scene to be at Rome may be inferred from what almost immediately follows:—

“*Lep.* What, shall I find you here?”

*Oct.* Or here, or at the Capitol.”

Malone placed the scene in Antony's house.

<sup>2</sup> Upton has shown that the poet made a mistake as to this character mentioned by Lepidus; Lucius, not Publius, was the person meant, who was uncle by the mother's side to Mark Antony.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. *condemn him.*

“Vouchsafe to give my *damned* husband life.

*Promos and Cussandra, 1578.*

<sup>4</sup> So in *Measure for Measure*, Act iii. Sc. 1:—

“Like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,  
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,  
Till death unloads thee.”

Either led or driven, as we point the way ;  
 And having brought our treasure where we will,  
 Then take we down his load, and turn him off,  
 Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,  
 And graze in commons.

*Oct.* You may do your will ;

But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

*Ant.* So is my horse, Octavius ; and, for that,  
 I do appoint him store of provender.  
 It is a creature that I teach to fight,  
 To wind, to stop, to run directly on ;  
 His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.  
 And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so ;  
 He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth :  
 A barren-spirited fellow ; one that feeds  
 On objects, arts, and imitations ;  
 Which, out of use, and stal'd by other men,  
 Begin his fashion<sup>5</sup>. Do not talk of him,  
 But as a property<sup>6</sup>. And now, Octavius,  
 Listen great things.—Brutus and Cassius  
 Are levying powers : we must straight make head :  
 Therefore, let our alliance be combin'd,  
 Our best friends made, and our best means stretch'd  
 out<sup>7</sup>,  
 And let us presently go sit in council,  
 How covert matters may be best disclos'd,

<sup>5</sup> Shakespeare had already woven this circumstance into the character of Justice Shallow :—"He came ever in the rearward of the fashion ; and sung those tunes that he heard the carmen whistle."

<sup>6</sup> i. e. as a thing quite at our disposal, and to be treated as we please. Malvolio complains in *Twelfth Night* :—

"They have *propertied* me, kept me in darkness."

<sup>7</sup> The old copy gives this line imperfectly :—

"Our best friends made, our means stretch'd."

Malone supplied it thus :—

"Our best friends made, our means stretch'd to the utmost."

The reading of the text is that of the second folio edition, which is sufficiently perspicuous.

And open perils surest answer'd.

*Oct.* Let us do so ; for we are at the stake<sup>8</sup>,  
And bay'd about with many enemies ;  
And some, that smile, have in their hearts, I fear,  
Millions of mischiefs. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Before Brutus' Tent, in the Camp near Sardis.*

*Drum.* Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, and  
*Soldiers* : TITINIUS and PINDARUS meeting them.

*Bru.* Stand ho !

*Luc.* Give the word, ho ! and stand.

*Bru.* What now, Lucilius ? is Cassius near ?

*Luc.* He is at hand ; and Pindarus is come  
To do you salutation from his master.

[PINDARUS gives a Letter to BRUTUS.]

*Bru.* He greets me well. Your master, Pindarus,  
In his own change, or by ill officers<sup>1</sup>,  
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish  
Things done, undone : but if he be at hand  
I shall be satisfied.

*Pin.* I do not doubt,  
But that my noble master will appear  
Such as he is, full of regard, and honour.

*Bru.* He is not doubted.—A word, Lucilius :  
How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.

<sup>8</sup> An allusion to bear-baiting. Thus in *Macbeth*, Act v. Sc. 7 :—  
“ They have chain'd me to a *stake*, I cannot fly,  
But, bear-like, I must fight the course.”

<sup>1</sup> It having been thought that alteration was requisite in this line, it may be as well to observe Brutus charges both Cassius and his *officer*, Lucius Pella, with corruption ; and he says to Lucilius, when he hears how he had been received by Cassius :—

“ Thou hast describ'd  
A *hot* friend *cooling*.”

This is the *change* which Brutus complains of.



*Luc.* With courtesy, and with respect enough ;  
But not with such familiar instances,  
Nor with such free and friendly conference,  
As he hath used of old.

*Bru.* Thou hast describ'd  
A hot friend cooling : Ever note, Lucilius,  
When love begins to sicken and decay,  
It useth an enforced ceremony.  
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith :  
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,  
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle :  
But when they should endure the bloody spur,  
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,  
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on ?

*Luc.* They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd ;  
The greater part, the horse in general,  
Are come with Cassius. [*March within.*

*Bru.* Hark, he is arriv'd :—  
March gently on to meet him.

*Enter CASSIUS and Soldiers.*

*Cas.* Stand, ho !

*Bru.* Stand, ho ! Speak the word along.

*Within.* Stand.

*Within.* Stand.

*Within.* Stand.

*Cas.* Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

*Bru.* Judge me, you gods ! Wrong I mine enemies ?  
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother ?

*Cas.* Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs ;  
And when you do them——

*Bru.* Cassius, be content,  
Speak your griefs softly,—I do know you well :—  
Before the eyes of both our armies here,  
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,  
Let us not wrangle : Bid them move away ;

Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,  
And I will give you audience.

*Cas.* Pindarus,  
Bid our commanders lead their charges off  
A little from this ground.

*Bru.* Lucilius, do you the like ; and let no man  
Come to our tent, till we have done our conference.  
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Within the Tent of Brutus.*

*Lucius and Titinius at some distance from it.*

*Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS.*

*Cas.* That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in  
this :

You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,  
For taking bribes here of the Sardians ;  
Wherein, my letters, praying on his side,  
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

*Bru.* You wrong'd yourself, to write in such a case

*Cas.* In such a time as this, it is not meet  
That every nice<sup>1</sup> offence should bear his comment.

*Bru.* Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself  
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm ;  
To sell and mart your offices for gold,  
To undeservers.

*Cas.* I an itching palm ?  
You know, that you are Brutus that speak<sup>a</sup> this,  
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

*Bru.* The name of Cassius honours this corruption,  
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

<sup>1</sup> *Nice* here means *trifling, simple*. See vol. iii. p. 170, note 5.

<sup>a</sup> The old copies have, "that *speaks* this."

*Cas.* Chastisement!

*Bru.* Remember March, the ides of March remember!

Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?  
 What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,  
 And not for justice<sup>2</sup>? What! shall one of us,  
 That struck the foremost man of all this world,  
 But for supporting robbers; shall we now  
 Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?  
 And sell the mighty space of our large honours,  
 For so much trash, as may be grasped thus?—  
 I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,  
 Than such a Roman.

*Cas.* Brutus, bay<sup>3</sup> not me,  
 I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,  
 To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I  
 Older in practice, abler than yourself  
 To make conditions.

*Bru.* Go to; you are not, Cassius.

*Cas.* I am.

*Bru.* I say, you are not.

*Cas.* Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;  
 Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

*Bru.* Away, slight man!

*Cas.* Is't possible?

*Bru.* Hear me, for I will speak.  
 Must I give way and room to your rash choler?  
 Shall I be frightened, when a madman stares?

*Cas.* O ye gods! ye gods! Must I endure all this?

<sup>2</sup> This question is far from implying that any of those who touched Cæsar's body were villains. On the contrary, it is an indirect way of asserting that there was not one man among them who was base enough to stab him for any cause but that of justice.

<sup>3</sup> The old copy reads, "Brutus, *baite* not me." Theobald altered it to *bay*. The fact is, that *bay* and *bait* are both frequently used by Shakespeare in the same sense. The second folio has *bait* in both places.

*Bru.* All this? ay, more: Fret, till your proud heart break;

Go, show your slaves how cholerick you are,  
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?  
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch  
Under your testy humour? By the gods,  
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,  
Though it do split you! for, from this day forth,  
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,  
When you are waspish.

*Cas.* Is it come to this?

*Bru.* You say, you are a better soldier:  
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,  
And it shall please me well: For mine own part,  
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

*Cas.* You wrong me every way, you wrong me,  
Brutus;

I said, an elder soldier, not a better:  
Did I say, better?

*Bru.* If you did, I care not.

*Cas.* When Cæsar liv'd, he durst not thus have  
mov'd me.

*Bru.* Peace, peace; you durst not so have tempted  
him.

*Cas.* I durst not?

*Bru.* No.

*Cas.* What? durst not tempt him?

*Bru.* For your life you durst not.

*Cas.* Do not presume too much upon my love,  
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

*Bru.* You have done that you should be sorry for.  
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;  
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,  
That they pass by me, as the idle wind,  
Which I respect not. I did send to you  
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;—

For I can raise no money by vile means :  
 By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,  
 And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring  
 From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,  
 By any indirection. I did send  
 To you for gold to pay my legions,  
 Which you denied me : Was that done like Cassius ?  
 Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so ?  
 When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,  
 To lock such rascal counters from his friends,  
 Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,  
 Dash him to pieces !

*Cas.* I denied you not.

*Bru.* You did.

*Cas.* I did not ; he was but a fool  
 That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath riv'd  
 my heart :

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,  
 But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

*Bru.* I do not, till you practise them on me.

*Cas.* You love me not.

*Bru.* I do not like your faults.

*Cas.* A friendly eye could never see such faults.

*Bru.* A flatterer's would not, though they do appear  
 As huge as high Olympus.

*Cas.* Come, Antony, and, young Octavius, come,  
 Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,  
 For Cassius is aweary of the world :  
 Hated by one he loves ; brav'd by his brother ;  
 Check'd like a bondman ; all his faults observ'd,  
 Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,  
 To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep  
 My spirit from mine eyes ! There is my dagger,  
 And here my naked breast ; within, a heart  
 Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold :  
 If that thou beest a Roman, take it forth ;

I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart :  
Strike as thou didst at Cæsar ; for, I know,  
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better  
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

*Bru.* Sheath your dagger :  
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope ;  
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.  
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb  
That carries anger, as the flint bears fire ;  
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,  
And straight is cold again.

*Cas.* Hath Cassius liv'd  
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,  
When grief, and blood ill temper'd, vexeth him ?

*Bru.* When I spoke that, I was ill temper'd too.

*Cas.* Do you confess so much ? Give me your hand.

*Bru.* And my heart too.

*Cas.* O Brutus !—

*Bru.* What's the matter ?

*Cas.* Have not you love enough to bear with me,  
When that rash humour, which my mother gave me,  
Makes me forgetful ?

*Bru.* Yes, Cassius ; and, from henceforth,  
When you are over earnest with your Brutus,  
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

[*Noise within.*]

*Poet.* [*Within.*] Let me go in to see the generals ;  
There is some grudge between them, 'tis not meet  
They be alone.

*Luc.* [*Within.*] You shall not come to them.

*Poet.* [*Within.*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

*Enter Poet*<sup>5</sup>.

*Cas.* How now ! What's the matter ?

*Poet.* For shame, you generals ; What do you mean ?

<sup>5</sup> Shakespeare found the present incident in Plutarch. The

Love, and be friends, as two such men should be ;  
For I have seen more years, I am sure, than ye<sup>6</sup>.

*Cas.* Ha, ha ! how vilely doth this cynick rhyme !

*Bru.* Get you hence, sirrah ; saucy fellow, hence !

*Cas.* Bear with him, Brutus ; 'tis his fashion.

*Bru.* I'll know his humour, when he knows his time.

What should the wars do with these jiggling fools ?  
Companion<sup>8</sup>, hence !

*Cas.* Away, away, be gone !

[*Exit* Poet.]

*Enter* LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.

*Bru.* Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders  
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

*Cas.* And come yourselves, and bring Messala with  
you  
Immediately to us.

[*Exeunt* LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.]

*Bru.* Lucius, a bowl of wine.

*Cas.* I did not think you could have been so angry.

*Bru.* O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

*Cas.* Of your philosophy you make no use,  
If you give place to accidental evils.

*Bru.* No man bears sorrow better :—Portia is dead.

*Cas.* Ha ! Portia ?

intruder, however, was Marcus Phaonius, who had been a friend and follower of Cato ; not a poet, but one who assumed the character of a cynick philosopher.

<sup>6</sup> This passage is a translation from the following one in the first book of Homer's *Iliad* :—

‘ Ἀλλὰ πιθεσθ. ἄμφω δὲ νεωτερω ἔσον ἐμεῖο :

Which is thus given in Sir Thomas North's *Plutarch* :—

“ My lords, I pray you hearken both to me,

For I have seen more years than such ye three.”

<sup>7</sup> i. e. these silly poets. A *jig* signified a *ballad* or *ditty*, as well as a *dance*. See note on *Hamlet*, Act ii. Sc. 2.

<sup>8</sup> *Companion* is used as a term of contempt in many of the old plays ; as we say at present *fellow* ! Doll Tearsheet says to Pistol :—“ I scorn you, scurvy *companion*,” &c.

*Bru.* She is dead.

*Cas.* How scap'd I killing, when I cross'd you so?—  
O insupportable and touching loss!—  
Upon what sickness?

*Bru.* Impatient of my absence,  
And grief, that young Octavius with Mark Antony  
Have made themselves so strong;—for with her death  
That tidings came;—with this she fell distract,  
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire<sup>9</sup>.

*Cas.* And died so?

*Bru.* Even so.

*Cas.* O ye immortal gods!

*Enter LUCIUS, with Wine and Tapers.*

*Bru.* Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl of  
wine:—

In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [*Drinks.*]

*Cas.* My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge:—  
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;  
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. [*Drinks.*]

*Re-enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA.*

*Bru.* Come in, Titinius:—Welcome, good Mes-  
sala.—

Now sit we close about this taper here,  
And call in question our necessities.

*Cas.* Portia, art thou gone?

*Bru.* No more, I pray you.—  
Messala, I have here received letters,  
That young Octavius, and Mark Antony,  
Come down upon us with a mighty power,  
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

*Mes.* Myself have letters of the selfsame tenour.

<sup>9</sup> This circumstance is taken from Plutarch. It is also mentioned by Valerius Maximus, iv. 6. Portia is however reported by Pliny to have died at Rome of a lingering illness while Brutus was abroad.



*Bru.* With what addition.

*Mes.* That by proscription, and bills of outlawry,  
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,  
Have put to death an hundred senators.

*Bru.* Therein our letters do not well agree ;  
Mine speak of seventy senators, that died  
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

*Cas.* Cicero one ?

*Mes.* Cicero is dead,  
And by that order of proscription.—  
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord ?

*Bru.* No, Messala.

*Mes.* Nor nothing in your letters writ of her ?

*Bru.* Nothing, Messala.

*Mes.* That, methinks, is strange.

*Bru.* Why ask you ? Hear you aught of her in yours ?

*Mes.* No, my lord.

*Bru.* Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

*Mes.* Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell :  
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

*Bru.* Why, farewell, Portia. We must die, Messala :  
With meditating that she must die once<sup>10</sup>,  
I have the patience to endure it now.

*Mes.* Even so great men great losses should endure.

*Cas.* I have as much of this in art<sup>11</sup> as you,  
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

*Bru.* Well, to our work alive. What do you think  
Of marching to Philippi presently ?

*Cas.* I do not think it good.

*Bru.* Your reason ?

*Cas.* This it is :

"Tis better that the enemy seek us :

<sup>10</sup> i. e. *at some time or other*. So in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iii. Sc. 4, note 5.

" I pray thee, *once* to-night  
Give my sweet Nan this ring."

<sup>11</sup> *In art*, that is, *in theory*.

So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,  
Doing himself offence ; whilst we, lying still,  
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

*Bru.* Good reasons must, of force, give place to  
better.

The people, 'twixt Philippi and this ground,  
Do stand but in a forc'd affection ;  
For they have grudg'd us contribution :  
The enemy, marching along by them,  
By them shall make a fuller number up,  
Come on refresh'd, new aided<sup>12</sup>, and encourag'd ;  
From which advantage shall we cut him off,  
If at Philippi we do face him there,  
These people at our back.

*Cas.* Hear me, good brother.

*Bru.* Under your pardon.—You must note beside,  
That we have tried the utmost of our friends,  
Our legions are brim full, our cause is ripe :  
The enemy increaseth every day,  
We, at the height, are ready to decline.  
There is a tide in the affairs of men,  
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;  
Omitted, all the voyage of their life  
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries<sup>13</sup>.

<sup>12</sup> The old copy has "new *added*," an evident misprint ; *aided* and *encouraged* are coupled together.

<sup>13</sup> Beaumont and Fletcher have more than once imitated this passage, but with very little success :—

"There is an hour in each man's life appointed  
To make his happiness, if then he seize it," &c.

*Custom of the Country.*

"Consider then, and quickly :  
And like a wise man take the current with you,  
Which once turn'd head will sink you."

*Bloody Brother.*

A similar sentiment is found in Chapman's *Bussy d'Ambois*, 1607:

"There is a deep nick in time's restless wheel,  
For each man's good, when which nick comes, it strikes,  
So no man riseth by his real merit,  
But when it cries click in the raiser's spirit."

On such a full sea are we now afloat ;  
 And we must take the current when it serves,  
 Or lose our ventures.

*Cas.* Then, with your will, go on ;  
 We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

*Bru.* The deep of night is crept upon our talk,  
 And nature must obey necessity ;  
 Which we will niggard with a little rest.  
 There is no more to say ?

*Cas.* No more. Good night ;  
 Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

*Bru.* Lucius, my gown. [*Exit LUCIUS.*] Fare-  
 well, good Messala ;—  
 Good night, Titinius :—Noble, noble Cassius,  
 Good night, and good repose.

*Cas.* O my dear brother !  
 This was an ill beginning of the night :  
 Never come such division 'tween our souls !  
 Let it not, Brutus.

*Bru.* Every thing is well.

*Cas.* Good night, my lord.

*Bru.* Good night, good brother.

*Tit. Mes.* Good night, Lord Brutus.

*Bru.* Farewell, every one.  
 [*Exeunt CAS. TIT. and MES.*]

*Re-enter LUCIUS, with the Gown.*

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument ?

*Luc.* Here in the tent.

*Bru.* What, thou speak'st drowsily ?  
 Poor knave, I blame thee not ; thou art o'erwatch'd.  
 Call Claudius, and some other of my men ;  
 I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

*Luc.* Varro, and Claudius !

*Enter VARRO and CLAUDIUS.*

*Var.* Calls my lord ?

*Bru.* I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent, and sleep ;  
It may be, I shall raise you by and by  
On business to my brother Cassius.

*Var.* So please you, we will stand, and watch your  
pleasure.

*Bru.* I will not have it so : lie down, good sirs ;  
It may be, I shall otherwise bethink me.  
Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so ;  
I put it in the pocket of my gown.

[*Servants lie down.*

*Luc.* I was sure, your lordship did not give it me.

*Bru.* Bear with me, good boy, I am much forget-  
ful.

Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,  
And touch thy instrument a strain or two ?

*Luc.* Ay, my lord, an it please you.

*Bru.* It does, my boy :  
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

*Luc.* It is my duty, sir.

*Bru.* I should not urge thy duty past thy might ;  
I know, young bloods look for a time of rest.

*Luc.* I have slept, my lord, already.

*Bru.* It was well done ; and thou shalt sleep again ;  
I will not hold thee long : if I do live,  
I will be good to thee. [*Musick, and a Song.*

This is a sleepy tune :—O murd'rous slumber !  
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace<sup>14</sup> upon my boy,  
That plays thee musick ?—Gentle knave, good night !  
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.

<sup>14</sup> Shakespeare probably remembered Spenser in his *Faerie Queene*, b. i. c. iv. st. 44 :—

“ When as *Morpheus* had with *leaden mace*  
Arrested all that courtly company.”

If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument ;  
 I'll take it from thee ; and, good boy, good night.  
 Let me see, let me see ;—Is not the leaf turn'd down,  
 Where I left reading ? Here it is, I think.

[*He sits down.*

*Enter the Ghost of CÆSAR.*

How ill this taper burns !—Ha ! who comes here ?  
 I think, it is the weakness of mine eyes,  
 That shapes this monstrous apparition.  
 It comes upon me :—Art thou any thing ?  
 Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,  
 That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare ?  
 Speak to me, what thou art.

*Ghost.* Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

*Bru.*

Why com'st thou ?

*Ghost.* To tell thee, thou shalt see me at Philippi.

*Bru.* Well ;

Then I shall see thee again<sup>15</sup> ?

*Ghost.*

Ay, at Philippi.

[*Ghost vanishes.*

*Bru.* Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.—  
 Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest :  
 Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—  
 Boy ! Lucius !—Varro ! Claudius ! Sirs, awake !—  
 Claudius !

*Luc.* The strings, my lord, are false.

<sup>15</sup> Shakespeare has on this occasion deserted his original. It does not appear from Plutarch that the Ghost of Cæsar appeared to Brutus, but “ a wonderful strange and monstrous shape of a body.” This apparition could not be at once the *shade* of Cæsar, who was called the *angel* of Brutus, and his *evil genius*. See the story of Cassius Parmensis in Valerius Maximus, lib. i. c. vii. Shakespeare had read the account of this vision in Plutarch's Life of Cæsar, as well as in that of Brutus ; it is there called the *ghost*, and it is said that “ *the light of the lampe waxed very dimme.*” It is more than probable that the poet would consult the Life of Cæsar, as well as that of Brutus, in search of materials for his play.

*Bru.* He thinks, he still is at his instrument.—  
Lucius, awake.

*Luc.* My lord!

*Bru.* Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst  
out?

*Luc.* My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

*Bru.* Yes, that thou didst: Didst thou see any  
thing?

*Luc.* Nothing, my lord.

*Bru.* Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah Claudius!  
Fellow thou! awake!

*Var.* My lord.

*Clau.* My lord.

*Bru.* Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?

*Var. Clau.* Did we, my lord?

*Bru.* Ay; saw you any thing?

*Var.* No, my lord, I saw nothing.

*Clau.* Nor I, my lord.

*Bru.* Go, and commend me to my brother Cassius;  
Bid him set on his powers betimes before,  
And we will follow.

*Var. Clau.* It shall be done, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

### SCENE I. *The Plains of Philippi.*

*Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.*

*Octavius.*

**N**OW, Antony, our hopes are answered:  
You said, the enemy would not come down,  
But keep the hills and upper regions;  
It proves not so: their battles are at hand;

They mean to warn<sup>1</sup> us at Philippi here,  
 Answering before we do demand of them.

*Ant.* Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know  
 Wherefore they do it : they could be content  
 To visit other places ; and come down  
 With fearful bravery<sup>2</sup>, thinking, by this face,  
 To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage ;  
 But 'tis not so.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Prepare you, generals :  
 The enemy comes on in gallant show,  
 Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,  
 And something to be done immediately.

*Ant.* Octavius, lead your battle softly on,  
 Upon the left hand of the even field.

*Oct.* Upon the right hand I, keep thou the left.

*Ant.* Why do you cross me in this exigent ?

*Oct.* I do not cross you ; but I will do so. [*March.*]

*Drum.* *Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their Army ;  
 LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, and Others.*

*Bru.* They stand, and would have parley.

*Cas.* Stand fast, Titinius : We must out and talk.

*Oct.* Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle ?

*Ant.* No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.  
 Make forth ; the generals would have some words.

<sup>1</sup> To *warn* is to *summon*. So in King John :—

“ Who is it that hath *warn'd* us to the walls.”

And in King Richard III.—

“ And sent to *warn* them to his royal presence.”

<sup>2</sup> *Fearful bravery*. Though *fearful* is often used by Shakespeare and his cotemporaries in an active sense, for *producing fear*, or *terrible*, it may in this instance bear its usual acceptation of *timorous*, or, as it was sometimes expressed, *false-hearted*. Thus in a passage, cited by Steevens, from Sidney's *Arcadia*, lib. ii :—  
 “ Her horse faire and lustie ; which she rid so as might show a  
*fearefull boldness*, daring to do that which she knew that she knew  
 not how to doe.”

*Oct.* Stir not until the signal.

*Bru.* Words before blows: Is it so, countrymen?

*Oct.* Not that we love words better, as you do.

*Bru.* Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

*Ant.* In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words:

Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,  
Crying, *Long live! hail, Cæsar!*

*Cas.*

Antony,

The posture of your blows are yet unknown<sup>3</sup>;  
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,  
And leave them honeyless.

*Ant.*

Not stingless too.

*Bru.* O, yes, and soundless too;

For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,  
And, very wisely, threat before you sting.

*Ant.* Villains, you did not so, when your vile daggers  
Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar:  
You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like  
hounds,

And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;  
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind,  
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O you flatterers!

*Cas.* Flatterers!—Now, Brutus, thank yourself:  
This tongue had not offended so to-day,  
If Cassius might have rul'd.

*Oct.* Come, come, the cause: If arguing maké us  
sweat,

<sup>3</sup> *The posture of your blows are yet unknown.* It should be *is yet unknown*; but the error was probably the poet's: more correct writers than Shakespeare have committed this error, where a plural noun immediately precedes the verb, although it be the nominative case by which it is governed. Steevens attributes the error to the transcriber or printer, and would have corrected it; but Malone has adduced several examples of similar inaccuracy, according to modern notions, in Shakespeare's writings.



The proof of it will turn to redder drops.  
 Look ; I draw a sword against conspirators ;  
 When think you that the sword goes up again ?—  
 Never, till Cæsar's three and thirty wounds<sup>4</sup>  
 Be well aveng'd ; or till another Cæsar  
 Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

*Bru.* Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,  
 Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

*Oct.* So I hope ;  
 I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

*Bru.* O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,  
 Young man, thou could'st not die more honourable.

*Cas.* A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honour,  
 Join'd with a masker and a reveller.

*Ant.* Old Cassius still !

*Oct.* Come, Antony ; away.—  
 Defiance, traitors, hurl<sup>5</sup> we in your teeth :  
 If you dare fight to-day, come to the field ;  
 If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt* OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.]

*Cas.* Why now, blow, wind ; swell, billow ; and  
 swim, bark !

The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

*Bru.* Ho ! Lucilius ; hark, a word with you.

*Luc.* My lord.

[BRUTUS and LUCILIUS converse apart.]

<sup>4</sup> According to Plutarch, Suetonius, &c. *three and twenty* wounds were given. The poet was probably unmindful of this, or followed some other authority. Beaumont and Fletcher have also fallen into the same error in their *Noble Gentleman*.

<sup>5</sup> *Hurl* is peculiarly expressive. The challenger was said to hurl down his gage when he threw his glove down as a pledge that he would make good his charge against his adversary.

“ And interchangeably *hurl* down my gage  
 Upon this over-weening traitor's foot.”

*King Richard II.*

Milton perhaps had this passage in mind, *Paradise Lost*, b. i. c. 669 :—

“ *Hurling defiance toward the vault of Heaven.*”

*Cas.* Messala,—

*Mes.* What says my general?

*Cas.* Messala<sup>6</sup>,

This is my birth-day; as this very day  
 Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala:  
 Be thou my witness, that against my will,  
 As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set  
 Upon one battle all our liberties.  
 You know, that I held Epicurus strong,  
 And his opinion: now I change my mind,  
 And partly credit things that do presage.  
 Coming from Sardis, on our former<sup>7</sup> ensign  
 Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perch'd,  
 Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;  
 Who to Philippi here consorted us;  
 This morning are they fled away, and gone;  
 And in their steads, do ravens, crows, and kites,  
 Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,  
 As we were sickly prey<sup>8</sup>; their shadows seem  
 A canopy most fatal, under which  
 Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

*Mes.* Believe not so.

*Cas.* I but believe it partly;

For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd  
 To meet all perils very constantly.

*Bru.* Even so, Lucilius.

*Cas.* Now, most noble Brutus,

The gods to-day stand friendly; that we may,

<sup>6</sup> Almost every circumstance in this speech is taken from Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch.

<sup>7</sup> i. e. *fore ensign*; it probably means the *chief ensign*. Baret has "the *former teeth* [i. e. *fore teeth*], *dentes primores*." And in Adlyngton's *Apuleius*, 1596:—"First he instructed me to set at the table uppon my taile, and how I should leape and daunce, holding up my *former-feete*." It is derived from the Saxon *forþma*, first.

<sup>8</sup> So in *King John*:—

"As doth a raven on a sick-fallen prey."

Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age !  
 But, since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,  
 Let's reason with the worst that may befall.  
 If we do lose this battle, then is this  
 The very last time we shall speak together :  
 What are you then determined to do ?

*Bru.* Even by the rule of that philosophy,  
 By which I did blame Cato for the death  
 Which he did give himself—I know not how,  
 But I do find it cowardly and vile,  
 For fear of what might fall, so to prevent<sup>9</sup>  
 The time of life—arming myself with patience,  
 To stay the providence of some high powers,  
 That govern us below.

*Cas.* Then, if we lose this battle,  
 You are contented to be led in triumph  
 Thorough the streets of Rome ?

*Bru.* No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Roman,  
 That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome ;  
 He bears too great a mind. But this same day  
 Must end that work, the ides of March begun<sup>10</sup> ;

<sup>9</sup> *To prevent* is here used for *to anticipate*. See vol. v. p. 161, note 26. By *time* is meant *the full and complete time; the natural period; time is duration*. The phrase “died before his *time*” is still familiar.

It has been said that there is an apparent contradiction between the sentiments Brutus expresses in this and in his subsequent speech; but there is no real inconsistency. Brutus had laid down to himself as a principle, to abide every chance and extremity of war; but when Cassius reminds him of the disgrace of being led in triumph through the streets of Rome, he acknowledges that to be a trial which he could not endure. Shakespeare, in the first speech, makes that to be the *present* opinion of Brutus, which in Plutarch is mentioned only as one he *formerly* entertained, and that, being now in the midst of danger, he was of a contrary mind.

<sup>10</sup> This, though censured as ungrammatical, was the phraseology of the poet's day, as might be shown by numerous examples. But Dryden and Pope have used it, and Johnson has sanctioned it in his Dictionary: “Begin, *v. n.* I began, or *begin*.” The fact

And whether we shall meet again, I know not.  
 Therefore our everlasting farewell take :—  
 For ever, and for ever, farewell Cassius !  
 If we do meet again, why we shall smile ;  
 If not, why then this parting was well made.

*Cas.* For ever, and for ever, farewell Brutus !  
 If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed :  
 If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

*Bru.* Why, then, lead on.—O, that a man might  
 know  
 The end of this day's business, ere it come !  
 But it sufficeth, that the day will end,  
 And then the end is known.—Come, ho ! away !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. The Field of Battle.*

*Alarum. Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA.*

*Bru.* Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills<sup>1</sup>  
 Unto the legions on the other side : [*Loud Alarum.*]  
 Let them set on at once ; for I perceive  
 But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,  
 And sudden push gives them the overthrow.  
 Ride, ride, Messala : let them all come down.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. Another Part of the Field.*

*Alarum. Enter CASSIUS and TITINIUS.*

*Cas.* O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly !  
 Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy :  
 This ensigu here of mine was turning back ;

is, that the past tense was, in our old language, written *begon* or *begonne*.

<sup>1</sup> This and much of the subsequent scene is from the old trans-

I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

*Tit.* O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early :  
Who having some advantage on Octavius,  
Took it too eagerly ; his soldiers fell to spoil,  
Whilst we by Antony are all enclos'd.

*Enter PINDARUS.*

*Pin.* Fly further off, my lord, fly further off ;  
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord !  
Fly therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

*Cas.* This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius ;  
Are those my tents, where I perceive the fire ?

*Tit.* They are, my lord.

*Cas.* Titinius, if thou lov'st me,  
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,  
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,  
And here again : that I may rest assur'd,  
Whether yond' troops are friend or enemy.

*Tit.* I will be here again, even with a thought.

[*Exit.*

*Cas.* Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill<sup>1</sup> ;  
My sight was ever thick ; regard Titinius,  
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.—

[*Exit PINDARUS.*

This day I breathed first : time is come round<sup>2</sup>,  
And where I did begin, there shall I end ;  
My life is run his compass.—*Sirrah*<sup>3</sup>, what news ?

*Pin.* [*Above.*] O my lord !

lation of Plutarch :—" In the meane tyme Brutus, that led the right winge, sent little *billes* to the collonels and captaines of private bandes, in which he wrote the order of the battle."

<sup>1</sup> Cassius is now on a hill : he therefore means a hillock somewhat *higher* than that on which he now is.

<sup>2</sup> So in King Lear, the Bastard, dying, says :—

" The wheel is come full circle."

<sup>3</sup> *Sirrah*, as appears from many of the old plays, was the usual address in speaking to servants and children. See note on Macbeth, Act iv. Sc. 2.

*Cas.* What news?

*Pin.* Titinius is enclosed round about  
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur ;  
Yet he spurs on.—Now they are almost on him ;  
Now, Titinius !—now some 'light :—Oh, he 'lights  
too :—

He's ta'en, and hark ! [*shout*] they shout for joy.

*Cas.* Come down, behold no more.—  
O, coward that I am, to live so long,  
To see my best friend ta'en before my face !

*Enter PINDARUS.*

Come hither, sirrah :  
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner ;  
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,  
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,  
Thou should'st attempt it. Come now, keep thine  
oath !

Now be a freeman ; and with this good sword,  
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.  
Stand not to answer : Here, take thou the hilts ;  
And, when my face is cover'd as 'tis now,  
Guide thou the sword.—Cæsar, thou art reveng'd,  
Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [*Dies.*]

*Pin.* So, I am free ; yet would not so have been,  
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius !  
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,  
Where never Roman shall take note of him. [*Exit.*]

*Re-enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA.*

*Mes.* It is but change, Titinius ; for Octavius  
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,  
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

*Tit.* These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

*Mes.* Where did you leave him ?

*Tit.* All disconsolate,  
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

*Mess.* Is not that he, that lies upon the ground ?

*Tit.* He lies not like the living. O my heart !

*Mes.* Is not that he ?

*Tit.* No, this was he, Messala,  
But Cassius is no more.—O setting sun !  
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,  
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set ;  
The sun of Rome is set ! Our day is gone ;  
Clouds, dews, and dangers come ; our deeds are done !  
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

*Mes.* Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.  
O hateful error, melancholy's child !  
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men  
The things that are not ? O error, soon conceiv'd,  
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,  
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

*Tit.* What, Pindarus ; Where art thou, Pindarus ?

*Mes.* Seek him, Titinius : whilst I go to meet  
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report  
Into his ears : I may say, thrusting it ;  
For piercing steel, and darts envenomed,  
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus,  
As tidings of this sight.

*Tit.* Hie you, Messala,  
And I will seek for Pindarus the while.

[*Exit* MESSALA.]

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius ?  
Did I not meet thy friends ? and did not they  
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,  
And bid me give it thee ? Didst thou not hear their  
shouts ?

Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing  
But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow ;  
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I

Will do his bidding.—Brutus, come apace,  
 And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.—  
 By your leave, gods:—This is a Roman's part:  
 Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart.

[*Dies.*]

*Alarum.* Re-enter MESSALA, with BRUTUS, young  
 CATO, STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, and LUCILIUS.

*Bru.* Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

*Mes.* Lo, yonder; and Titinius mourning it.

*Bru.* Titinius' face is upward.

*Cato.* He is slain.

*Bru.* O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!  
 Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords  
 In our own proper entrails<sup>4</sup>. [Low Alarums.]

*Cato.* Brave Titinius!

Look, wher he have not crown'd dead Cassius!

*Bru.* Are yet two Romans living such as these?—  
 The last of all the Romans, fare thee well<sup>5</sup>!

It is impossible, that ever Rome  
 Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe more tears  
 To this dead man, than you shall see me pay.—  
 I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.—  
 Come, therefore, and to Thassos send his body;  
 His funeral shall not be in our camp,  
 Lest it discomfort us.—Lucilius, come;—  
 And come, young Cato; let us to the field.—

<sup>4</sup> "Populumque potentem

In sua victrici conversum viscera dextra."

*Lucan*, lib. i.

<sup>5</sup> "So when he [Brutus] was come thither, after he had lamented the death of Cassius, calling him *the last of all the Romans*, being impossible that Rome should ever breed againe so noble and valiant a man as he, he caused his body to be buried."—*North's Plutarch*.

"Objectum est Historico (*Cremutio Cordo*. Tacit. Ann. lib. iv. 34), quod Brutum Cassiumque *ultimos Romanorum* dixisset."—*Suet. Tiber*, lib. iii. c. 61.



Labeo, and Flavius, set our battles on :—  
 'Tis three o'clock ; and, Romans, yet ere night  
 We shall try fortune in a second fight. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. *Another Part of the Field.*

*Alarum. Enter fighting, Soldiers of both Armies ;  
 then BRUTUS, CATO, LUCILIUS, and Others.*

*Bru.* Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads !

*Cato.* What bastard doth not ? Who will go with me ?

I will proclaim my name about the field :—

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho !

A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend :

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho !

[Charges the Enemy.

*Bru.* And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I ;

Brutus, my country's friend : know me for Brutus.

[Exit, charging the Enemy. CATO is over-  
 powered, and falls.

*Luc.* O young and noble Cato, art thou down ?

Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius ;

And may'st be honour'd being Cato's son.

1 *Sold.* Yield, or thou diest.

*Luc.*

Only I yield to die :

There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight ;

[Offering Money.

Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

1 *Sold.* We must not—A noble prisoner !

2 *Sold.* Room, ho ! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

1 *Sold.* I'll tell the news.—Here comes the ge-  
 neral :—

*Enter ANTONY.*

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

*Ant.* Where is he ?

*Luc.* Safe, Antony ; Brutus is safe enough :

I dare assure thee, that no enemy  
 Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus :  
 The gods defend him from so great a shame !  
 When you do find him, or alive, or dead,  
 He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

*Ant.* This is not Brutus, friend ; but, I assure you,  
 A prize no less in worth : keep this man safe,  
 Give him all kindness : I had rather have  
 Such men my friends, than enemies. Go on,  
 And see whe'r Brutus be alive, or dead :  
 And bring us word, unto Octavius' tent,  
 How every thing is chanc'd. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Another Part of the Field.*

*Enter* BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, and  
 VOLUMNIUS.

*Bru.* Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

*Cli.* Statilius show'd the torch-light ; but, my lord,  
 He came not back ; he is or ta'en, or slain<sup>1</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> A passage from Plutarch will illustrate this scene :—" Furthermore, Brutus thought that there was no great number of men slaine in battell, and to know the truth of it there was one called Statilius, that promised to goe through his enemies (for otherwise it was impossible to goe see their campe), and from thence, if all were well, that he would lift up a *torche-light* in the aire, and then returne againe with speed to him. The *torche-light* was lift up as he had promised, for Statilius went thither. Nowe Brutus seeing Statilius tarie long after, and that he came not againe, he said : If Statilius be alive, he will come againe. But his evil fortune was suche that, as he came backe, he lighted in his enemies' hands, and was slaine. Now the night being farre spent, Brutus, as he sate, bowed towards Clitus, one of his men, and told him somewhat in his eare ; the other aunswered him not, but fell a weeping. Thereupon he proved Dardanius, and sayd somewhat also to him : at length he came to Volumnius him selfe, and speaking to him in Greeke, prayed him for the studies' sake which brought them acquainted together, that he would helpe him to put his hande to his sword, to thrust it in him to kill him. Volumnius denied his request, and so did many others ; and amongst the

*Bru.* Sit thee down, Clitus : Slaying is the word ;  
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.—

[ *Whispering.*

*Cli.* What, I, my lord ? No, not for all the world.

*Bru.* Peace then, no words.

*Cli.* I'll rather kill myself.

*Bru.* Hark thee, Dardanius ! [ *Whispers him.*

*Dar.* Shall I do such a deed ?

*Cli.* O, Dardanius !

*Dar.* O, Clitus !

*Cli.* What ill request did Brutus make to thee ?

*Dar.* To kill him, Clitus : Look, he meditates.

*Cli.* Now is that noble vessel full of grief,  
That it runs over even at his eyes.

*Bru.* Come hither, good Volumnius : list a word.

*Vol.* What says my lord ?

*Bru.* Why, this, Volumnius :  
The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me  
Two several times by night : at Sardis, once ;  
And, this last night, here in Philippi fields.  
I know, my hour is come.

*Vol.* Not so, my lord.

*Bru.* Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.  
Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes ;

rest one of them said there was no tarrying for them there, but that they must needs flie. Then Brutus rising up, We must flie in deede, sayd he ; but it must be with our hands, not with our feete. Then taking every man by the hand, he sayd these words unto them with a chearfull countenance :—It rejoyceth my hart that no one of my friends hath failed me at my neede, and I do not complayne of my fortune, but only for my countries sake : for as for me, I thinke myselfe happier than they that have overcome, considering that I leave a perpetual fame of our courage and manhoode, the which our enemies the conquerors shall never attaine unto by force or money, neither can let their posteritie to say, that they have beene naughtie and unjust men, have slaine good men to usurpe tyrannical power not pertaining to them. Having sayd so, he prayd every man to shift for themselves, and then he went a little aside," &c.

Our enemies have beat us to the pit :  
 It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,  
 Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,  
 Thou know'st, that we two went to school together ;  
 Even for that our love of old, I pray thee,  
 Hold thou my sword-hilts<sup>2</sup>, whilst I run on it.

*Vol.* That's not an office for a friend, my lord.

[*Alarum still.*

*Cli.* Fly, fly, my lord ; there is no tarrying here.

*Bru.* Farewell to you ;—and you ;—and you, Vo-  
 lumnius.—

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep ;  
 Farewell to thee too, Strato.—Countrymen,  
 My heart doth joy, that yet, in all my life,  
 I found no man, but he was true to me.  
 I shall have glory by this losing day,  
 More than Octavius, and Mark Antony,  
 By this vile conquest shall attain unto.  
 So fare you well at once ; for Brutus' tongue  
 Hath almost ended his life's history :  
 Night hangs upon mine eyes ; my bones would rest,  
 That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

[*Alarum. Cry within ; Fly, fly, fly !*

*Cli.* Fly, my lord, fly !

*Bru.* Hence ; I will follow.

[*Exeunt CLITUS, DARDANIUS, and VO-*  
 LUMNIUS.

I pr'ythee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord :  
 Thou art a fellow of a good respect ;  
 Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it :

<sup>2</sup> *Hilts* is frequently used where only one weapon is spoken of. Cassius says to Pindarus, in a former scene, "Here take thou the *hilts*." And King Richard III.—

"Take him over the costard with the *hilts* of thy sword."  
 So in *The Mirror for Magistrates*, 1587 :—

"A naked sword he had,  
 That to the *hilts* was all with blood imbrued."

Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,  
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

*Str.* Give me your hand first: Fare you well, my lord.

*Bru.* Farewell, good Strato.—Cæsar, now be still:  
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

[*He runs on his Sword and dies.*]

*Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY,  
MESSALA, LUCILIUS, and their Army.*

*Oct.* What man is that?

*Mes.* My master's man.—Strato, where is thy master?

*Str.* Free from the bondage you are in, Messala;  
The conquerors can but make a fire of him;  
For Brutus only overcame himself,  
And no man else hath honour by his death.

*Luc.* So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee,  
Brutus,

That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.

*Oct.* All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain them.  
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

*Str.* Ay, if Messala will prefer<sup>3</sup> me to you.

*Oct.* Do so, good Messala.

*Mes.* How died my master, Strato?

*Str.* I held the sword, and he did run on it.

*Mes.* Octavius, then take him to follow thee,  
That did the latest service to my master.

*Ant.* This was the noblest Roman of them all:  
All the conspirators, save only he,  
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;  
He, only, in a general honest thought,

<sup>3</sup> To *prefer* seems to have been the general term for *recommending* a servant. Thus in the Merchant of Venice, Act iii. Sc. 2:—

“Shylock thy master, spoke with me this day,  
And hath *preferr'd* thee.”

Its usual sense was “to *advance*, or set before others.”

And common good to all, made one of them.  
 His life was gentle; and the elements  
 So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,  
 And say to all the world, *This was a man*!

*Oct.* According to his virtue let us use him,  
 With all respect and rites of burial.  
 Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,  
 Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.—  
 So, call the field to rest: and let's away,  
 To part the glories of this happy day. [Exeunt.

<sup>4</sup> Drayton, in his *Barons' Wars*, has a similar passage, which is thus given in the revised edition, published by him in 1619, in folio:—

“ He was a man (then boldly dare to say)  
 In whose rich soul the virtues well did suit;  
*In whom so mix'd the elements all lay,*  
 That none to one could sov'reignty impute;  
 As all did govern, so did all obey:  
 He of a temper was so absolute,  
 As that it seem'd, when *nature* him began,  
 She meant to show *all that might be in man.*”

The stanza is thus exhibited in the edition of 1603:—

“ Such one he was (of him we boldly say),  
 In whose rich soule all soveraigne powers did sute;  
*In whom in peace the elements all lay*  
*So mix'd,* as none could soveraigntie impute;  
 As all did govern, yet did all obey;  
 His lively temper was so absolute,  
 That't seem'd, *when heaven his modell* first began,  
*In him it show'd perfection in a man.*”

The poem originally appeared under the title of *Mortimeriados* in 1596; but there is no trace of the stanza in the poem in that form. Malone is wrong in asserting that the poem in the altered form, under the title of the *Barons' Wars*, was first published in 1608, as the following title-page of my copy will show:—“ *The Barons' Wars, in the raigne of Edward the Second, with England's Heroicall Epistles, by Michaell Drayton. At London, printed by J. R. for N. Ling, 1603.*” *If, therefore, the date of the composition of J. C. is subsequent to 1603, Shakespeare imitated Drayton.*







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